APRIL 6 1946 10¢

Liberty

HOW TO MAKE RAIN
BUCKET SHOP

APRIL ALMANAC

DATE	DAY	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC.	THE MOON'S PHASE	AGE	ZODIAC POSITION
1	Mon	My Day.	🌑	PASSES SUN	♓
2	Tue	U.S. hard money factory established *in* Philadelphia, 1792.	🌒	1	♈
3	Wed	Two-pony (one each way)-power express began; St. Joe, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif., & *vice versa*, 1860.	🌒	2	♈
4	Thu	*Mammy says if your shoes squeak it's a sign it's going to rain. This is Shoe-Squeak Month.*	🌒	3	♉
5	Fri	Booker T. Washington *born*, 1856.	🌒	4	♉
6	Sat	Peary put first notch *in* North Pole, 1909.	🌒	5	♊
7	SUN	Bolivia declared war *on the* Axis, 1943.	🌒	6	♊
8	Mon	Louisiana Day (1812) *The Creole State* First New York City Mayoralty Election, 1834.	🌓	7 FIRST QUARTER	♋
9	Tue	Gen. Lee surrendered *at* Appomattox, ending Civil War, 1865.	🌔	8	♋
10	Wed	American Society *for the* Prevention *of* Cruelty *to* Animals chartered, 1866. So, this is Be Kind To Animals Week. (*Not to be confused with Father's Day*)	🌔	9	♌
11	Thu	U.S. Debt Limit upped to $210,000,000,000. (*Your share, $1500.00*)	🌔	10	♌
12	Fri	First anniversary *of* death *of* Franklin Delano Roosevelt. (*Died 1945*)	🌔	11	♍
13	Sat	Russo-Japanese 5-year Neutrality Pact *signed*, 1941. (*Uh-huh.*)	🌔	12	♍
14	SUN	Palm Sunday.	🌔	13	♍
15	Mon	Abraham Lincoln *died*, 1865.	🌔	14	♎
16	Tue	Pessach, *the* Jewish Passover holiday.	🌕	FULL MOON	♎
17	Wed	Worms Diet excommunicated Martin Luther, 1521.	🌖	15	♎
18	Thu	Paul Revere hightailed it *from* Boston *to* Lexington, 1775.	🌖	16	♏
19	Fri	**Good Friday.**	🌖	17	♏
20	Sat	Adolph Schickelgruber *born, unfortunately*, 1889.	🌖	18	♏
21	SUN	Easter Sunday.	🌖	19	♐
22	Mon	*Mammy says a rainbow in the morning is a weather warning, and a rainbow toward night means a weather delight.*	🌖	20	♐
23	Tue	First public movie *in* New York City, 1896. (*With flicker-click sound effects.*)	🌖	21	♑
24	Wed	Spain declared war *on* U. S., 1898.	🌗	22 LAST QUARTER	♑
25	Thu	US " " " Spain, "	🌘	23	♒
26	Fri	Cap'n John Smith *made* beachhead, Cape Henry, 1607.	🌘	24	♒
27	Sat	Oklahoma hailstorm *killed* 70-odd Oklahomans, 1942.	🌘	25	♓
28	SUN	Mutiny *on the* BOUNTY, 1789.	🌘	26	♓
29	Mon	Coxey's Army *invaded* Washington, D. C., 1894.	🌘	27	♓
30	Tue	Louisiana & hinterland *purchased from* France, 1803. (*@ $.04 per acre.*)	🌘	28	♈

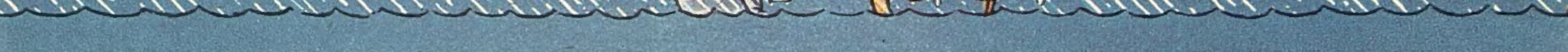
♓ = *Pisces*. ♈ = *Aries* ♉ = *Taurus*. ♊ = *Gemini* ♋ = *Cancer*. ♌ = *Leo*. ♍ = *Virgo*. ♎ = *Libra*. ♏ = *Scorpio*. ♐ = *Sagittarius*. ♑ = *Capricornus*. ♒ = *Aquarius*.

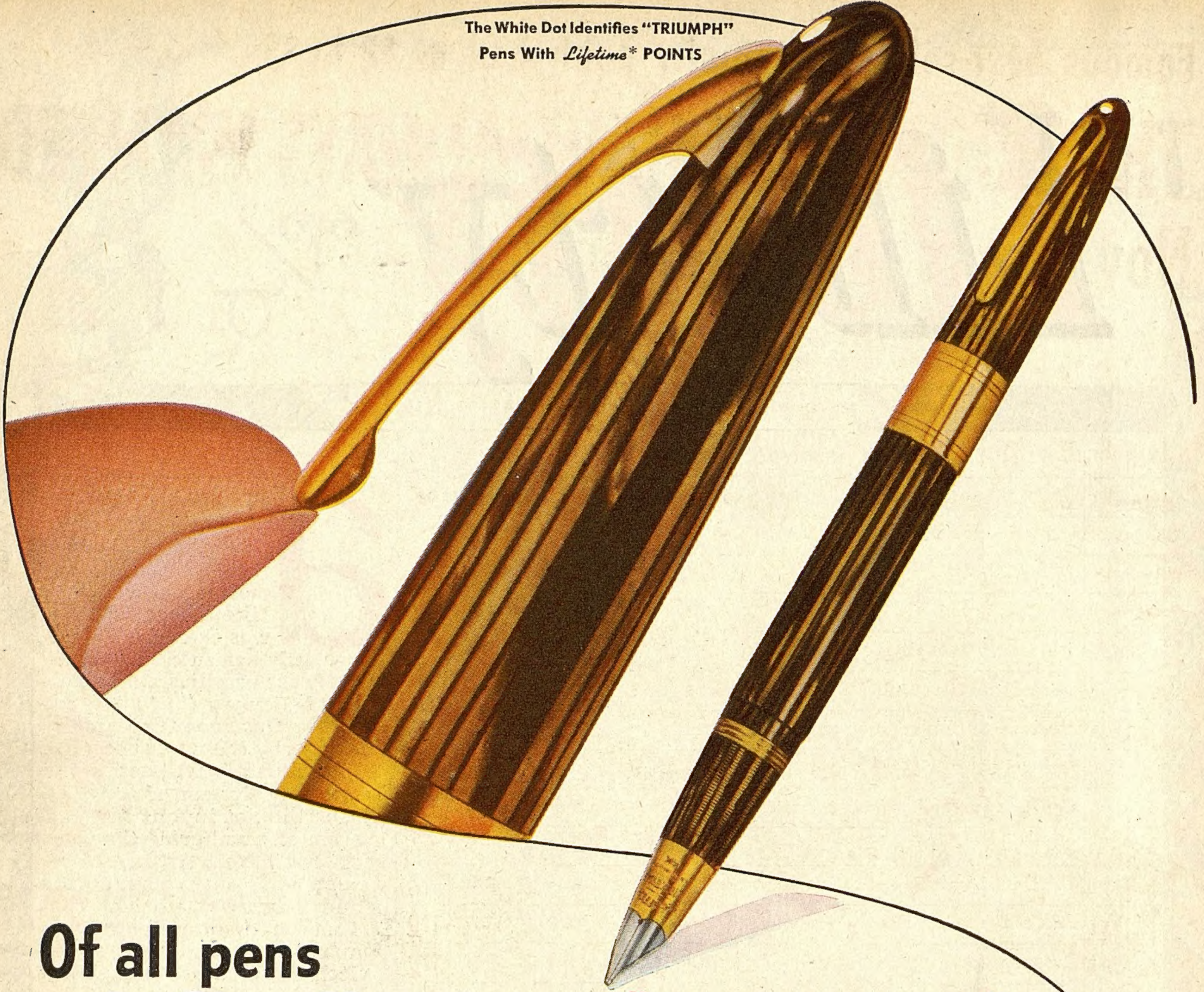
APRILYRICS

APRIL (out of the old Latin *Aprilis*, which they cooked up out of their old Latin *aperio*, meaning open (but not like a dentist says)), was the second month in the early Roman calendar, until King Numa Pompilius poked February & January (in that order) between December & March... N. Pomp., by the way, succeeded old Romulus himself, serving as Roman king #2, from 716 to 672 B.C. (No, he did not invent the B.C. system of numbering the years backwards.) Well sir, in 452 B. C. a cluster of Roman bureaucrats, called *decemvirs*, noticed that N. Pomp. had gotten February & January switched, so they reswitched them. It's lucky *some*body noticed it. ¶ April dedicates its first day to fools, but we don't deserve it really. My dictionary gives the feminine of fool as "fool'ess, *n.* (Rare)." Whaddya mean, "rare"?..The churches used to stage a "Feast of Fools" every January first, with burlesque services something scandalous, but such goings-on precipitated the Reformation & respectability. Dear, dear. . . . . "Fool killer" & "fool proof" loom up before me in the definitions; and "fool's cap" & "fool's gold" & "fool's paradise," showing how useful a fool can be in building a language. But one definition simply says "custard"! Oh, tut — — we were speaking of April, the mouth of showers & rain & downpour & St. Swithen's drizzle, all of which add up to daffodils & violets to those in love. For this is Spring, and every young man's fancy; and so are the gals, I notice. "April gentleman" means bridegroom, it says here. . . .

96¼
R

FRED COOPER





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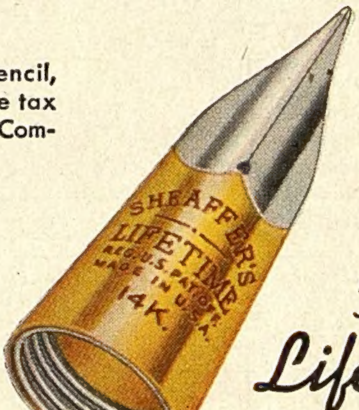

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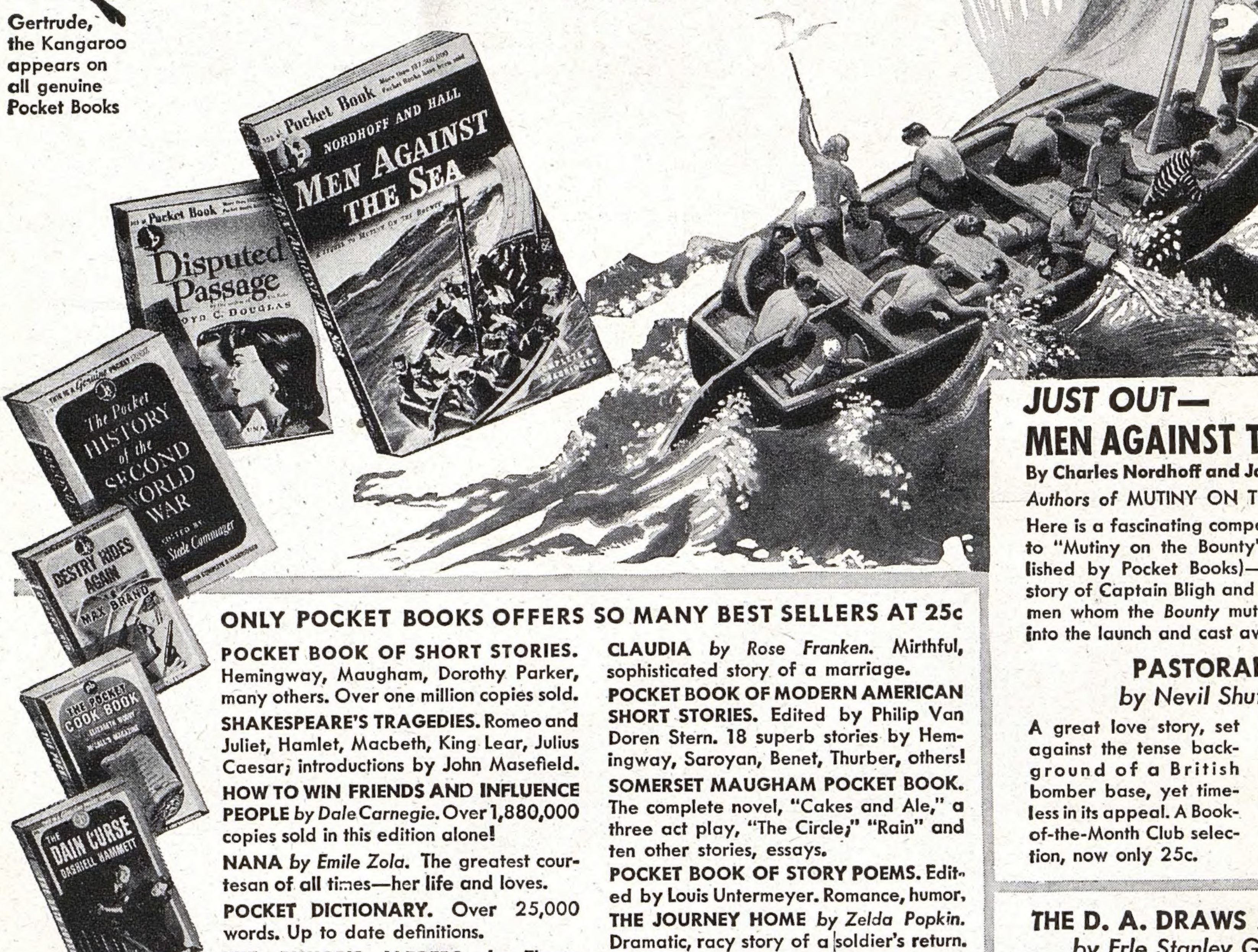
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Cover: Liberty's Almanac for April
Designed and drawn by Fred Cooper

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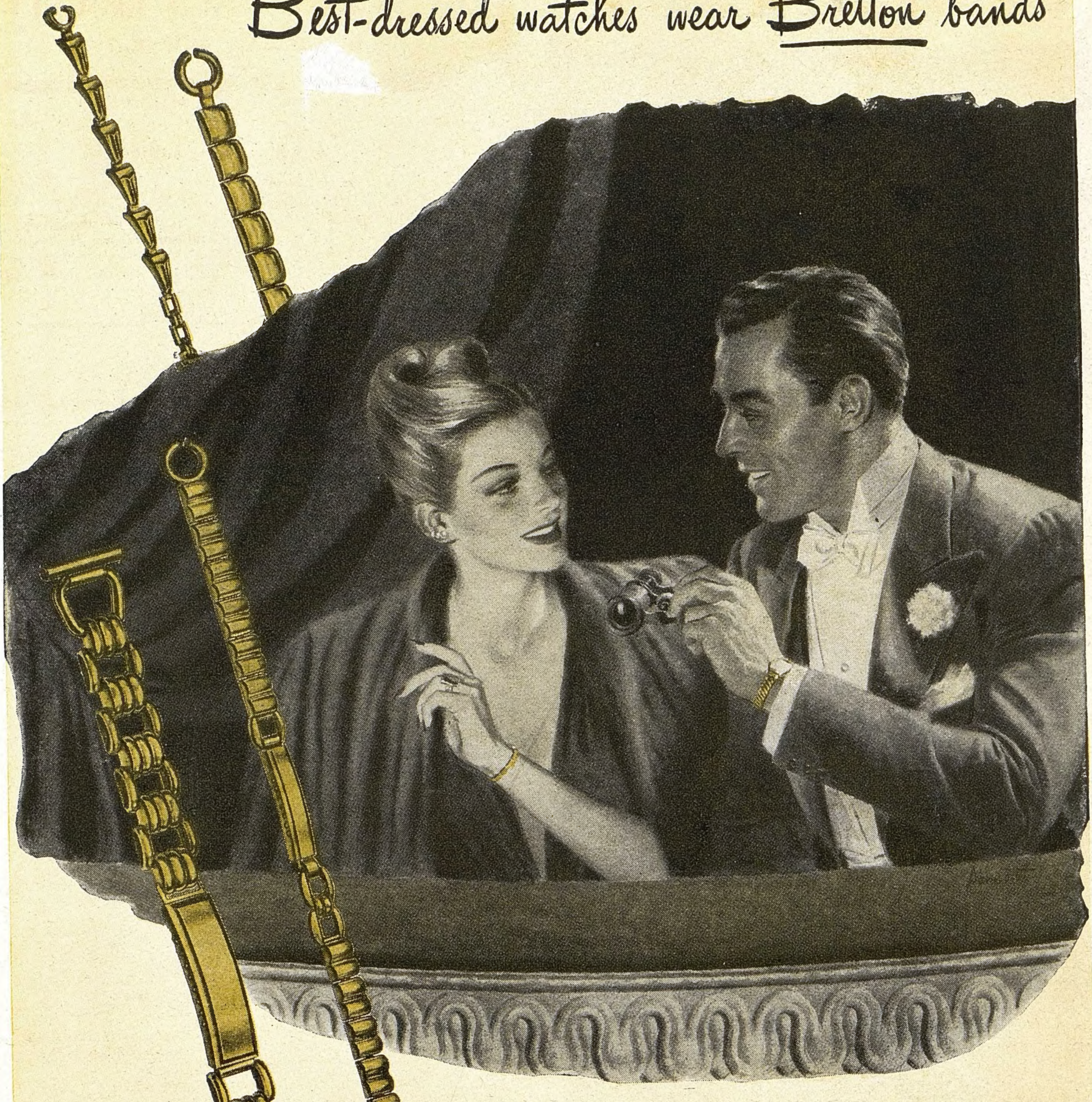

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VOX POP

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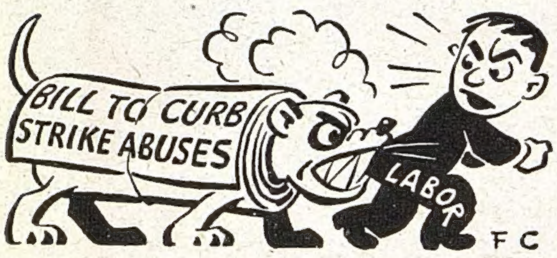
CURB THE LABOR UNIONS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Philip Murray and his sympathizers have been calling some of the proposed labor legislation in Congress too drastic a measure against the unions. Well, when any group becomes so powerful that it's a threat to the security of the nation and can defy the government, no legislation is too drastic to cope with the situation. The unions have asked for it by their actions.


BILL TO CURB STRIKE ABUSES
LABOR
FC

A bill with teeth in it will compel them to live up to the contracts and agreements they make, will force them to be respectable and legitimate organizations, responsible for the activities of their members. If they are law-abiding organizations now, they have nothing to fear.—*James Rooney*.

LET THEM STRIKE

PENDLETON, OREG.—In reading the letter by W. E. Kjer (February 9), it is easy to see how much thought is being given the outcome of the economic situation in our U. S. A. Being a housewife doesn't make me any the less anxious over the attitude of the few who won't stick by the unions. Mr. Kier doesn't believe in strikes. But if he is only old enough to remember 1930 to 1934, he will say, "Let the boys strike if that is the only way they can get a square deal from the corporations."

They have fought a good fight and now it is time for the rest of us to help them to the decent time they have all earned, and it looks like they can only get it by striking. We did without a lot more during the war than we are doing without now, and I am sure, to secure the benefits they should all have, we should help and not hinder them to secure those benefits.—*Alice Settle.*

ADVERTISEMENT

Phil Hustis

"Around here everybody and his grandmother drink Pepsi-Cola!"

THANKS, BUT NO THANKS

WATERTOWN, MASS.—It's about time some magazine published an article like Pity Handicaps the Handicapped, by Esther Cathy (January 19). It should be compulsory reading matter for all employers!

During the war we were useful, but now we are excess baggage for whom whole-limbed people have to pay taxes. We of the "crippled variety" don't like it, thank you. We've had a chance to show that we are as good as the rest of you, and we don't like being shoved back where we do not belong.—*E. L. Barttro.*

THE COMMON MAN

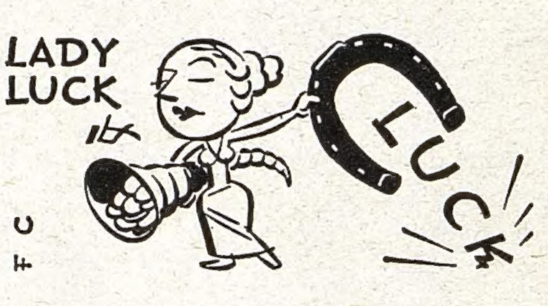
HAZEL PARK, MICH.—If W. O. Loyd (Vox Pop, February 9) considers the common man a poor ignorant jerk, then what must he consider the jelly-spined so-called aristocrats who wallowed at the top in luxurious filth prior to 1900? It has only been since 1900, coincident with the rise to power of the common man, that the world has experienced any pangs of remorse for its sins, or that we have had any rules of humanitarianism in our dealings with our fellow men.

Contrary to Mr. Loyd's beliefs, I sincerely believe that if our world is to have peace, it must come through the efforts of the common man. I hope, for the future security and peace of the world, that the common man takes his rightful place at the head of the peace table, especially in regard to the atomic power question.

It has always been the common man who fights and dies in these slaughters we call war, and it will only be through his efforts that we avert any more such massacres.—*Kathleen Cundiff.*

HANGING THE HORSESHOE

DALLAS, TEXAS—I thought you might like to know that in your ground-hog cover (February 2) the horseshoe over G. Hog's door is *upside down.* I tried nailing one up that way and almost got conked. It kept falling down. I never heard of putting a horseshoe up that way. —*Ruth Bailey.*



Ever hear of the old superstition that if you hang a horseshoe with the ends down, all the good luck runs out? Hang it upside down, and the good luck stays in.—VOX POP EDITOR.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

PULLING OUT PLUMS

SUSAN GLASPELL is one of those lucky people who has stuck her fingers into a variety of literary pies and has usually pulled out a plum. She was an ex-newspaper-woman, short-story writer, and novelist when she married George Cram Cook, discoverer of Eugene O'Neill and founder and director of the Provincetown Players. She then turned playwright and eventually copped the Pulitzer Prize. There were two years, too, when she and her husband went to Greece, lived in Delphi, and camped on Parnassus with the shepherds. Now living in Provincetown, she's a recognized top-notch author. Her latest novel, JUDD RANKIN'S DAUGHTER, is condensed in this week's issue of Liberty.

BEAUTY EXPERT

THE author of FACTS ABOUT FIGURES, Olga Ley, is an authority on beauty. And she owes it all to the Russian Revolution, which was the chief reason for her coming to the United States in the early '20s. She was an ethical-culture student, then a dancer in the Mordkin ballet (until an accident cut her career short), finally exercise director for Helena Rubinstein for seven years. Now married to Willy Ley, an authority on rockets, she's happy in Washington with her two-year-old daughter and a weekly column which she writes for the newspaper PM.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty APRIL 13, 1946 10¢

CITIZEN SINATRA
By Paul Gallico
Book: THE DOOR OPENS
BY ERNST LOTHAR

THE UNFORGOTTEN MAN

CROONING into a microphone is one thing, but to lay your career on the line in a one-man war against intolerance calls for a fighting heart. And Frank Sinatra has it. In CITIZEN SINATRA, Paul Gallico introduces the man behind the voice. . . . Harland Manchester gives you the facts, figures, and fallacies about today's helicopters, THOSE FLYING WINDMILLS that need no airfield, can stand still in the air, and make local, commercial air travel a practical reality. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE DOOR OPENS, by Ernst Lothar, is the true and deeply touching record of an enchanted childhood in gay Vienna.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Coming up: an auxiliary-powered glider, the Bumblebee . . . Before long there'll be air-line service to most parts of the U. S. A.

SOARING is now made easy. You don't need 6,000 feet of rope and a tow car or tow plane to lift you and your glider into a thermal. Not with the new auxiliary-powered glider which Hawley Bowlus has designed and which is being built by Nelson Aircraft Corporation of San Fernando, California.

Bowlus is a veteran glider pilot who, like all true devotees of the sport, thinks soaring is just about the top recreation of the world.

When you soar, you are in an aircraft that has no engine and no propeller. You skim from one thermal to another, obtaining your "lift" from rising currents, and some experts have gone to great heights or soared long distances. But one "catch" is that you have to have an assisted take-off. Some mechanical means must be used to get your glider into the air, and all sorts of methods have been used. In the war, when transport gliders were used for carrying troops or supplies, the big powerless machines were towed by big transport planes. But towing, even for a brief take-off, is quite a burden for a simple recreational sport.

So Bowlus set out to take the work out of soaring and placed a four-cylinder opposed, two-cycle engine developing 16 h.p. at 3,500 revolutions per minute, on a regulation two-passenger glider.

This auxiliary engine is used only for take-off and landing, when the pilot needs the same flying controls which he would have in a conventional airplane. Once the glider has climbed sufficiently to take advantage of the thermals, the engine is cut off.

Fed by a three-gallon gas tank, the pusher-type engine has an hour-and-a-half fuel capacity at full throttle and will cruise the glider at 75 m.p.h., so the glider can also be used as a commuter airplane for short distances.

Another aid is a retractable landing gear. Pure powerless gliders are built without the usual type landing gear, for any such equipment is a hindrance to the glider's efficiency. The new Bowlus glider even has a steerable nose wheel. The appearance and the high motor pitch have caused the glider to be called the Bumblebee.

Soon to be ready for assembly-line production, the glider will be sold either assembled or in kit form—the latter to cost less than $1,000. The ship will also be sold without engine, and it is being fitted up with a conventional glider hook for towing if desired.

The Bumblebee is a strut-braced high-wing monoplane with dual controls, a 47-foot wing span, a wing area of 168 square feet, an over-all length of 23 feet, and a weight, empty, of 465 pounds. Allowance for two passengers is 350 pounds.

Watch Air Service Mushroom

Even if it's only a very few years since you went to an air-line ticket office, asked for a ticket to a city you were trying to reach, and were told no air service to that point was available, you can now rest assured that in the future your chances of making any such trip by air will be good. Air lines won't serve every town in the country—at least, not for a long time—but very quietly the Civil Aeronautics Board has been expanding the air-line services during the past few years, and many new route decisions will be announced this year.

During 1945, though it was largely a war year, the domestic air-line system was expanded by 4,042 miles to reach a new high total of 66,979 miles. At the end of 1945 our U. S. international air services had grown to 106,197 miles.

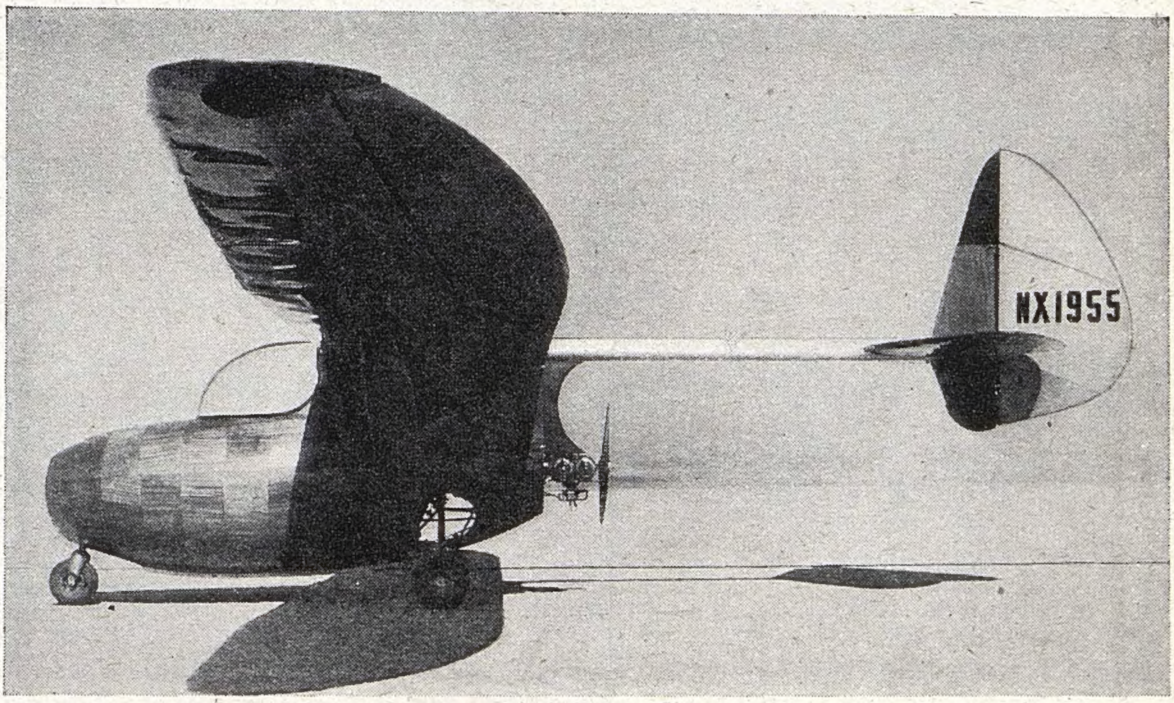
According to Harold D. Whitney, managing editor of the American Aviation Traffic Guide, which publishes all the air-line schedules and fares, the largest domestic air-line system continues to be American Airlines. But during the year Delta Air Lines grew by 1,224 miles with the addition of a new Chicago-Miami route, and Mid-Continent Airlines grew by 584 miles with a new route between Tulsa, Oklahoma, and New Orleans. Continental Air Lines now links Tulsa with its north-south system at Hobbs, New Mexico, and Eastern Air Lines obtained for the first time an entrance into Detroit from the south. Colonial Airlines was awarded a route from Washington, D. C., to Ottawa, Canada, as well as a New York-Ottawa service.

The advantage to the air traveler is not merely in the new routings now available, but also in the number of cities served. At this writing the Civil Aeronautics Board has yet to announce its general policy with feeder air lines, but it is a safe bet that quite a few feeder networks will be authorized. When that happens, the number of cities and towns served by air will mushroom from the present few hundred to perhaps 1,000 or even more.

Commercial air transportation in the United States is just now getting into the big league. The next few years will see a vast increase in the number of schedules and number of airplanes operating, as well as an increase in the number of points served. Meanwhile, by June you'll be able to get to where you want to go without begging for a seat two months in advance—and without the risk (already ended) of being crowded off at a wayside stop by a priority passenger.

His Cubs Aren't Old, Either

W. T. Piper, president of Piper Aircraft Corporation, maker of the Piper Cub, may be sixty-four, but he constantly flies about the country in his own plane. With Mrs. Piper as companion he recently delivered the thousandth Cub Special by flying it from the Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, factory to Miami.



Here, glider fans, is your Bumblebee with its engine for take-offs and landings.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOU'RE OFF FOR A DAY'S FISHING ...AND THE BOYS CLAIM YOU CAN'T EVEN CATCH A COLD...AND YOU COME BACK WITH A CREEL FULL OF BEAUTIES **...IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU SERVE MARTINIS MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN...AND THE BOYS SAY "HEY, THESE ARE SLICK, HOW DO YOU GET 'EM SO SMOOTH AND DELICIOUS?... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

KINSEY
HIGH 94.4 PROOF
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin

94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
-so smooth you can drink it straight!

KINSEY the Genial GIN

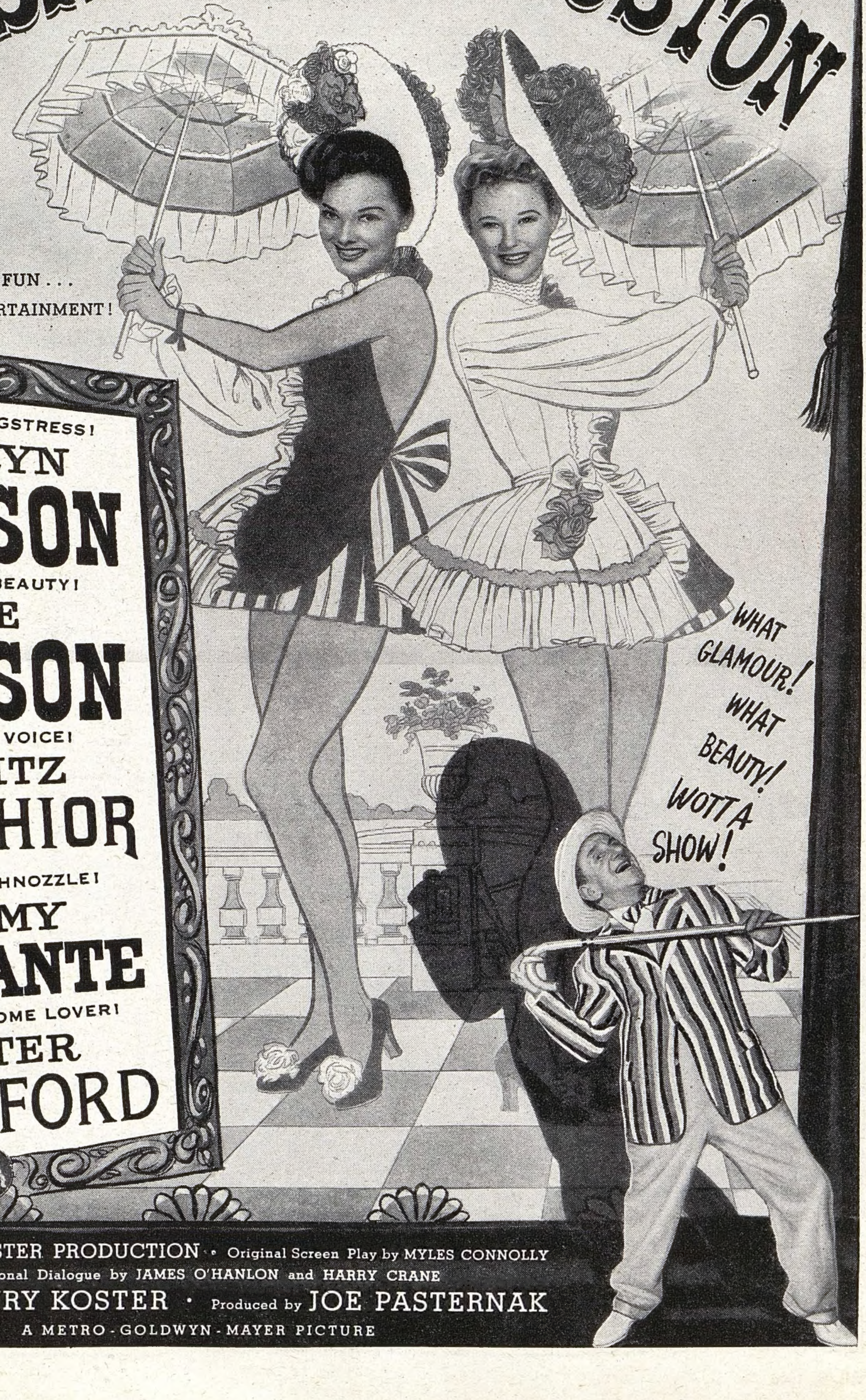
MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS:
"**GENIAL:** CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-*TRY IT!*

M-G-M's *marvelous musical*

TWO SISTERS *from* BOSTON


WHAT GLAMOUR! WHAT BEAUTY! WOTTA SHOW!

ROMANCE, MUSIC,
HEART-THROBS AND FUN . . .
IT'S GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT!

THE SIZZLING SONGSTRESS!
KATHRYN GRAYSON
THE BOSTON BEAUTY!
JUNE ALLYSON
THE GOLDEN VOICE!
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
THE BIG SCHNOZZLE!
JIMMY DURANTE
THE HANDSOME LOVER!
PETER LAWFORD

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION • Original Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
Additional Dialogue by JAMES O'HANLON and HARRY CRANE
Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

New York's New Mayor

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

LIBERTY PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Mayor O'Dwyer looks nostalgically at the police badge he wore for eight years. Since he came here as an immigrant thirty-five years ago, he has been a laborer, bartender, policeman, lawyer, magistrate, county judge, district attorney, brigadier general, and mayor.

Horatio Alger never wrote anything less credible than the rise of a nine-dollar-a-week immigrant errand boy to mayor of the great city of New York. What Alger wrote was fiction. What Bill O'Dwyer did, isn't

By HENRY HILLMAN and CLIFFORD EVANS

ON wintry evenings when the wind howls up the leaden harbor between Red and Yellow Hooks and snug New Yorkers attune their digestive contemplation to the psyche of America, William O'Dwyer of City Hall and Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, has been heard to say:

"Some day I'm going to get away from all the hustle and bustle and get a farm. Back to the soil, that's where I'm going."

Apart from the fact that he did not come from the soil, this after-dinner cliché is preposterous, for O'Dwyer, listed in official records as the one hundredth mayor of the world's greatest city, is completely the New Yorker. Consequently he is an adherent to the faith that a farm is fine for a holiday but no place for a home.

An immigrant from Ireland at the age of twenty, he saw fertile fields in the big city, and he made them yield crop after crop of livelihoods. Laborer, bartender, policeman, lawyer, magistrate, county judge, district attorney, brigadier general, delegate to Italy, director of the War Refugee Board, the shrewd fifty-five-year-old city farmer is now at work tilling the acreage of City Hall. No one would be surprised if he reaped a career as Governor of New York State or U. S. senator.

When O'Dwyer expresses the hackneyed yen for quiet green pastures, it can be understood as an expletive in the mouth of an otherwise unprofane man who realizes that he is engaged in the toughest job of an arduous life. As chief executive for a city population larger than those of forty-five of the forty-eight States, he follows Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who was conceded generally to have been one of the best mayors if not the best, New York ever had. He must fill the LaGuardia description of the job—everything that goes on in the city concerns the

(*Continued on page 67*)

1896

LILLIAN RUSSELL

1906

FRITZI SCHEFF

1916

IRENE CASTLE

What has Grable got that I haven't got? Well, maybe she hasn't got it either. An oomph expert comes up with some frank, reassuring facts on how the tape measure can—and does—fool you

Facts About Figures

EVERY age has its own idea of female beauty and women have always tried to live up to it. They have, in turn, been slim, fat, straight, curved, flat in back, flat in front, curved in back, curved in front, curved (or flat) front *and* back, wide-shouldered, narrow-shouldered, full-bosomed and flat-bosomed—all apparently at will.

The amazing thing is how they did it. We know women *have* changed their outward appearance constantly, because artists have left a record of the times. And in the comparatively short time since the invention of the camera (theoretically the camera does not lie) we have an even more convincing record of the female shape divine and the amazing changes it has undergone.

There was a time when all women looked like large bells; then they got to be all back bustle. In a couple of decades they suddenly acquired an hourglass shape. And we don't even need canvas or the camera to remember the horrible '20s, when females turned into shapeless slabs.

Now there is a new ideal. It fluctuates just a trifle from year to year, but basically it has not changed during the last ten years or so. From the medical and the esthetic point of view this present ideal is quite sensible. Women now stand straight. They neither slump nor compress the body into fantastic shapes, which practices were the real secret of the ever-changing female shape of the past. *Actually there have been no real changes, except those which a bathroom scale would reveal.* But by tricks of posture, padding, binding, lacing, and piling up of cloth, first here and then there, the figure seemed to change.

But while our "ideal posture" of today approximates the "natural" posture, we now have "ideal measurements." They originate mostly in Hollywood. Everybody who wants to listen is assured that Miss Glamopus has absolutely IDEAL measurements. Her bust is 34 inches and her waist is 24, and her hips, wonder of wonders, are again 34 inches! Imagine!

And women everywhere get out their tape measures. They find themselves lacking in one, two, or three respects and are suddenly dissatisfied with their otherwise nice figures. They begin to moan that they are not "ideal."

But they measure without taking into account a couple of important factors. This ideal figure is that of a movie star or of a fashion model, and movie stars and fashion models get to be what they are because of their unusual physical endowments. They get to be what they are because they do *not* represent the population in general in their shape and appearance.

The second factor is that even they do not scorn bosom pads, tight girdles, and such if they need them. Ask your enthusiastic publicity man how many star wardrobes have

CULVER SERVICE PHOTOS

1926

JOAN CRAWFORD

1936

JEAN HARLOWE

1946

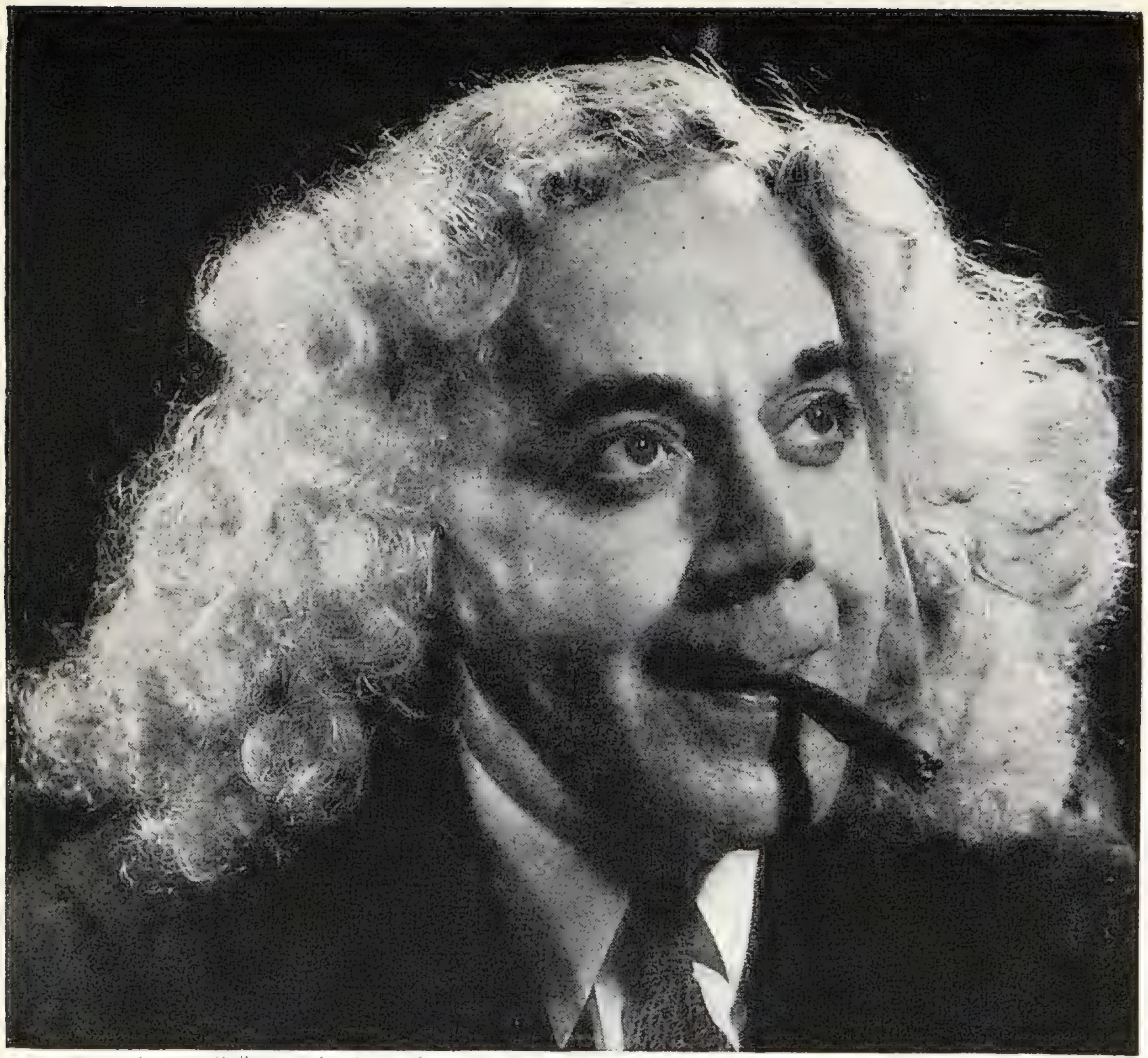
LANA TURNER

BY OLGA LEY

built-in bosoms and he will blanch with horror and deny everything. But some of them do have pads and they have good reasons for wearing them. Movie stars and fashion models have to be thin. Models, as a rule, also have to be quite tall. Tall-and-thin figures do exist, of course, but such tall-and-thin figures very rarely produce a bust which matches the hip measurements. If you could measure Miss Glamopus in the raw, you'd probably find that her hips are somewhat closer to 36 inches and her bust somewhere between 31 and 32 inches. That doesn't make her less desirable, but ever since Atlantic City beauty contests began, the "ideal" measurements have been forced on the public.

Measurements mean little in themselves, and mean even less if the comparison is one between a screen actress and a beautiful girl who does not appear on the screen. The movie camera has the nasty trick of mer-

(*Continued on page 66*)



Jimmy Savo, Broadway comic, modeled these wigs. This bleached one costs $50.

Men's wigs, always of women's hair, are hard to make because the roots show. This one's $65.

Golden Locks

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr.

THE crowning glory of the average American woman is too short for the currently fashionable built-up hair-dos. Even in Grandma's day the girls had to use a "rat" to fill out their Gibson Girl pompadours and a "switch" to stuff their buns. In the years since then, bobs and permanent waves have done a great deal to shorten women's hair. The result is that almost all the ladies who now want to be long and fashionable on top have to go out and buy hair to supplement their own. But World War II cut off hair imports from Europe and China. The shootin's over, but trade resumption will be slow. So where is it coming from?

The answer is the story of the enterprise of Meyer Jacoby. Meyer has been in the hair business for thirty-five years, ever since he came to this country from Russia at the age of eighteen. By the time hostilities broke out in 1939 he had a prosperous establishment of his own in New York, making wigs for dolls and display mannequins. He bought Chinese hair, the cheapest and by far the most plentiful. This he bleached and waved until it had that American look which would do justice to the plaster skulls of his big and little dolls. The cutting off of hair imports didn't worry him too much because, in a pinch, all of his wigs could be made of artificial fibers.

Meyer's claim to fame lies in the fact that he wasn't willing to accept the prospect of a hairless America for the duration. American women wanted other people's hair; hair-goods manufacturers needed it to stay in business; it was vital to many wartime industrial products. Why not get the hair—from American women? The other hair-goods dealers laughed at the idea.

This gray wig is made by blending buffalo white hair, Chinese black.

"American women have too much money. They won't sell their hair, at least not at a price you can afford to pay for it," they told him.

But Meyer persisted to the point of starting an experimental advertising campaign. He began by running little ads in the Public Notices columns of a variety of newspapers. "Hair wanted," they read; "must be over 10 inches long. No combings. 50c to $1 an ounce." His pioneering was successful from the very first week. Hair began to arrive by mail. People came into his New York office, hair in hand. That was four years ago. Today Meyer is spending $10,000 a year in hundreds of newspapers. He's buying thousands of pounds of hair a year. Many of the dealers who laughed at him when he started have now followed his lead, with the result that American-grown hair is going a long way toward filling the demands of the business. Most of it comes from the rural areas. In large cities Meyer's advertising is less effective, probably because metropolitan women have more money and are more interested in their personal appearance.

Of course prices had to go up before American women could be persuaded to get out their scissors. Run-of-the-mill European hair delivered in this country used to average about $2 a pound, 12½ cents an ounce. Chinese hair brought only about 3 cents an ounce. Long unbleached blonde hair brought the highest price of all,

Harvesting human hair is a big and fascinating business which, but for an enterprising wigmaker, might still be hanging by a hair

This coronet braid, being dark, needed no dye. Length and weight determine price, in this case $45.

sometimes as much as $4 an ounce delivered in America. Most of these top-quality tresses came from Norway and Sweden, where the girls with the heavy corn-colored hair never had any reason to weaken it with bleaches or tints.

At first Meyer varied the price he paid with the quality of the hair he received. Blonde hair brought a higher price than brunette, long tresses more than short. But as the business grew he found that the grading became too unwieldy and complicated. He now pays $1 an ounce for all freshly cut hair if it's at least 10 inches long. That's an increase of 800 per cent over the average prewar price of foreign hair. It means that women who buy the finished product have to pay just that much more for their coronet braid or chignon. But they do pay it, thousands of them, and a new price level has been established. The hair business is booming and there still isn't enough to go round.

It may be that you'll be interested in cultivating your own cranial garden now that prices are high. It's effortless work and there's a ready market for your product. Here are the salient facts that you should know about hair farming:

Naturally stiff Chinese hair was used in this $25 number. French refining gives it that high gloss.

Scientifically speaking, hairs are extravascular, nonnervous, epidermal or exoskeletal structures belonging in the same category with fingernails, scales, feathers, and other horny outgrowths. In everyday language this means that hair is a horny substance which has no nerves, no blood circulation, and always grows on the outside of an animal. What is hair on a human being is fur on a cat, wool on a sheep, and bristles on a pig. Fundamentally, they're all the same thing.

Hair growth varies considerably with the individual, depending upon such factors as age, sex, health, and personal idiosyncrasies. At the good old Biblical age of threescore and ten, the average person can expect to have produced fifteen pounds of hair. If it could remain intact and uncut all that time, it might reach a length of thirty-five feet. But hair strands don't stay with you for a lifetime. In fact, the average life span of a growing hair is only two to six years. Some hundred hairs, more or less, fall out of the scalp every day. They're replaced by new hair growth at the same rate—unless you're getting bald, in which case it wouldn't be practical to try to raise hair for market anyway.

IF you have a big head you may have as much as 140 square inches under cultivation, which will produce some four one hundredths of an ounce per square inch annually. Hair grows faster in summer than in winter, faster by day than by night, which makes those long summer days the most productive period. Blondes have the largest number of individual hairs—up to 180,000 on a really productive scalp. Brunettes have 100,000 to 120,000, while redheads probably haven't more than 50,000. A single blonde hair is only about twenty-four ten thousandths of an inch in diameter. It would take 416 side by side to cover an inch.

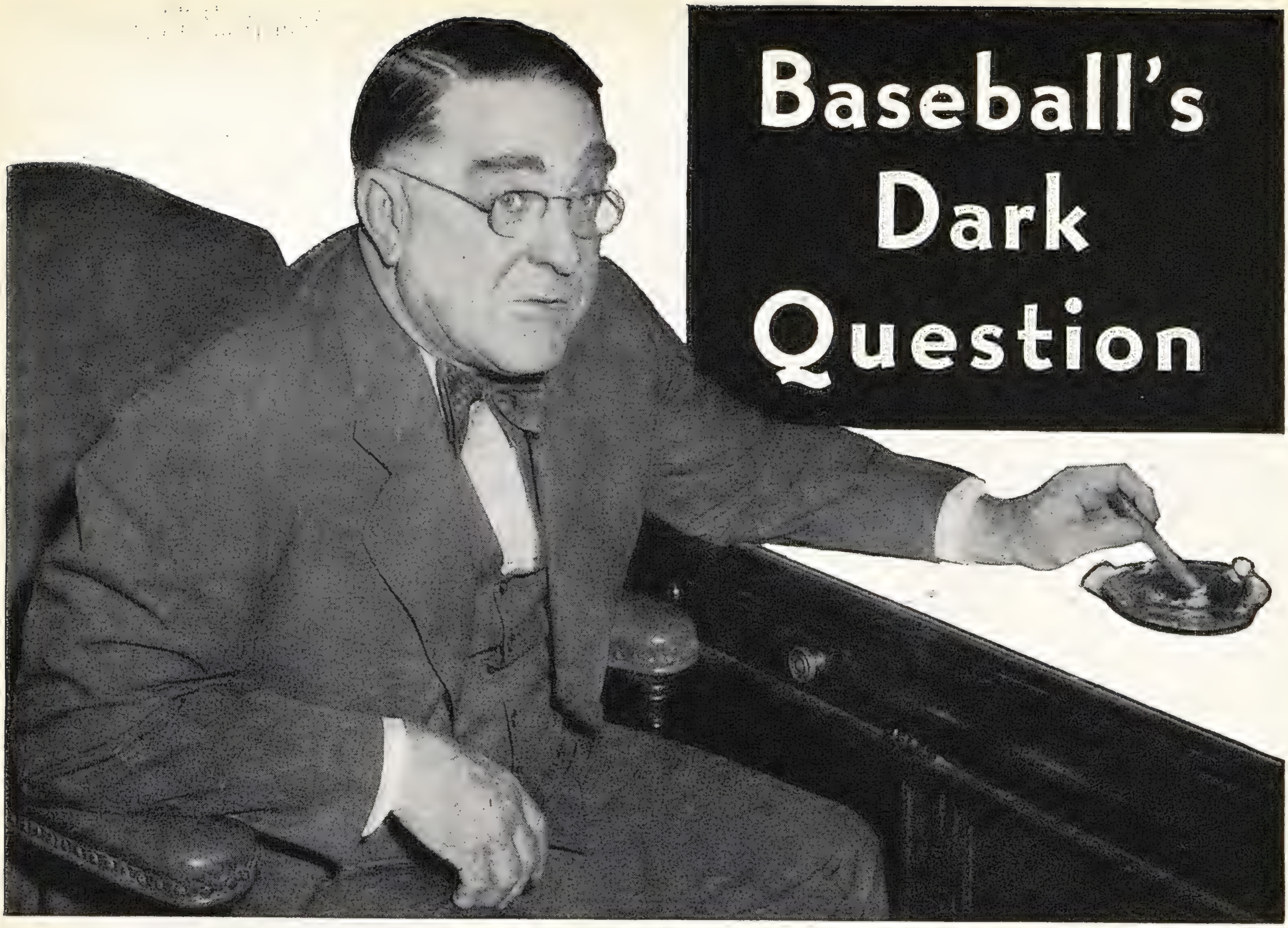
It all boils down to the fact that the average woman can expect to harvest about 4½ ounces of hair a year. Sold to Meyer Jacoby, this will bring $4.50 at present prices. If your scalp is exceptionally fertile and you are raising natural blonde

(Continued on page 55)

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY O. F. HESS

Peroxided, this glamor bob wholesales for $15. Brunettes get by for $12.

Baseball's Dark Question



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Branch Rickey of the Dodgers. He answered the dark question. . .

The inside story of how Branch Rickey came to sign a Negro and what's going to happen from here on in

BY CHARLES DEXTER

NOT long after Jackie Robinson, Negro shortstop, signed to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers' Montreal farm team, I suggested to Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers, that he write the inside story of his three-year quest for Negro ballplayers. He shook his head.

"People might construe it as a defense," he said, "and I have nothing to defend. The Negro problem is not a problem at all. It's a state of mind. It's ridiculous that the signing of a Negro player should cause more than a flurry in this day and age."

But when I reminded him that the public was ignorant of many of the details leading to Robinson's signing, he agreed to let me report the substance of three separate conversations we had in his Dodger office—the famous office on Montague Street, Brooklyn.

I ENGAGED Robinson [Rickey told me] because he's a potential Dodger, and my job is to develop Dodgers. Late in 1942 I became Brooklyn president. The Dodger team which had won a pennant in '41 had been riddled by inductions into the armed services. To my mind came a vagrant idea, and even before the Dodgers reported to Bear Mountain for spring training in 1943 I gave thought to the illogic which prevented me from adding talented Negroes to our line-up. Later, I watched two Negro teams play at Ebbets Field and was impressed by some of the individual performances.

I went before the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn club—I did not hold a share of stock at the time—and frankly said, "If I can find a really great Negro player, I intend to sign him. Do you gentlemen agree?"

"Will he play on the Dodgers?" I was asked.

"If he is that good—yes. If not, wherever he is fitted to play."

The directors—James A. Mulvey, Joseph A. Gilleadeau, G. A. Barnewall, William L. Hughes—said they wanted to think it over. I mentioned my decision to others in my confidence. Nowhere did I meet opposition. At the next board meeting I was unanimously instructed to go ahead.

My first step was in an obvious direction—Cuba. Numerous Cubans were then on big-league rosters, notably on Clark Griffith's Washington Senators. They were white Cubans, however. Many had played against major-league clubs in spring exhibition games in their homeland. Dark-skinned Cubans, no matter how talented, had never received an invitation to display their qualifications for organized baseball in the United States.

I engaged a scout, appropriated $5,000 for his expenses, and sent him to Havana, where a Negro shortstop by the name of Garcia was said to be the equal of many white Americans at that position. After a careful investigation, my scout reported that he was unable to recommend Garcia or any other Cuban. He explained that he thought they lacked the stamina for our rigorous schedule.

By the summer of 1944 we were scraping the bottom of the baseball barrel. So I engaged Professor José Seda of Puerto Rico, who was enrolled at New York University as a graduate student, to tour Central and South America. At that time I was signing free agents no matter what their worth. In the hope of discovering at least one outstanding Latin-American, I also sent a scout to check Seda's findings.

The pair visited Cuba, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Mexico. To my surprise, they proved statistically that the best players in Mexico were Negroes born in the United States. My eyes opened further as my investigators revealed that although American Negroes starred in the Mexican leagues, they were actually not good enough to compete in the two Negro circuits north of the Rio Grande.

I turned to those circuits—the Negro National and American Leagues. In the late summer of 1944 I assigned a scout to cover their games. "I've run across four or five boys worth looking at," he told me a few weeks later. "I'm sure there are more."

NOW we were getting somewhere! Until then I had given no consideration to Negro players in the States. I had mistakenly believed that Negro leagues were organized much the same as ours—with franchises, standard contracts, seasonal schedules, and annual play-offs. Now I found that schedules were hazy, rosters indefinite. A Negro National Leaguer told me his team had played but one game with other clubs in his circuit that season. Moreover, half the owners were promoters—the 15-per-cent boys—who booked games to suit their own interests, collecting commissions from players and admissions from the public. They were, in the main, white. They formed a clique powerfully supported by my own colleagues, owners of major-league clubs.

Plainly, here was the crux of the problem. You can't play baseball unless you can rent a baseball park. The clique maintained a strangle hold on Negro players through leases on major-league parks with large seating capacity.

I could not and would not deal with such men.

At that time a pressure campaign filled columns in certain newspapers with demands that major-league owners engage Negroes. I received as many as twenty telegrams in a single day from individuals who frankly admitted that they represented a political organization. I was proceeding with my investigation of the status of the Negro player—I chose to avoid controversy in the press so that at the right time I might sign Negroes for no other reason than their ability.

Nevertheless, controversy raged. Promoters of the Negro leagues argued that their players were happy where they were. They insisted that Negro stars wanted no truck with organized baseball.

My major-league colleagues supported the clique, some silently, others openly. I decided that the solution was a new Negro league, one which would operate legally within the framework of organized baseball, protected by its established safeguards. In this league I would not be an owner—I would rent Ebbets Field to a Negro club representing Brooklyn.

Contrary to published stories, this was not an attempt to segregate Negroes in another league of their own. The United States League was to have been a proving ground for young Negroes. It would have enabled them to rise normally through organized baseball's structure to the top—the majors.

Money was available. Business men were willing to participate; the 15-per-cent boys were barred. An excellent constitution and bylaws were drawn up in accordance with organized baseball's procedure.

But when I outlined my plan to my fellow owners, they raised the roof. "Keep your hands off!" they warned. "You'll kill Negro baseball."

"How?" I asked.

"By breaking up the Negro leagues."

I replied, "We major-league owners draft players from minor leagues at an arbitrary price. If we please, we can draft the entire roster of every minor-league club. Does that break up the minor leagues? Does the draft harm baseball? On the contrary, it strengthens the game—a white boy knows that if he's good enough, nothing can stop him from winning fame and fortune. If we create a Negro minor league, colored boys will swarm into the game in the hope of playing in a World Series some day. My plan will be of untold benefit to them, to you, and to baseball."

They disagreed. I argued: "There is eminent righteousness in giving my proposal a chance. You can kick it around today, but it will come out on top sooner or later. You can't stop

(Continued on page 72)

LIBERTY PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

He's the answer. Jackie Robinson, flashy shortstop, as he married Miss Rachel Izum, California college student, in Los Angeles two months ago.

An American guards this priceless Venus and Adonis, found in a cave near Berchtesgaden.
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Hitler and company stole a billion dollars' worth of fine art. Much of the loot has been found and the world's biggest treasure hunt is still going on

BY STACY V. JONES

ART FOR HITLER'S SAKE

THE Germans had raised warfare to such a state of efficiency when they launched World War II that it is small wonder they also placed the plunder of art on an organized plane.

It is also typical of a dictatorship that the chief beneficiaries of such looting were not German museums but the Führer and his *Reichsmarschall,* Hermann Göring. When the war ended, an ancient salt mine in Austria was found stuffed with pilfered art (there were 6,500 paintings alone) that was to have stocked a memorial museum to Hitler's mother in the near-by city of Linz, her birthplace. Göring's collection, second only to Hitler's, was also to have been left eventually to the public, but it was used during Göring's days of glory to deck Karinhall, his country place near Berlin.

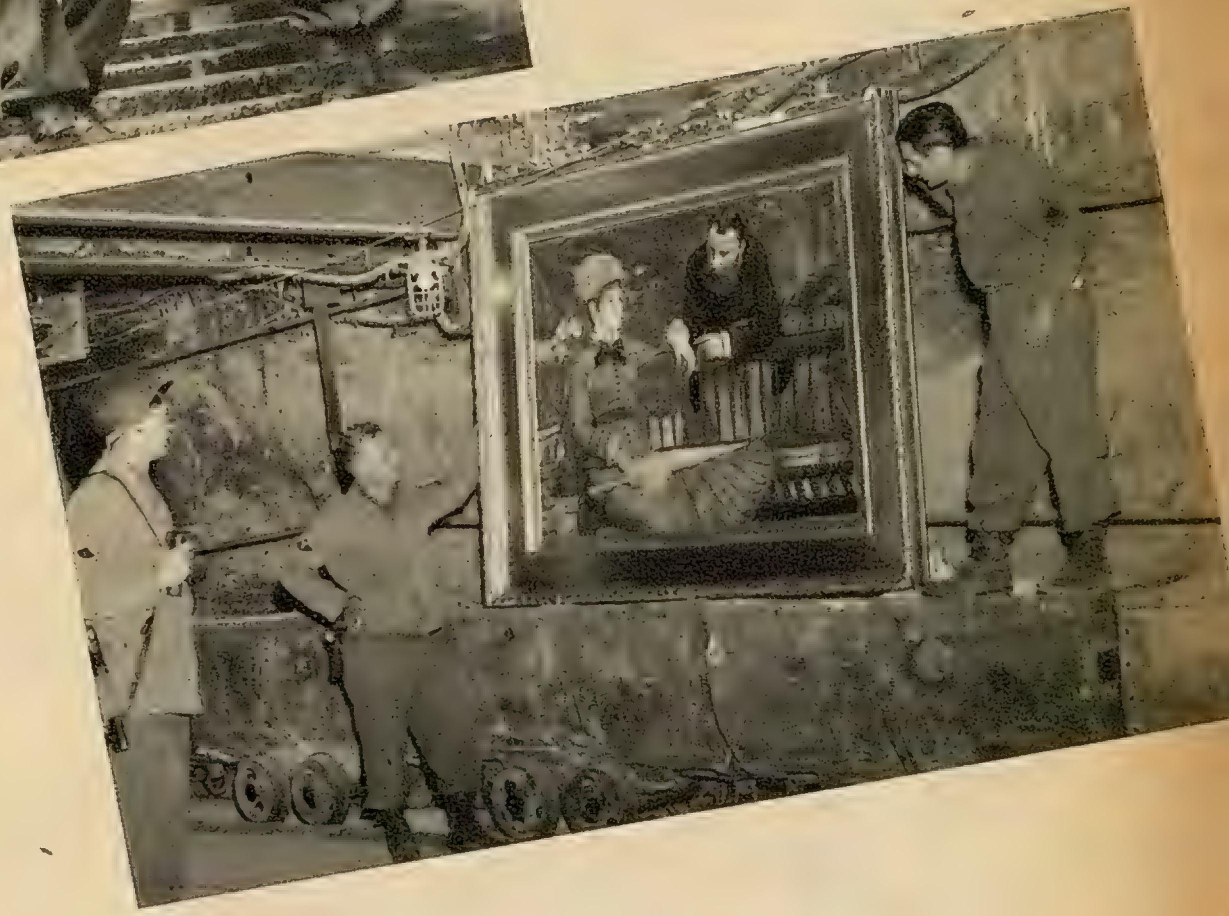
What is the value of the loot? If you say Hitler's cache is worth a billion dollars, no one can disprove it. Perhaps you could hazard a price for a Rembrandt or a Rubens, but national art treasures can't be bought. Hitler, for instance, had the Ghent Cathedral altarpiece by the brothers Huybrecht and Jan van Eyck. Based on what was paid years ago for a small work attributed to the van Eycks, this would be worth, on the basis of size alone, about $68,000,000. But to the Belgians it is literally priceless.

Hundreds of thousands of art objects fell into American hands when

HERMANN GOERING'S
ART COLLECTION
AIRBORNE
THROUGH THE
COURTESY OF
101st AIRBORNE DIVISION

KEYSTONE PHOTO
Allied troops viewed the recaptured loot at Luftwaffe headquarters in Königsee.

Great art works were destined for the Nazis' proposed gallery at Linz, but the Yanks shipped them all back to their owners. ACME PHOTO



G.I.s found this original Manet tucked away in the Merkers salt mines. The vaults also contained much of the Reichsbank's riches. INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

the Third Reich collapsed. Much of it was loot, but a lot of it was German-owned. In a mine at Merkers, in the Thuringian mountains near Eisenach, American troops found $100,000,000 in gold bullion from the German treasury, and other valuables ranging from pearl necklaces to tooth fillings. In this mixed hoard were 200 paintings from the Kaiser Friedrich Gallery in Berlin whose value is estimated at $80,000,000.

The Germans had carted off to mines and other hideaways not only national treasures and important privately owned works of art, but furniture and family silver. More than a thousand repositories have been found in the American zone alone. Bavaria, particularly, is pitted with them.

The job of sorting out the crown jewels and masterpieces from the junk has fallen to a group of U. S. Army Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives officers. In civil life these men were museum directors, curators, architects, artists, or art historians. During hostilities their function was to advise our generals how to avoid shelling or bombing national monuments and art collections. They also bolstered falling cathedral arches, put temporary roofs over galleries, and rallied the native custodians to their work.

A CIVILIAN agency working closely with the Monuments officers is the Roberts Commission, with headquarters at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. The commission, whose full name is the American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in War Areas, was appointed in 1943, with former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts as chairman. It continued the work of private volunteer groups, advising the War Department in recruiting Monuments officers, and supplying maps and technical instructions on first aid for art.

Today the Monuments officers must see that art in Germany is protected not only from the weather but from the pilferer and from the souvenir collector, and that it is returned to the countries of ownership.

Some of the paintings and statuary stolen from the Jewish art collections of France are already back in Paris. The first major repository to be cleared out was the fantastic castle of Neuschwanstein, built at Füssen in the nineteenth century by the mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Thirty-five carloads of art loot were shipped back to France last fall under the direction of Major L. Bancel LaFarge, former New York architect.

Neuschwanstein and five other hideaways were filled with art from western Europe. This loot was gathered by a Nazi outfit headed by the notorious Dr. Alfred Rosenberg. "Rosenberg's Task Force" and headquarters in Paris. Active direction was left to one German Red Cross *Oberführer*, Baron Kurt von Behr, an ignoramus in art but an efficient gangster. Under his eye, thugs stripped the Rothschild and other private collections, rounding up the loot at the Musée du Jeu de Paume.

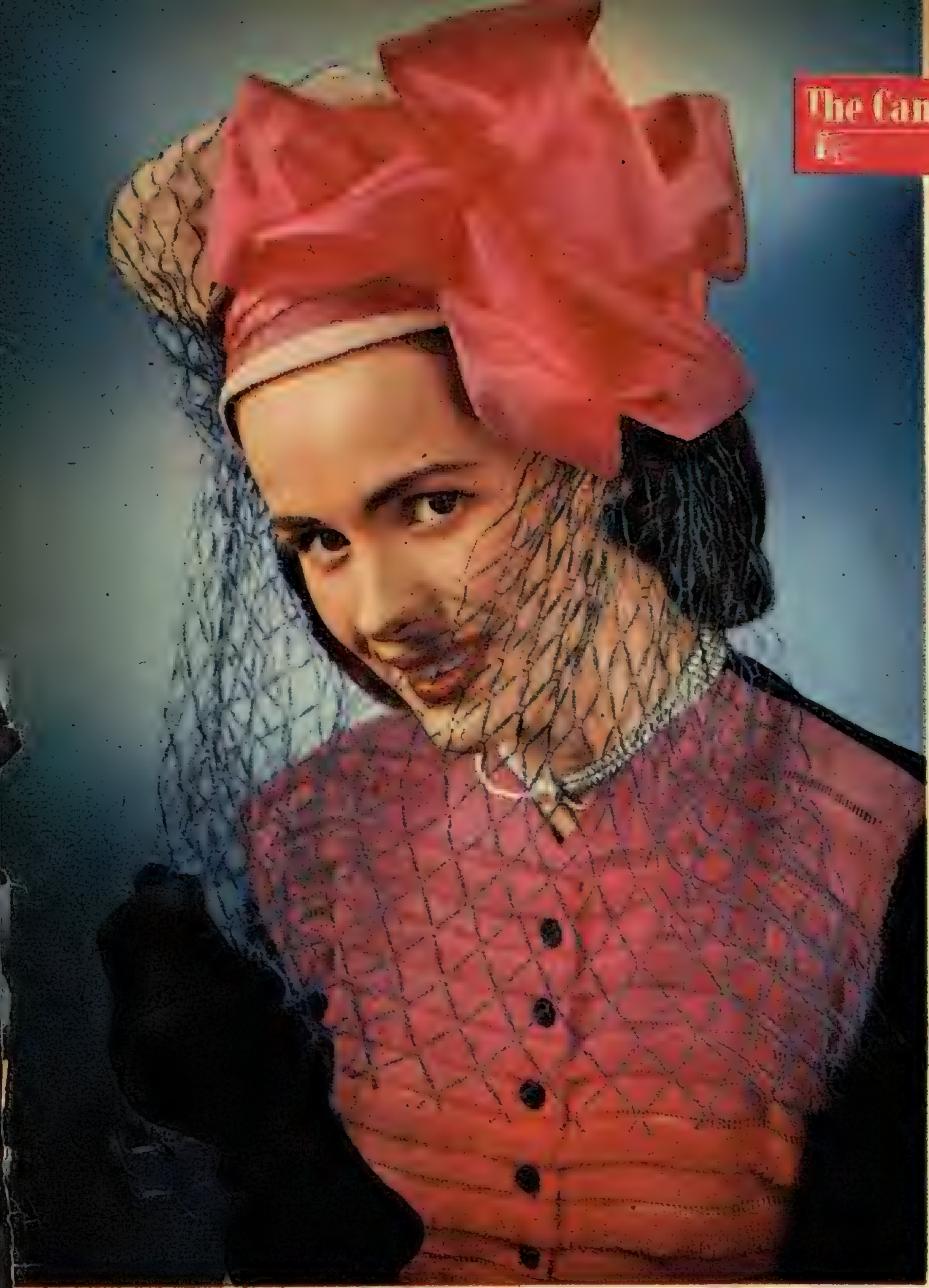
Göring, on a dozen visits to the museum, picked out some 700 objects for himself and occasionally something for Hitler. His personal selections were usually placed in special cars attached to his private train and whisked off to Karinhall.

On Göring's birthday in 1942, von Behr, always a toady to his Nazi superiors, presented him with an original of the Treaty of Versailles, containing all signatures, and an original letter from Richard Wagner to Napoleon III. What Göring said in thanks is not recorded. In the end, von Behr's reward for all his work was a suicide's grave in Germany.

On his visits to the Jeu de Paume, Göring took no notice of an unobtrusive French employee, Mlle. Rose Valland, who had managed to impress the German staff as a model of flat-heeled efficiency. But Mlle. Valland watched the fat marshal and made careful notes when she got home at night of what he and others

(*Continued on page 48*)

Easter



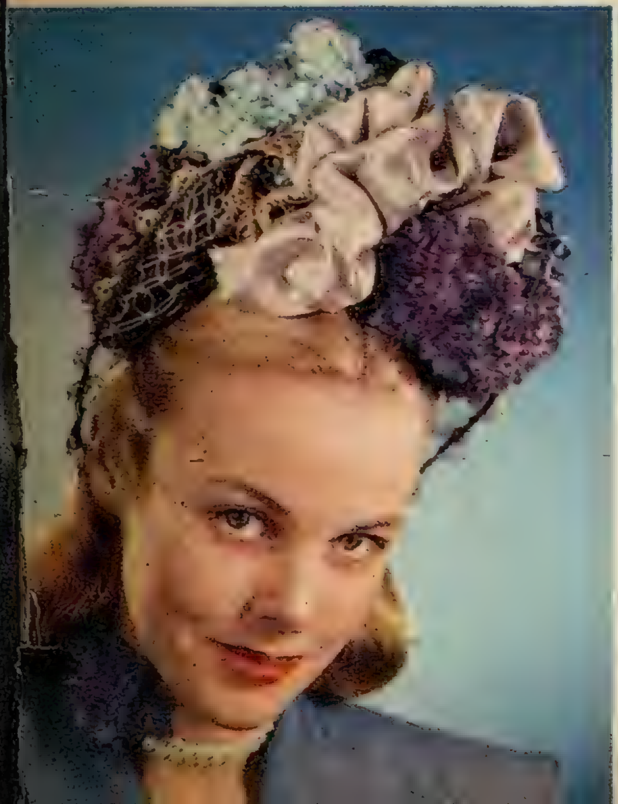
HUBBA-HUBBA! At last girls are all set to look pretty from under their bare-brow Easter bonnets. No more oversized créations of '45. No more undersized tidbits of '44. This spring fashion sponsors hats of any size so long as they are flattering.

Folks may argue about Paris-versus-New York leadership in dress designing, but there is no question about who is top-flight in millinery. Here are the names that are making hat history . . . all strictly N. Y. C., U. S. A.

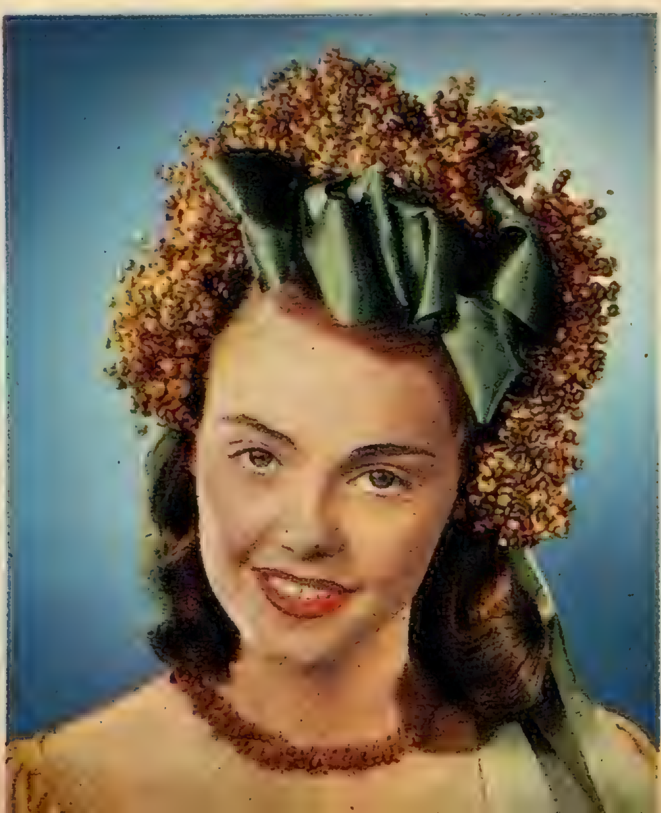
WALTER FLORELL splashes vivid new colors onto many easy-to-wear shapes. This shocking-pink bow made a hit at Florell's Easter showing in the Oval Room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Photos by Edelmann-Muray Studios
Make-Up—Max Factor, Hollywood
Hair Styles by the Coiffure Creation Council

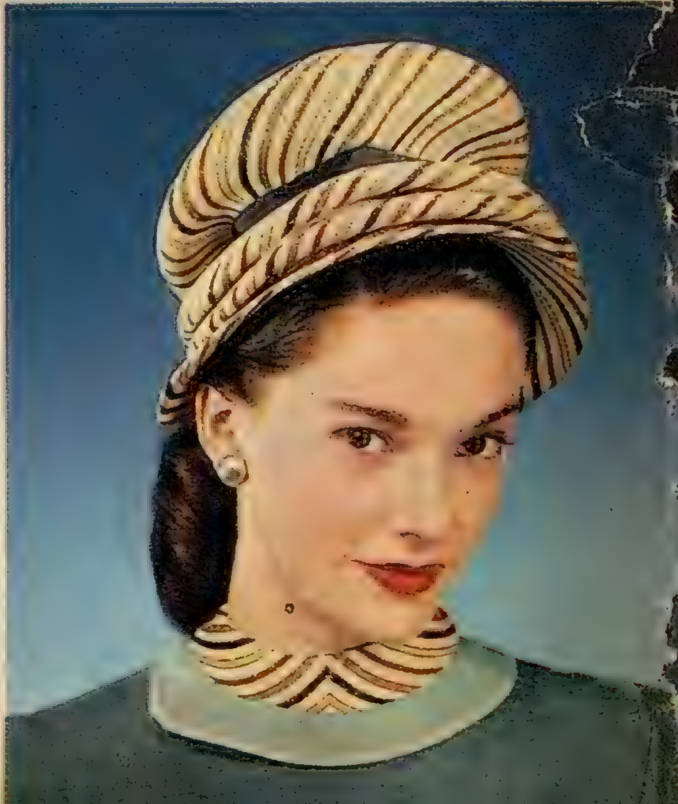
EASTER-BONNET RECIPE: Combine lacy straw with lavender bows and purple bouquets. The result? This old-fashioned confection whipped up by Anita Andra.



SALLY VICTOR, originator of open-back circlets, does this one with bows and berries that look good enough to eat. Fruits are very popular for trimming hats this season.

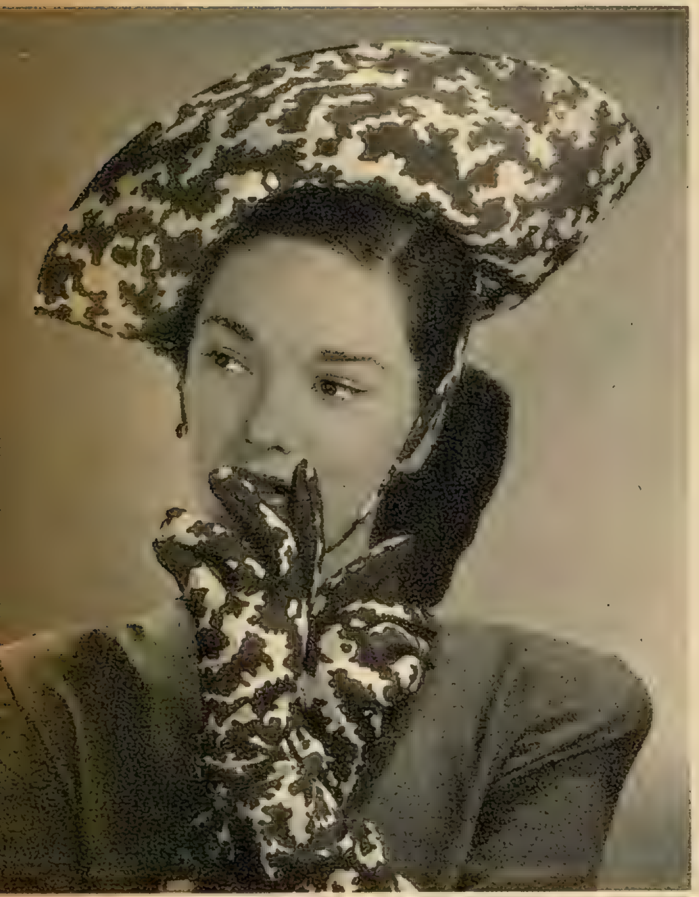


FLORENCE REICHMAN'S tailored bonnet is ultramodern in its architectural shape and in its postwar plastic fabric called Plexon. It is sunfast and waterproof.



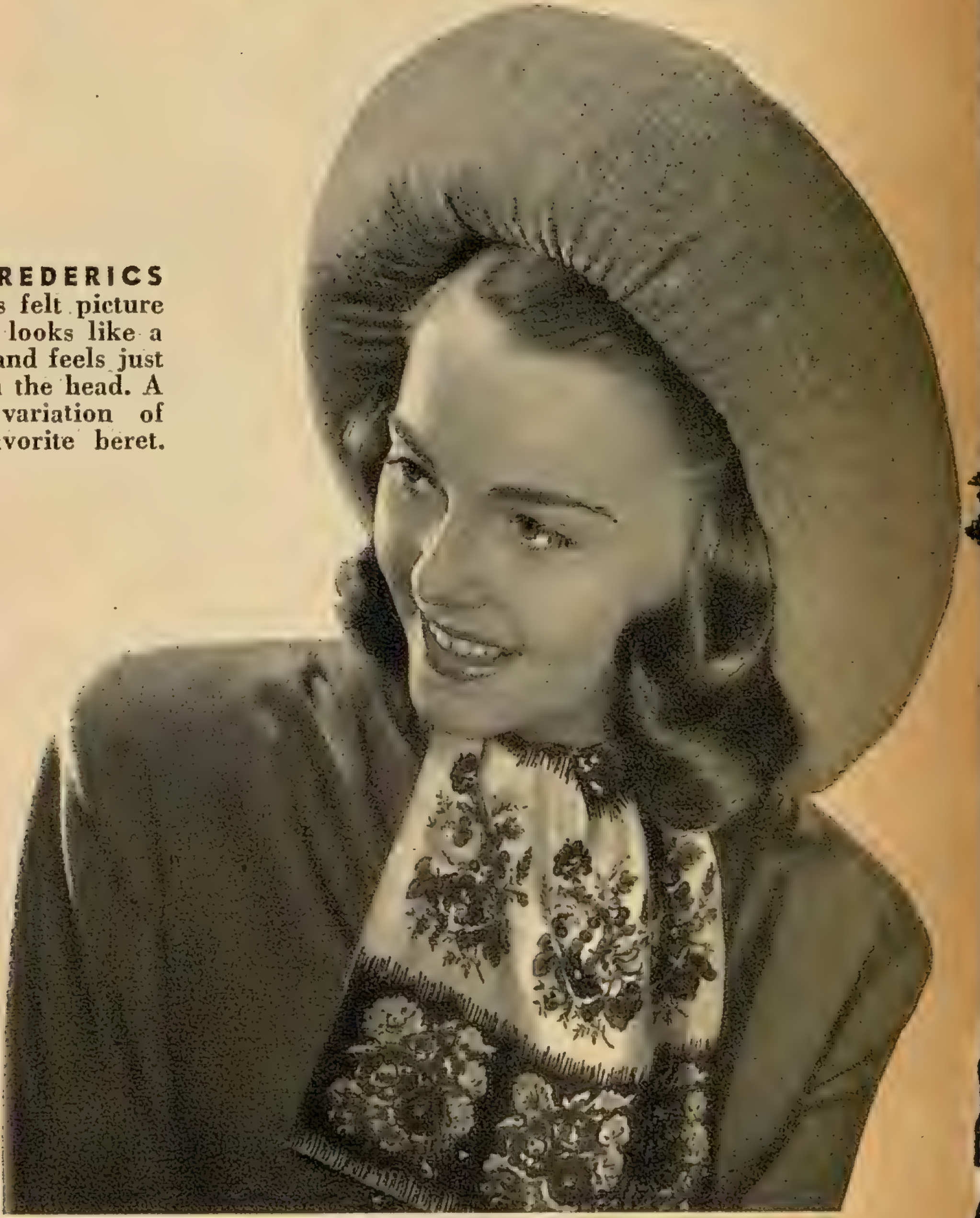
Bonnets Bare the Brow

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

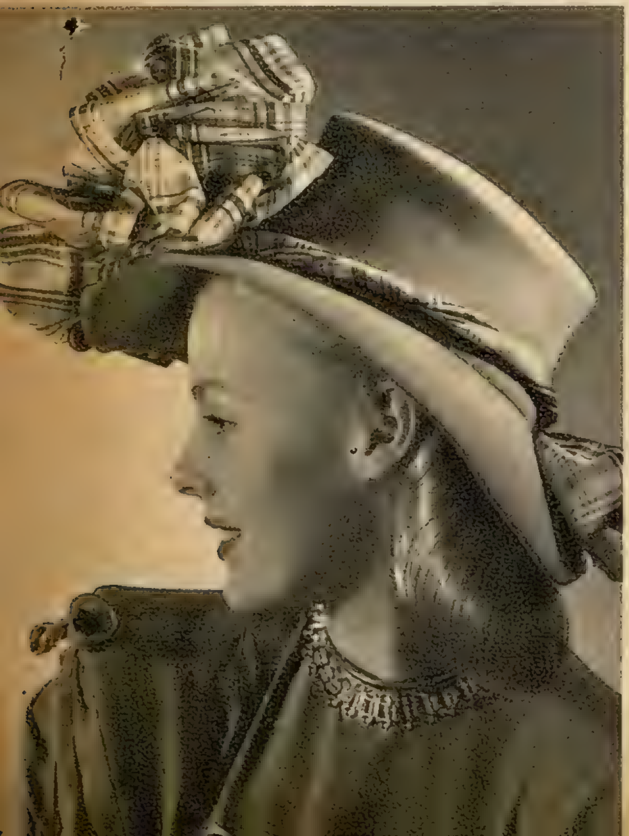


ANITA ANDRA, famous for courageous originality, does it this time with a Cheetah-print fabric for matching hat and gloves. Not everybody's dish, but fine for creating comment at the Stork Club.

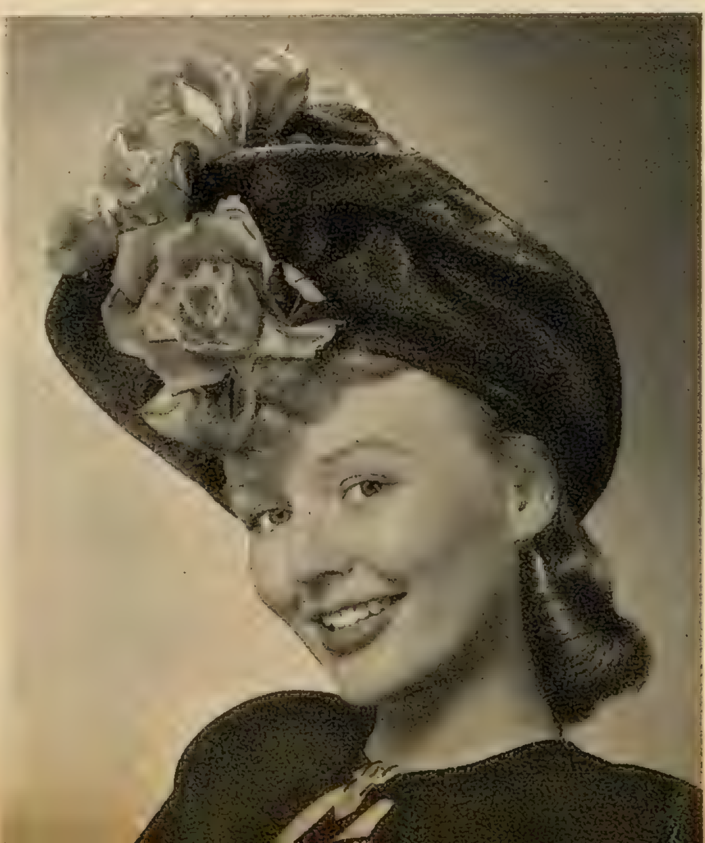
JOHN-FREDERICS creates this felt picture frame that looks like a doughnut and feels just as light on the head. A flattering variation of the ever-favorite beret.



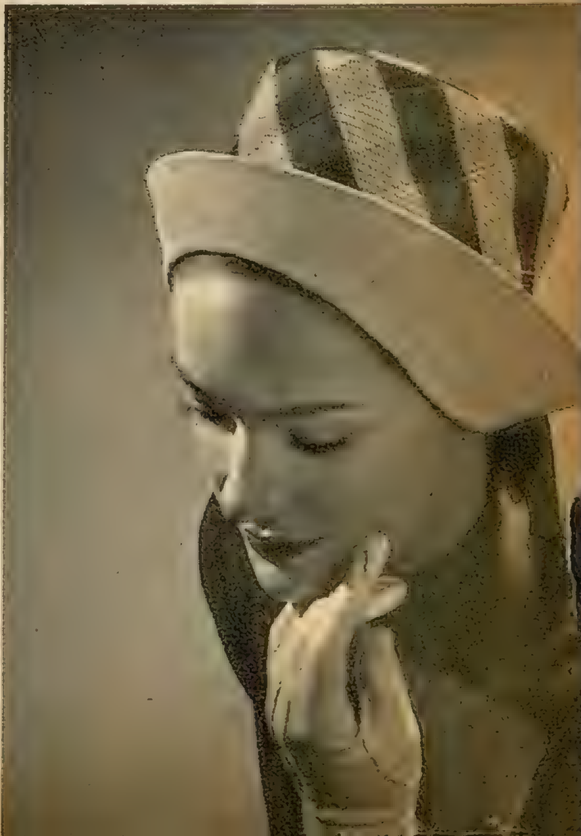
LILLY DACHE does up this popular snap-brim felt with her usual dramatic flare. It fits high on the head and bares the brow. O.K. for the tall girls who can take it.

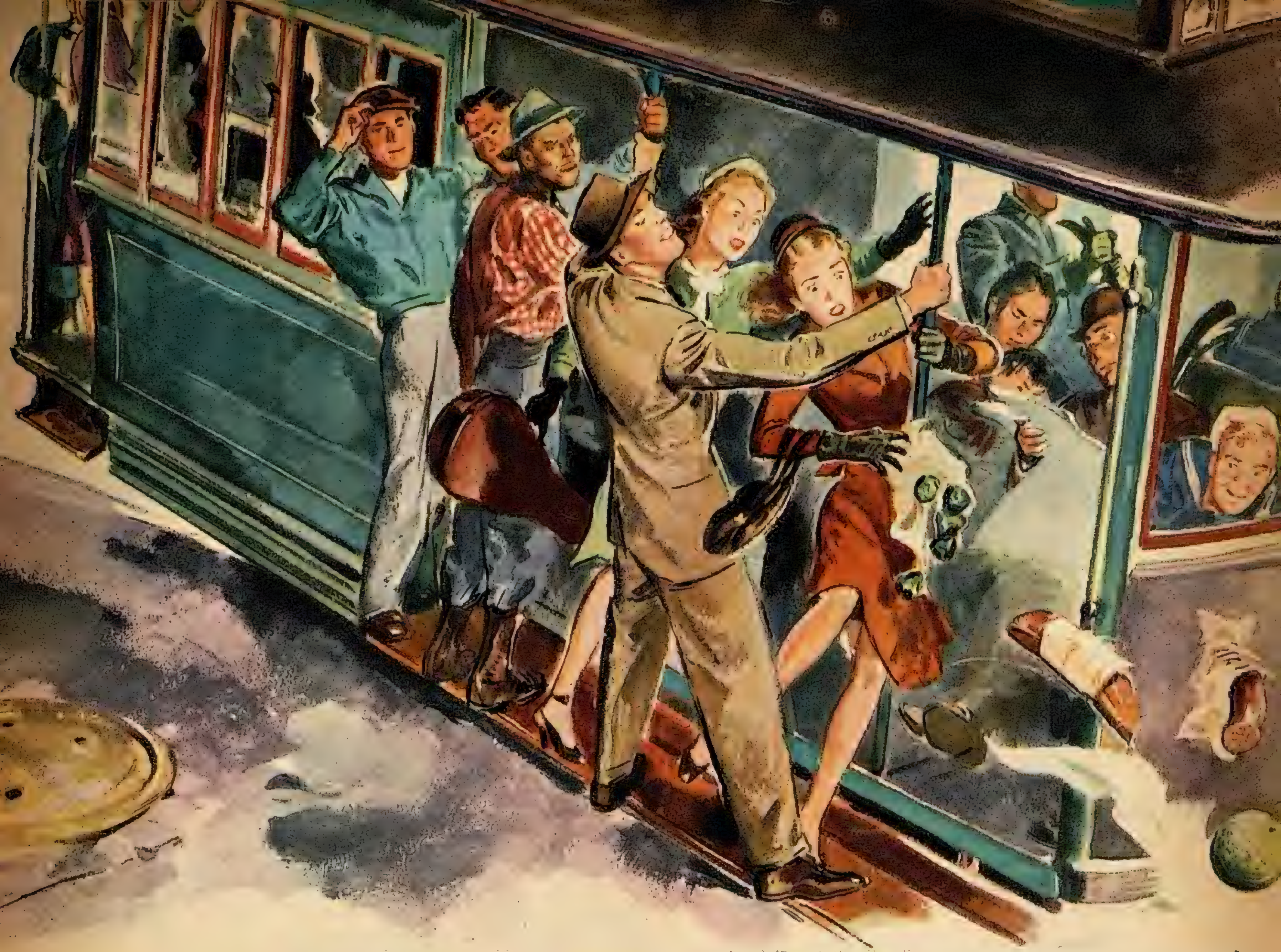


ROSE SAPHIRE uses plastic Plexon to make this large draped halo. The red roses will surely wilt in a rainstorm, but the Plexon fabric will stay ever fresh and crisp.



HATTIE CARNEGIE specializes in the neat, refined hat. This one is made of the new plastic, Plexon, so you can keep that crisp cuff brim snowy white with just a damp cloth.





The gripman sang, "Koutferthecurve!" They whipped around a hairpin bend. The young woman who

OVER THE HILLS

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

HERE he was, stepping out of his hotel into the fog-drenched street of the town that was to be his home. And he saw the fool thing.

It was a hat. A solemn, dented derby. It was flat on the asphalt, yet waddling like a bug straight up the middle of the street.

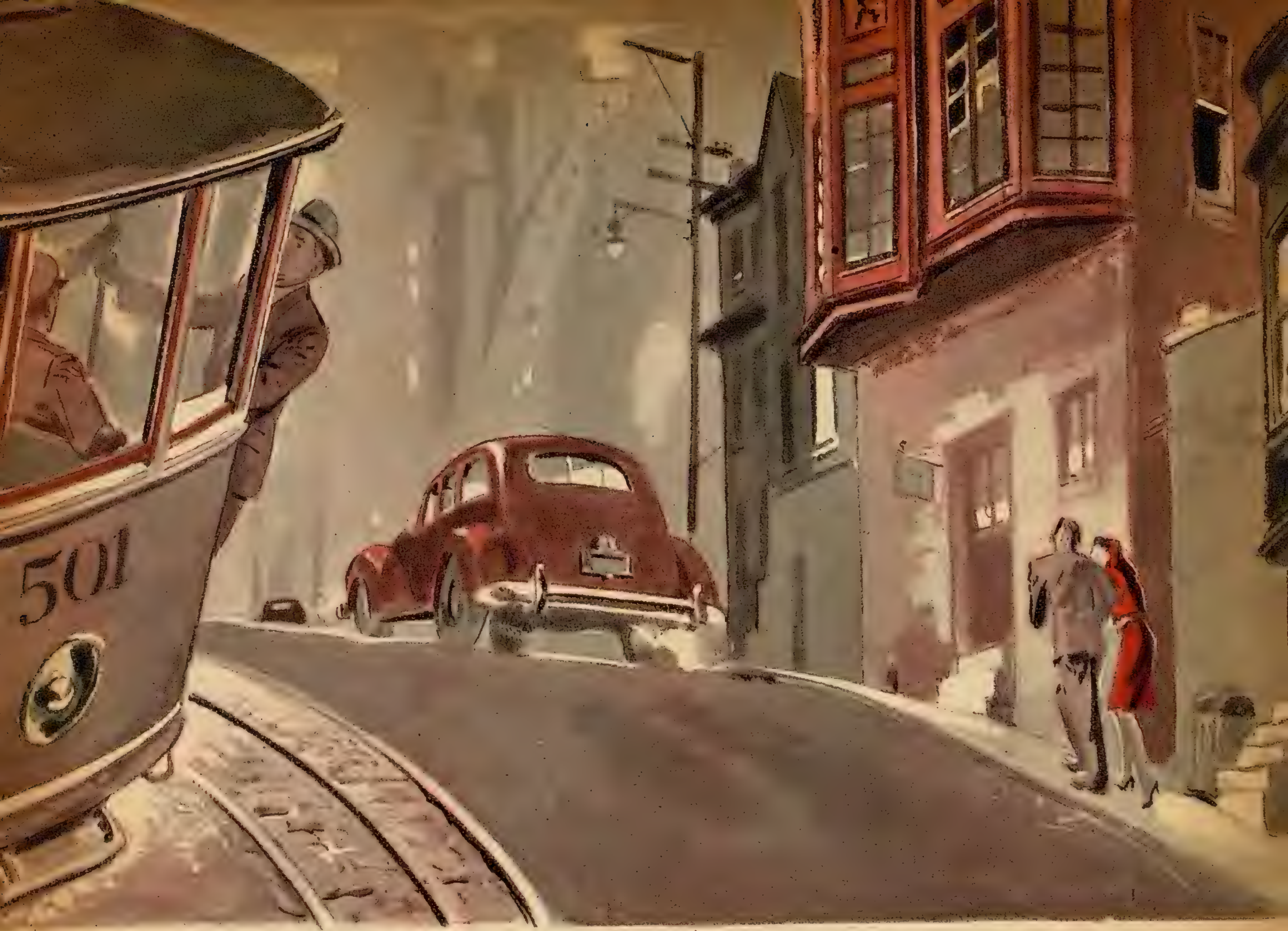
The engineer in Roy Treat went to work on that one. There was a slot in the street. A slapping, humming sound came from it. He recalled, now, he had been warned about this burg's cable cars. Once upon a time such cars had flourished all over the country. San Francisco, for some dim reason, still clung to them. Kids must have tied a string to the hat and dropped the other end down the slot, catching it on the cable.

And here came one of the little green cars that belonged to the cable. Roy stood openmouthed. Nothing could be *this* old-fashioned. But here it came.

Passengers got off and on at an exchange rate of about two for three. Now the car was really crowded, and Roy helped make space on the running board for a young woman in brown who clutched several packages and for a young woman in green who clasped a violin case. Both had fresh complexions. Both wafted perfume that the ads would label Desirable or Haunting. Both had approximately twenty-four-inch waists. They didn't seem to know each other. Roy hung onto two posts, one with each hand, sheltering the newcomers within his spread-eagled arms at some slight discomfort to himself. They took this accommodation lightly.

He didn't know how well he was going to get to know one of these young women, or how desperately he was going to want to know the other. He likewise hadn't reported yet to his new job with the estimating department, western division, United Dam Builders, offices in the Russ Building. He didn't even know where the Russ Building was. Right now he didn't care.

The car pitched itself at a startling rise. Its steps, weighted with patrons, seemed to scrape the pavement. But the pint-sized carryall—outdoor half,



smelled Haunting held and saved her fiddle. The one who smelled Desirable lost her packages with a wail.

WE GO

As much a part of San Francisco as its fog are the old cable cars. When progress banished some of them, romance suffered. But because of a strike, one came back — with Cupid at the levers

enclosed half, and tiny rear platform—held together. It charged up three practically vertical blocks. At the summit, the gripman, whose shoulders were powerhouses and who wore big gloves, flung forward on his levers. The car shot across a transverse line and dipped down at an alarming tilt. The gripman sang, "Koutferthecurve!" They whipped around a hairpin bend.

The young woman who smelled Haunting held and saved her fiddle. The one who smelled Desirable lost her packages with a wail. The gripman stopped his car. Roy got down and retrieved a salami, a loaf of Basque bread, a bag of peppers, and—by running, for it was headed for Chinatown—a melon. These he returned to Desirable. She thanked him warmly. The conductor thanked him too.

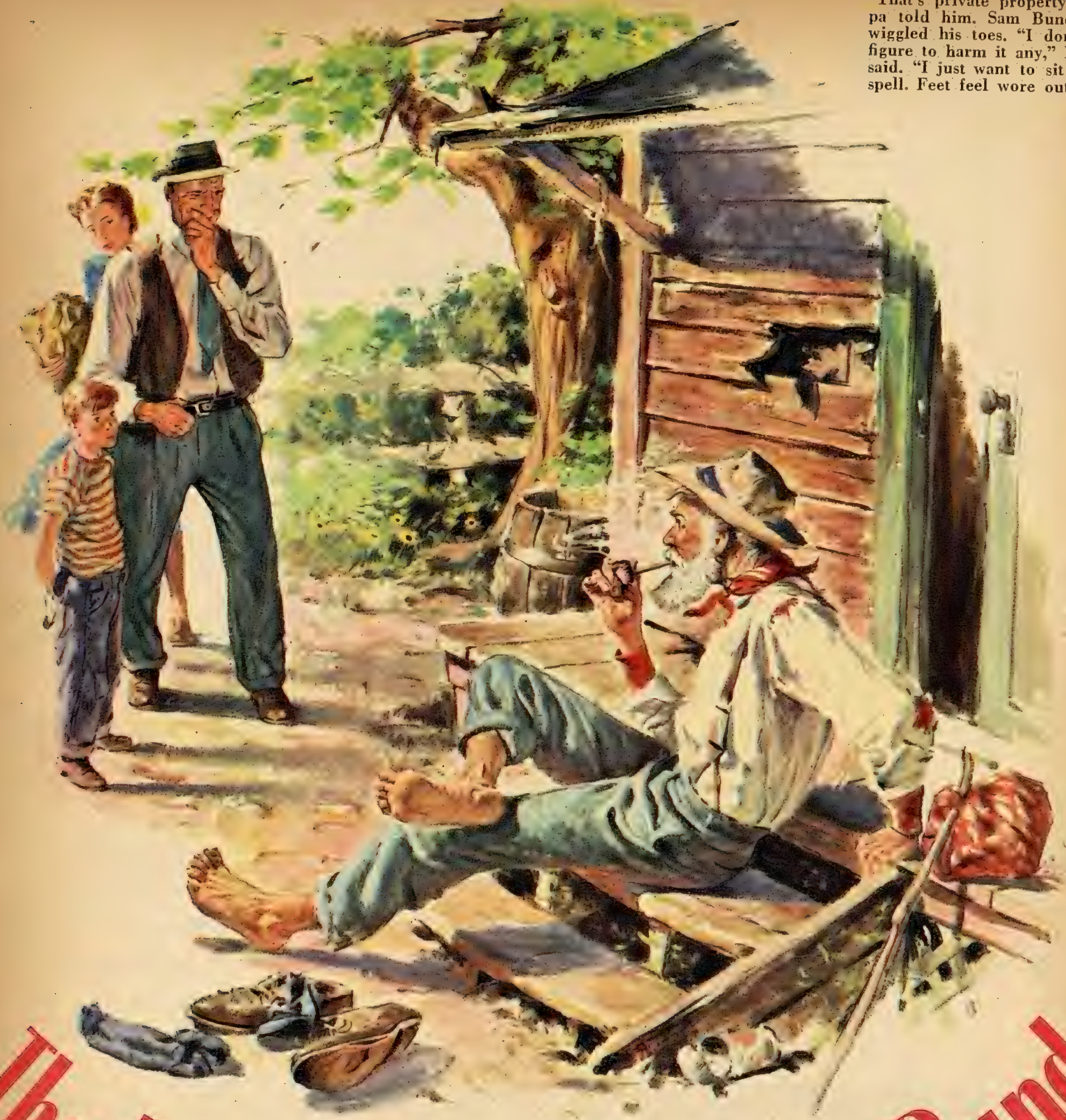
Roy also felt the approval of many others: Chinese, colored, Italian, seafaring, Greek, and miscellaneous. He hoped he'd won the approval of Haunting, the girl with the violin. He renewed his grip on the uprights. But he'd lost his dual responsibility. Desirable and her bundles had found a seat on the bench in front of him. Haunting had found a seat elsewhere along the row. A dozen blocks more and Haunting had vanished before he noticed where or whither. Desirable got off soon after.

He rode on to the end, which was about two miles from his start, over several mountain ranges and through several nations. The ride was bumpy, the gripman worked hard, the conductor frequently gave up reaching for fares in order to leap for the rear platform and crank a hand brake, and when vacant seats became numerous, another experience showed up—unbraced riders slid up and down on the timeworn varnish every time the car took a hill. Roy lurched into the pockets of a gentleman on his right.

"Excuse me," Roy said. "I'm new here. But I must say these cars are just about the most ridiculous, fantastic, inefficient, outdated form of transporta—"

"They're the best transportation for these hills ever devised," said the

(Continued on page 61)



"That's private property!" pa told him. Sam Bundy wiggled his toes. "I don't figure to harm it any," he said. "I just want to sit a spell. Feet feel wore out."

The Estate of the Late Sam Bundy

Nobody knew where Sam, the tramp in the shack across the road, came from and whether he had any kin. But Ma was determined to find out. She did, finally—and found out, too, that when a man is proud, he has no secrets

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

MY pa never liked tramps hanging around the place, and Sam Bundy was a tramp. When he first showed up, four years ago, the summer before the war, I was only nine, going on ten, but I can remember it clear as anything.

Sam came up the road from over Willistown way, walking slow, with a hickory stick on his shoulder. A bundle tied in a red bandanna hung from the stick, and he had a corncob pipe in his mouth. The way his knees were bent, like they were ready to cave in, he looked old as Methuselah. At that, he must've been close to seventy.

Pa had told me to be sure to bring in the cows before sundown, and I should've been heading for the north pasture right then. But I scratched my leg where the flies tickled and watched the old man on the road. I always watched tramps when they passed, wondering where they'd come from and where they were going. That way, I reckon, I took after my ma. She was always wondering about folks, too, asking questions and figuring things to do for them. Pa used to say to her, "Millie, who do you think you are—the whole world's mother?"

I was thinking this old man must be awful tired. He had dusty gray whiskers, and his clothes and face were full of gray dust. Still and all, he had a nice smile that kind of shone right through the dust when he saw me. He said, "Hi there, sonny! How's tricks?"

Then he stopped by our elm, though it wasn't on account of me. He took the pipe out of his mouth and looked in surprise at the shack across the road, almost hidden under the oak trees. It was a small place, just one room, with the tar paper peeling off the roof. About ready to fall over, you'd say. Pa called it an eyesore, but I liked it. I'd never heard tell of anybody whose eyes had got sore from it.

Sam Bundy kept looking at the shack a long time. Then he said, "Well, what do you know?" He crossed the road to peep in the door. He even stepped inside. When he came out he called, "Hey, sonny, who owns this place?"

"Mrs. Berry," I said.

"What's it for?"

"Jelly," I said.

"Jelly?"

"Mrs. Berry put it up so's she'd have a place to sell jelly—to folks who drive by."

"Oh? Well, I don't see no jelly around. Nor no Mrs. Berry, either."

"She's dead," I said. "A long time."

Sam Bundy looked back at the shack. "You mean to say *nobody's* using it now—a fine place like this?"

"Only me," I said. "I use it to play in."

His eyes sort of crinkled up again with that nice smile. They were blue eyes, pretty near as blue as ma's. "You're a mighty lucky boy," he said, "having such a place. Say, I wonder now. Maybe you and me could play here together, huh? Maybe we could hunt buffalo or something. Bet we could scare up quite a herd of buffalo." He eased himself down to sit on the step of the shack. Then he took off his hat, wiped a sleeve over his forehead, and motioned me to come over. "You and me better get acquainted."

"I got to fetch the cows," I said.

"Oh. Well, all right. Later then."

I started for the north pasture, walking backwards so I could watch him. "You ever *see* any buffalo?" I asked.

He laughed. "Sure, sonny. Lots of 'em. I hunted buffalo. You just ask me about 'em some time."

If it had been any other tramp I'd have felt like maybe, with ma and pa away to Hokeville, I ought to stay and mind things. But this old man had such a nice neighborly smile that I didn't worry at all. I ran off for the cows. When I looked around from the top of the hill, he was fooling with the broken hinge on the shack door.

BY the time I got back, with the two cows running for the barn—only they were buffalo now, and I was a hunter—pa and ma were turning the flivver into the path. It wasn't quite sundown yet. Pa stepped out of the car, and I couldn't help being proud, the way I always was, over how big he looked. My pa sure was a strapping man.

He put his thumbs in his belt and frowned across the road, sort of puzzled. Sam Bundy was sitting on the step of the shack, smoking his pipe like a man on his own front porch.

"Hi," he said to pa and waved the pipe.

Pa always growled to himself like an old hound when tramps came along. This time he growled, "What's *he* want here?"

"Why, Dan!" ma whispered. "That's the old man who helped me change the flat near Willistown yesterday. He was real nice."

"He's a tramp," pa said.

Sam Bundy crossed one leg over the other. He'd taken off his shoes and socks, and he wiggled his toes in the sunshine, watching them like they were right pretty to look at. "Thought I might rest up here a day or two," he said.

"That's private property!" pa told him.

"Oh, I don't figure to harm it any. I just want to set a spell. Feet feel wore out."

Pa seemed bothered, like he didn't know what to say. He rubbed a hand over his chin. By rights, I guess, he couldn't order the old man off somebody else's property. But he could chase him, all right. My pa was big enough to chase anybody. Only, I kind of hoped he wouldn't. I wanted to hear the old man tell about those buffalo.

"Need any help with

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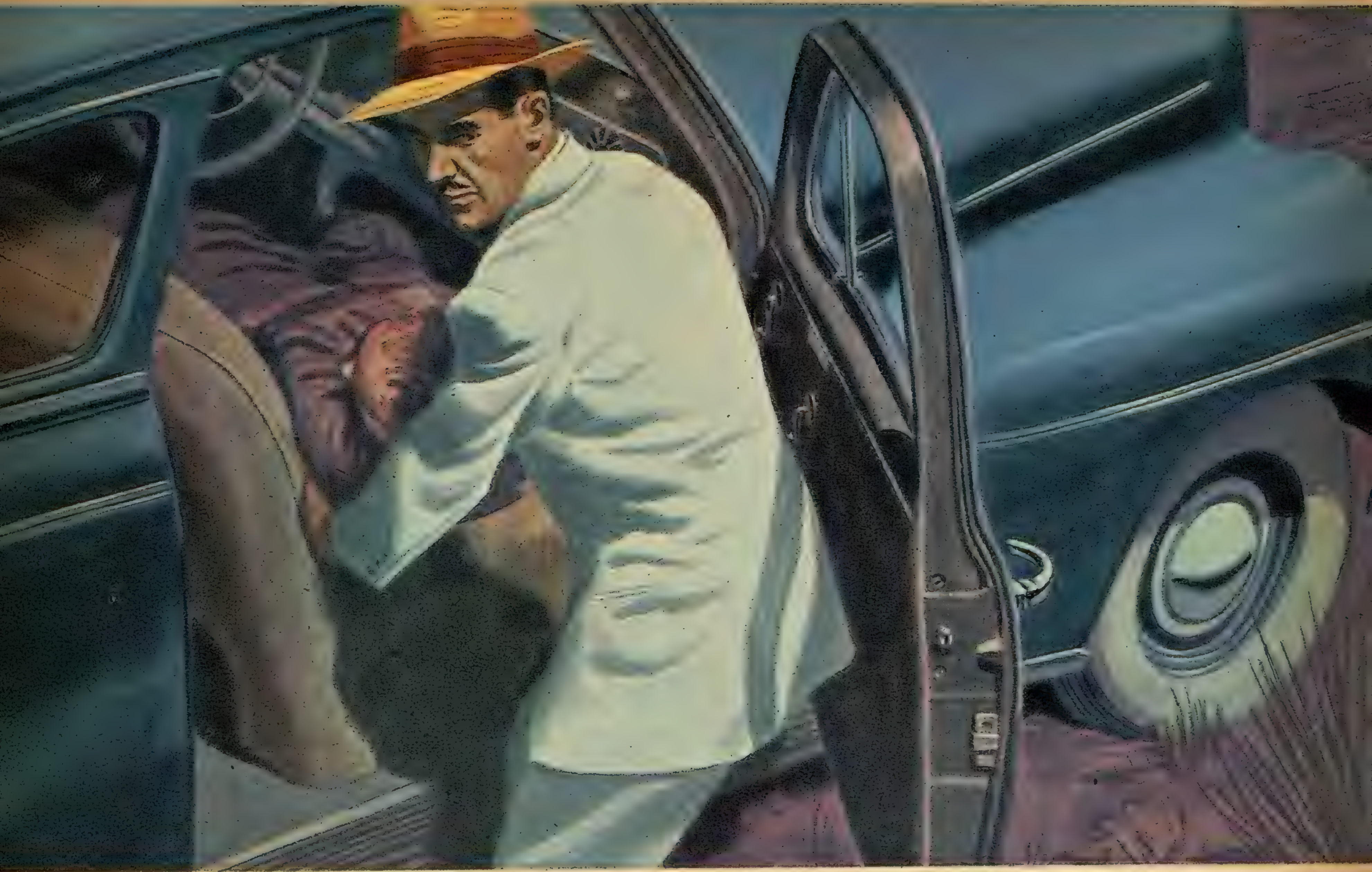


He pulled J. C.'s body down off the seat. Parker was rather sorry he'd had to do a thing like this. He hadn't really disliked J. C.

Hide-Out

BY H. H. STINSON

PARKER put a single bullet through J. C.'s head and, with that, started out on the adventure he had been planning for two years.

He reached for the ignition switch and turned the motor off. J. C. had fallen forward over the steering wheel, but Parker already had the rim of the wheel firmly in his grasp. He guided the car expertly to the side of Mist Canyon Road, opened the right-hand door, slipped out into darkness and pulled J. C.'s body down off the seat and into the deep gully beside the road.

Before he climbed back into the car, he felt in J. C.'s hip pocket and found the thick wallet. There should be four to five thousand dollars in it to add to the hundred and sixty-eight thousand in the dispatch case on the seat.

Parker was rather sorry he'd had to do a thing like this. He hadn't really disliked J. C. In fact, it had been more or less fun being secretary to a picture producer. He would scream your ears off one moment, and the very next invite you to the track with him. Then he would tell you he had put a hundred bucks on the favorite for you and you could skip it if the favorite ran out of the money.

But a plan was a plan and Parker didn't see how he could have carried it out any other way. When J. C. had a good day—which wasn't as often as he lost a hatful of dollars—he always drove right home and put the money in the wall safe there. Since Parker didn't live in the house and didn't know anything about housebreaking and even less about safe-blowing, he had concluded that the only method of cashing in on J. C.'s winnings some lucky day was to take the money away from him and assure himself of a good head start before pursuit began. That had called for the bullet.

From the canyon Parker drove to his Hollywood apartment. There he picked up the grip he had kept packed and drove on to the airport.

He was leaving a wide-open trail, but that was part of his plan. J. C. wouldn't be missed until noon the following day. Up to that time his household would assume he had put in the night elsewhere. Once the alarm was raised, a check would be started on Jimmy Parker, his secretary. Perhaps late tomorrow the police would be called in and an official report broadcast: Missing, J. C. Rink, motion-picture producer. Missing, James Parker, twenty-seven, weight 145, height five ten, complexion dark, distinguishing marks small black mustache and

If you guess the end of this thriller-diller murder mystery, Scotland Yard is losing a fine detective talent. Even Parker, who worked two years at this "perfect crime," was surprised at the ending

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

small scar on right thumb. Probably no one would remember that scar.

By the time that description went out he would be in New York, or perhaps heading west toward that ranch in New Mexico.

The New Mexico ranch, just outside of Needle Point, was the heart of his whole plan. He had bought it eighteen months previously, after flying to New York on his vacation as Jimmy Parker and catching a train west from there as John Holman, New York business man. Needle Point had been his choice for a hide-out mainly because the maps had shown it to be about as isolated a community as you could find on a railroad.

HE'D dropped off the train there and gone over the road to a white-painted adobe that had a sign "Eats," above the door. Inside he'd found a sun-shriveled little fellow eating at one end of the counter. Behind the counter stood a thick-shouldered man with sleepy blue eyes and a slow wide smile. He'd ordered bacon and eggs, and he'd got into a conversation with the thick-shouldered man.

"Nice country around here."

"We like it," the man had replied. "Yes, sir, we like it right well."

Parker had sighed. "It's sure wonderful after living in New York City all your life."

"Visiting out here?"

"No. I dropped off on sort of a screwy impulse. I've never been West before, and this country around here looked so swell from the train that I suddenly got the idea I'd like to buy a ranch and stay here."

"A ranch, eh?"

"Anything for sale around here?"

"Everything's for sale if you got the right money. I've got a nice one listed right now — five thousand acres, water rights, and a grazing lease on eight thousand acres, just south of Accordion Butte."

Parker had laughed. "I haven't got that kind of money. I mean just ten or twenty acres, where a fellow could sit and raise a few chickens and forget New York. Are you in the real-estate business too?"

The thick-shouldered man had grinned back. "I'm in a lot of things. I own the grocery and I'm postmaster and insurance man and plenty other things. The name is Ben Martin."

"I'm John Holman."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Holman."

Parker said, "I don't suppose you handle any little ranches."

"It so happens I've got a listing on a ten-acre place not far out of town."

Martin had locked up and they'd gone out to look at the little place. Before noon Parker had given a check on the New York account he had started in the name of "John Holman" and the place was his.

He had caught an eastbound train three days later, telling Martin that he'd have to put in another couple of years on the New York treadmill before he could cut the ties there, but that he'd be out from time to time.

Since then Parker had managed four visits to the ranch, each time arriving from the east, and the last time he'd told Martin that his next visit would probably bring him there for good. By then he had felt it was safe to go through with his plan; the groundwork had been perfectly laid. The police would never think of looking for him in a spot like Needle Point and, with his identity as John Holman of New York thoroughly established, the people of the country would have no suspicion.

AT the airport he got a seat on Flight 94 to New York, boldly using the name of J. C. Rink to impress the reservation clerk. Arriving next morning at LaGuardia Field, he signaled a porter to carry his big bag to the cab stand and let the man hear him give an address far up on the Grand Concourse. Up to that point the police could follow his trail blindfolded; but from then on it would be different.

He walked four blocks, descended to the subway and twenty minutes later got off at Grand Central. In a pay washroom he shaved off the black mustache and not long afterward was on a train heading west.

Three days later he dropped off the California Limited at Needle Point. He walked across the road to the "Eats" sign and entered the little restaurant. Ben Martin was behind the counter.

He said, "Hi there, Ben."

Ben Martin said, "Howdy, Mr. Holman. Glad to see you."

Parker took a stool at the counter. "I'm starved, Ben. Got any bacon and eggs?"

"Sure. I'll have them ready in a minute." Martin held out a newspaper. "Like to look the Albuquerque paper over while you're waiting?"

"You bet," said Parker and reached for the outspread paper.

The next instant two chill circles of steel were on his wrists and Ben Martin was gripping the chain that held the handcuffs together.

"Been expecting you for the last twenty-four hours," he said.

Parker's lips worked soundlessly for a moment and then he forced words around the heart that was in his throat. He said, "Hey, Ben, what kind of a joke is this?"

"It's no joke, Mr. Parker. They found J. C. Rink's body yesterday, and I been waiting for you to show up since yesterday afternoon."

"I—I don't understand, Ben—"

"You mean you don't understand how I got onto you? Well, that was simple. I guess you didn't know that, among other things, I'm deputy sheriff here. Never made an arrest yet, but I've done a lot of studying on crime and criminals. So I been suspicious of you for quite a while for a couple of reasons. One of 'em was your mustache."

"Mustache? I haven't got a mustache."

"That's just it. Every time you came out here you'd just shaved off your mustache. I could tell by the pale spot on your upper lip. I figured that any fellow who tried to change his appearance every time he showed up here was probably up to something. So I wired a friend of mine in the Los Angeles sheriff's office about six months ago. He replied they didn't have any want on a fellow of your description. But when the Rink case busted, he remembered my telegram and remembered it described a fellow just like Jimmy Parker, secretary to J. C. Rink. So he wired me yesterday afternoon to be on the lookout for you."

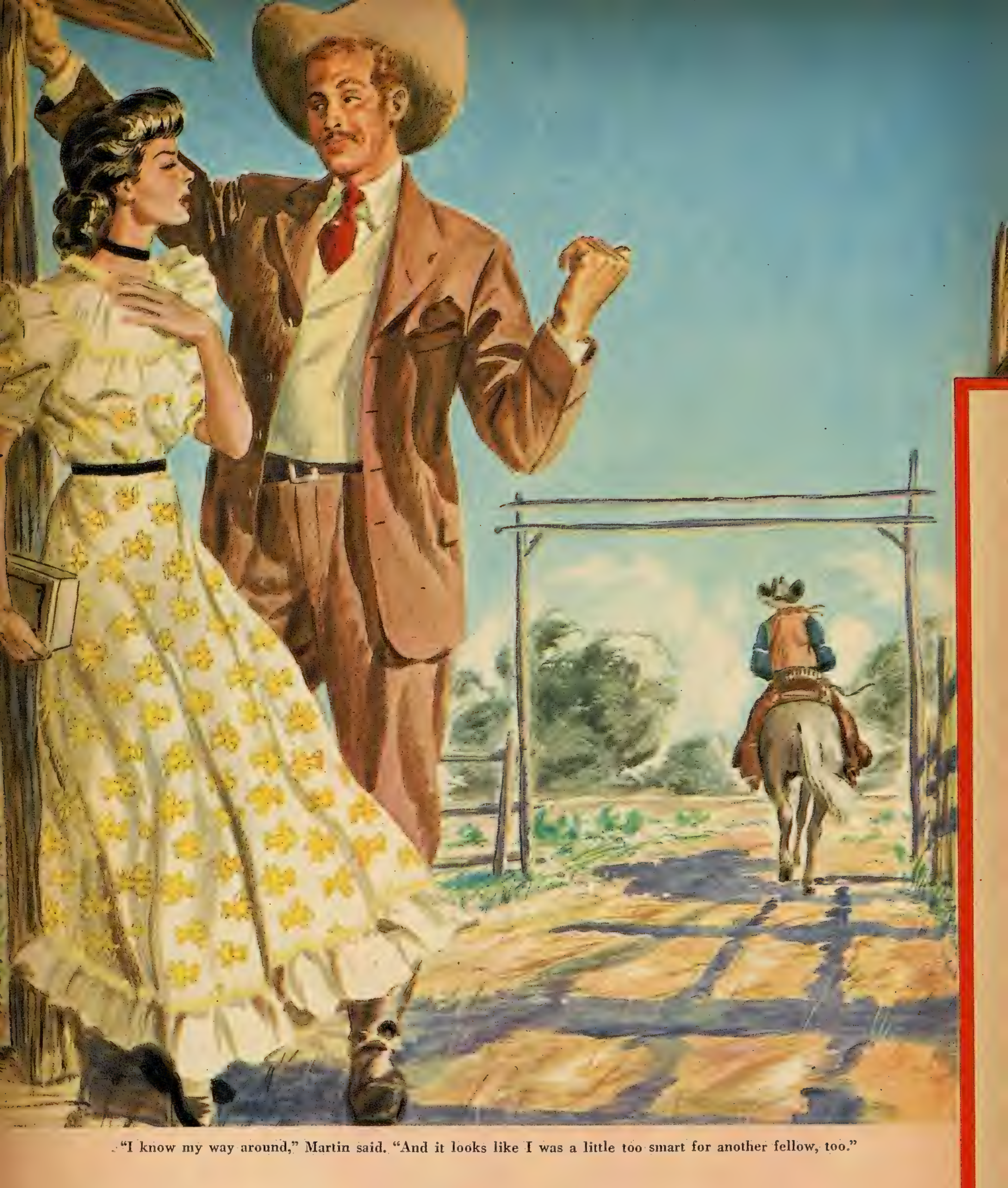
FOR a moment Parker was too bewildered to deny anything. He said, "I still don't understand. Why should you wire Los Angeles? I told you I came from New York. You couldn't possibly have known I'd ever been in Los Angeles."

"I knew it first thing—because of your ten-acre ranch."

"My ten-acre ranch! I don't get it."

"Well, back East they'd call ten acres a little farm. Here in the West we might call it a house and garden if we called it anything. But I been to Los Angeles and it's the only place in the world where every movie star and everybody else pins the name of ranch on anything from a half acre on up. When you asked for a ten-acre ranch, I knew there was only one place you could be from. You still want the bacon and eggs before I put you in the lock-up?"

THE END



"I know my way around," Martin said. "And it looks like I was a little too smart for another fellow, too."

To follow your head or your heart? Almost every girl thinking of marriage has asked herself that question. Delia's answer was given long, long ago on the wide Western plains—but her reasons are as persuasive today as they were way back when

Spurs of Silver

BY CLIFF FARRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

THE day was a weather breeder, sultry hot, and so still that the dust of an approaching trail herd stood like a saffron banner against the white rumpled tops of the thunderheads that were beginning to peer over the rim of the prairie.

It was the only drive that had come through on the old trail since last summer, for the homesteaders had swarmed in during the past twelve months. They'd even organized a new county in the spring.

The drovers had swung to a new route farther west, where the grass was still free and unfenced. Only a herd boss with a special purpose in mind would be following the abandoned trail past the claim where Delia Sheldon lived.

"I was hopin' we had seen the last of these drovers," Delia's mother sighed. "I suppose they'll be short-handed as usual, an' wantin' farm boys to go kitin' off with 'em to some outlandish place out west. I only pray that your brother has learned his lesson."

She gazed apprehensively toward the cornfield where Vince and his father were working. Vince had hired out as horse wrangler with a trail herd the previous season, but had got homesick after only three days and had come back to the farm. But he was eighteen now and most anything could happen.

And he was the image of his father, Luke, who had been born with the wanderlust. They were so much alike with their lank mannerisms and fair hair and friendly blue eyes.

Luke Sheldon had never been much of a hand for letting grass take root under him until Delia's mother put her foot down and talked him into using his homestead right on good prairie soil. After three years he had become reconciled to staying put. Vince was the one they had to worry about now.

"It's a blessing, Delia, that you're marryin' a man like Martin Giles," her mother said. "I notice that them that say Martin's a little hardfisted are the ones that tried to get the best of him in a trade. He's dependable. You won't have to sit home worryin' while he wanders all over creation. If you only knew what I went through until your father settled down."

Martin Giles wasn't quite thirty yet, but he was already well fixed. He owned the racket store, and was branching out into other lines. He was getting into politics too.

Delia's father claimed Mart Giles would trade a busted hackamore into a blooded team and a side-bar buggy in six months' time. Martin had eaten many a meal at the Sheldon table before Sarah had landed him for her daughter. It was a personal victory, for everybody said that Delia was so much like her mother. They were small and dark-haired, but Delia's eyes were gray instead of brown.

Delia made the pies while her mother got the three Plymouth Rock fryers simmering on the stove. Martin was coming for supper, and he was a hearty eater. He always said he liked any kind of pie as long as it was custard.

It was comforting, Delia reflected, to know that her own future was decided. She only wished Vince's problem was settled for him too. She was a year older than Vince, and her mother had always depended on her to exert a steadying influence on him.

She resented the little fluttery panic that came in her throat whenever she saw that haze of dust to the south. She hadn't mentioned to her mother that Clay Whipple was foreman of that drive. A neighbor who had been hunting in the sand hills had told her that morning.

The fluttery sensation got worse when she finally saw a lone rider appear from the direction of that dust banner. Even at that distance she remembered him.

She went into her room in the lean-to and changed to her new print dress. Martin would be arriving any minute now, anyway, and it was time she got prettied up. The print dress had a gay pattern of daffodils, and it made her feel distinctive.

She brushed her hair, arranging it in the upswept fashion Martin preferred.

She heard her mother walk out on the stoop. "Delia!" Sarah called. "One of them drovers is ridin' this way. I declare if it ain't that Mr. Whipple, the one that tried to shine up to you last summer."

"It does look like Mr. Whipple," Delia agreed.

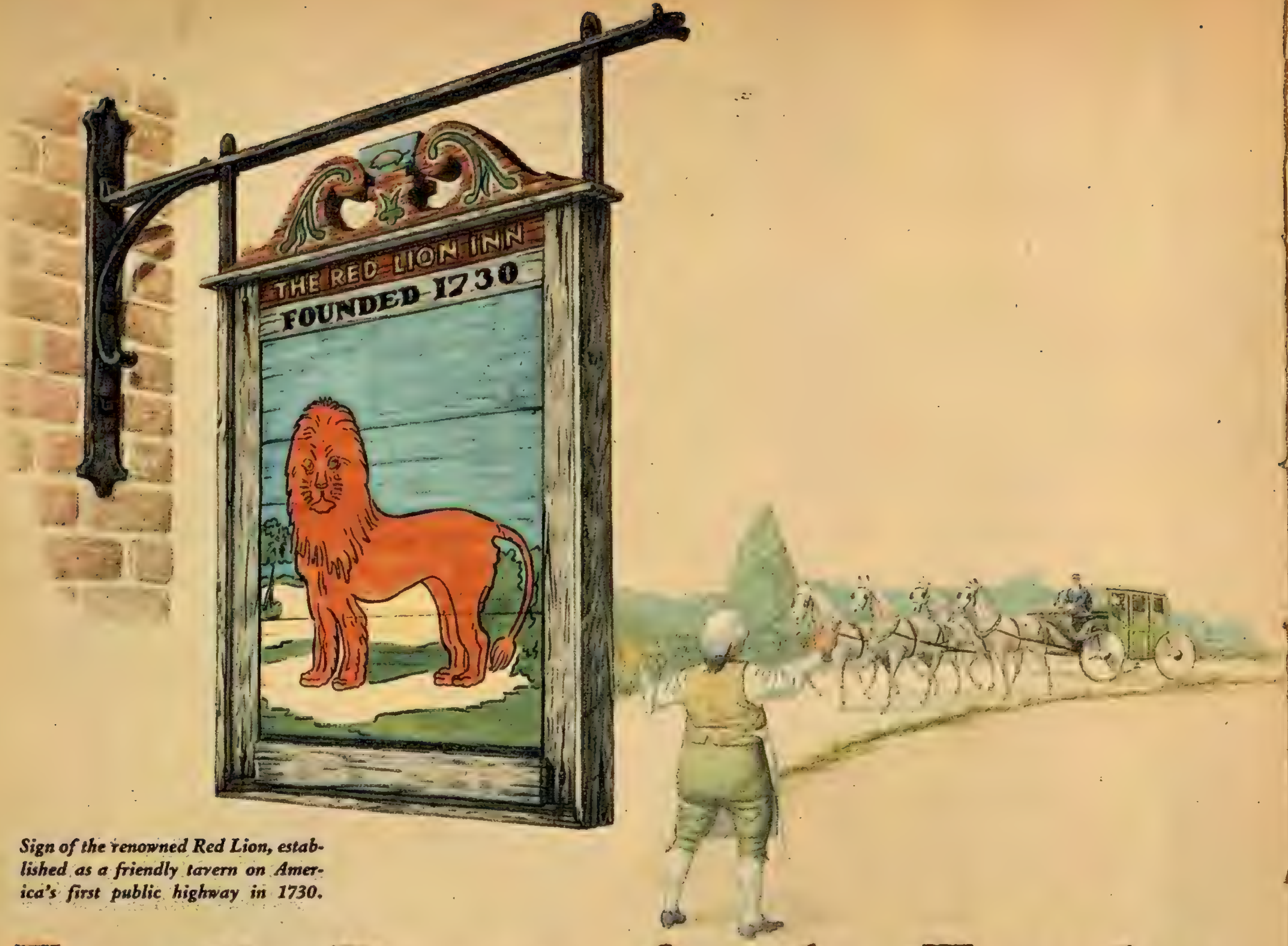
"It's him as big as life. Well, at least you can give him back that outlandish pair of silver spurs he sent you last winter."

"Oh, mother! Why make a scene?"

"Martin would hit the ceiling if he found out you had accepted a thing like that from another man. Silver spurs! Humph! With bells on 'em that'd make you jingle like a medicine-show dancer if you was ever brazen enough to wear 'em. A heathenish thing to send a girl."

Delia reluctantly delved the gift from the keepsakes at the bottom of her camphor chest. The spurs were in a little leather case, gleaming richly against blue velvet. Small, impractical, with dainty carved rowels, they were the product of some silversmith

(*Continued on page 58*)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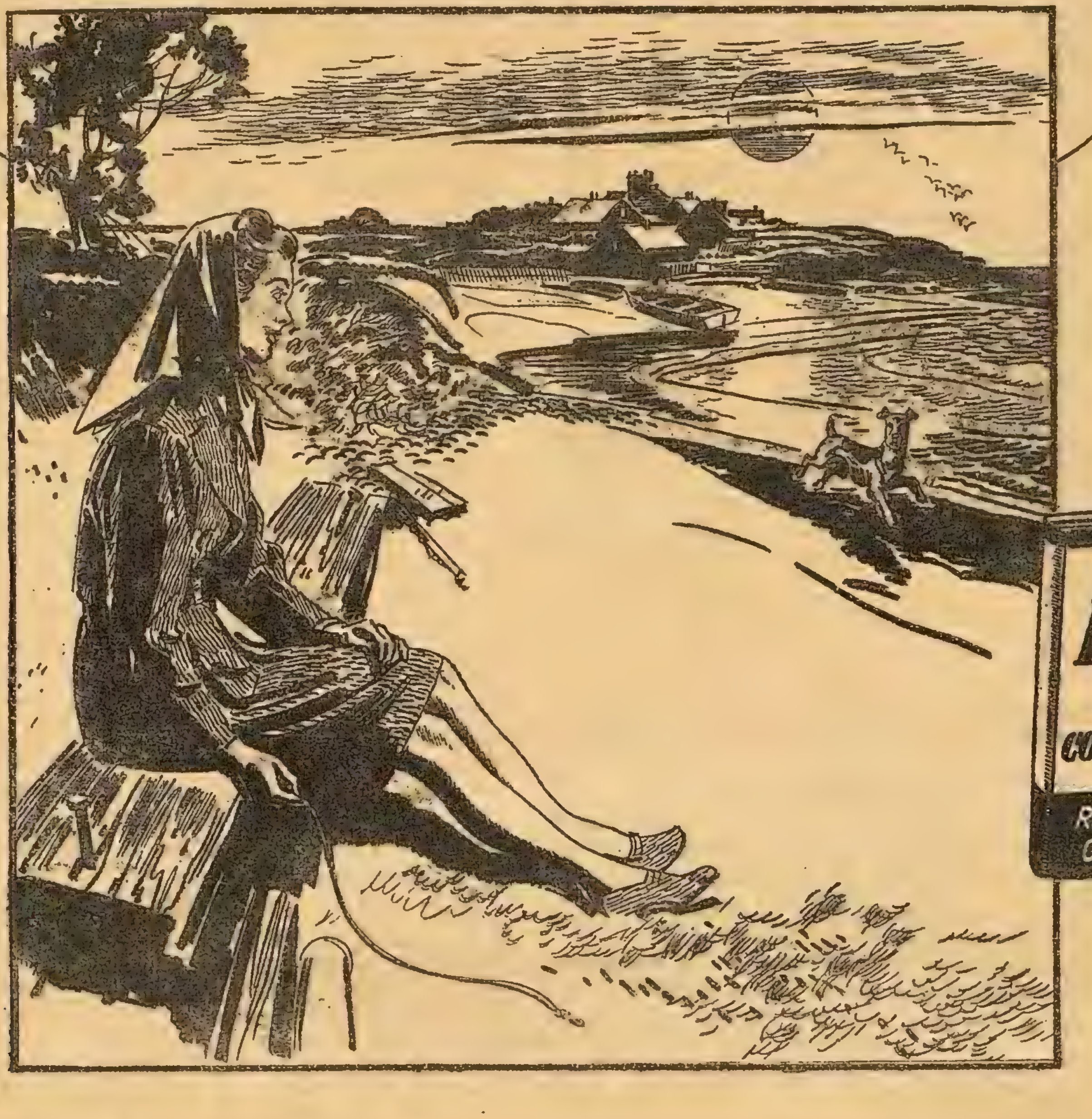
Judd Rankin's Daughter

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

The Mitchells had been happy and united until their son came home from the war, scornful of his family's idealism. This is the story of a mother's love and courage that triumphed over the disillusionment and despair of war-shattered nerves.



ILLUSTRATED BY
GLEN THOMAS

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

FRANCES was making beach-plum jelly. "It always makes me feel so respectable," she said, and Madeleine, her daughter, laughed. "But, Mother, you are anyway." Opal, their Portuguese maid, said she herself just made it because her family wanted to eat it.

Opal's name was consistent, as she was a jewel, probably the largest living opal, one hundred and sixty-five pounds pure opal. For seven years she had stayed with the Mitchells because she said they made her feel so good—not like most families, who always made you think somewhere else would be nicer.

"So does Mother make it because her family wants to eat it," Madeleine said, "but we always throw in extra reasons."

"Will you please both get out of here?" cried Frances. "There are moments when a woman wants to be alone."

"Listen, Mother—"

"Absolutely not; my life has been ruined by listening"—and after some banter about what had ruined the life of Madeleine, the life of Opal, they took themselves out, laughing.

And oh, dear, here was Len. "Go away," Frances greeted him.

"It's pleasant here in the kitchen," he said. "I do think we have the nicest kitchen."

He came inquisitively over to the stove, in his hand Frances' father's about-to-be-published book.

"You won't like it," she said.

"Oh, he hasn't done so badly." He was looking with interest into the seething caldron. "I wonder why you are always so arrogant when making jelly. There is no witchcraft about it; you put things together and they make something else."

right, 1945, by Susan Glaspell. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, New York, N. Y. Price $2.50.

"How much jelly have you made, Len?" she asked.

"As much as I felt like making," he replied. Frances cut short a laugh to ask, "Do you know why I like to make jelly?"

"It's your ego."

"When I make jelly, or pickles—next week I must make those green-tomato pickles—I am once more with all the women behind me. I wandered away. I married a strange man—"

"My dear, how sweet of you. I love being a 'strange man'—"

"And thought strange thoughts. But when I make jelly and pickles I am back in the fold. And just now—I seem to need the fold."

"I know," he said, and she could feel that he did know. Often she and Len thought very different things, and then she would be surprised to find him right there with her. And so they would never wander apart—because of those right-together moments.

"Don't worry too much about Judson," he said in the resolute voice which tells you worry is not far off.

"What I can't understand is why they won't let us *see* him."

"I know," he said. "It does—rather put us on the spot."

They were silent—together on the spot, experience shared, one in loving and fearing for their son.

"Of course one understands it," Len was saying as she turned off the burner and lifted the kettle over to the table with a muttered, "Jell or be damned."

He followed her, and as one who wants the reassurance of doing some actual little thing, even though it be quite the wrong thing, he took the big spoon and began an aimless stirring.

"*Stop* that," cried Frances. "It has to stand and then I skim off the scum."

"Sounds terrible—skim off the scum. Still I don't know—rather nice as words. You could sing it. Skim off the scum, boys! Oh, skim off the scum! Skim—"

"If we wanted to torture our German prisoners we could send you around to sing. Len, I feel—sort of scared."

"Well, that's pretty silly of you. It's just one of those things that is happening; and being very intelligently handled, I understand. Life out on those islands has been—quite different. Takes a little time to—get back your bearings."

"Now, if it had been Madeleine—Madeleine does sort of blow her top; but *Judson*—to come back and *not* come back, not bring *himself* back—"

"You exaggerate, as usual. Both the doctor and the nice Red Cross woman said all he needed was a little time to get back to himself."

"I can't imagine Judson ever going away from himself," she said simply.

"My dear, you weren't there," Len said quietly. "And neither was I there. And I don't suppose ever in all our lives we'll have a very good idea just what it was."

"I think they're wrong!" Frances cried. "They're *wrong,* I tell you—saying I'm not to come. If I could just *be* with him now—*laugh.* If Judson and I could laugh together again—about Ma Jason—or you—anything—"

"I take it he does not feel like laughing," Len said, "about Ma Jason or even me."

"He would if he saw me," Frances persisted. "He—he thinks I'm so *silly*— He *likes* that— He thinks I'm *funny*—"

"Of course you're silly," he said tenderly. "Funny—we'll say funny. Why, I can just hear you," he went on stoutly, "you and Judson laughing together. Ah, Frances—come on; we'll have fun again. Give him time, can't you?"

She brushed a hand across her eyes. "Oh, Len—*will* he? *You* know—laugh?"

"Sure," Len said. "I promise you." And then, as if he might have promised more than he would know how to fulfill, whistling his tune about the scum, he left the kitchen.

Len can be just dear, she thought. When he wants to, that is. When there is need, she thought.

She washed up the jelly things; it would be a low trick to do the showing off and then leave the dirty work to Opal. She hadn't been very nice to Len; he had wandered in here, perhaps looking for something himself, and she had said go away. One didn't think of Len needing reassurance, he seemed self-sustaining. She went to the library door, meaning to tell him he was always welcome in the kitchen—he'd laugh but might be glad; but he was scowling into her father's book and she didn't want to disturb him. As she stood there his scowl changed to a smile. Well, that was good. She would weed the garden.

EIGHTEEN years ago she and Len had bought their house on the Cape. Of all the houses in the world this was particularly for them—this rambling white house in its generous yard, apple tree and pear tree and horse-chestnut, and overhanging the house, like a blessing, the big old willow. It was a giant of a tree, but a friendly giant. Something in its relation to the house, making the low house even lower, and seeming to stand watch—first time she saw it Frances had cried, "Why, if there isn't our house!" The children and all their friends had climbed the willow; you sat under it when the day was hot, had drinks in the cool of the evening—if the mosquitoes weren't out. In the morning you walked out and there was the willow, as it had been long before any Mitchells were there.

This is how you got to the Mitchells': You left the front street, turned up a little lane, saw a stately and yet gentle tree over a low meandering house, noted a white picket fence, heard Mike, the wire-hair, barking, and knew you had arrived. Many arrived.

Frances rather baffled some of the people among whom her lot was cast. Once at a party she was asked, "Is your husband Stalinist or Trotzkyite?" and she replied, "He's an American"—which threw them off.

Today, out in the garden loosening earth around plants, she was just terribly lonely for Judson.

"I know this will be hard for you," Mrs. Innes of the Red Cross had written, "but at present he cannot tolerate the thought of going home, or of having you come here. You will agree that we must not force this, and I beg you to think of it as part of his difficulty and not his true feeling."

Why, he is all alone, Frances thought, staking a delphinium. The garden itself made her lonely for Judson (though what did not?); sometimes he had helped her in it when there was a lot to do at once, and they would talk as they worked together, perhaps of how one plant couldn't tolerate what another craved, and he would laugh, "Just like people."

He always used to turn to me, she thought; very often, at least turn to me. Like that time he hadn't been elected to that damned society because his father was suspected of being too far left of center. "Do you care?" she had asked. "Your father is an honest man. He is concerned with—a bigger society." Said this even though it might sound stuffy, and how afraid they all were of being stuffy. "If you look into this you may see something to be proud of."

"I guess they're a bunch of snobs," he had said after a moment. And then more brightly, "Father's really pretty important, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, some people think so; but that's not the important thing either, do you think? It isn't what people think of him so much as what he is. And what he is—though it can drive you nuts at times— Well, you know."

"No, I don't exactly know; now that you've started this why don't you finish?" he laughed.

And laughing too she said, "Every time I start a thing I regret it because I must finish. Well, shall I tell you why I married your father?"

"Shoot."

"Well, of course there is the fact I was crazy about him. But the reason I wanted to marry him, instead of a certain other party whom, to tell the truth, I was crazy about just a little before—"

"Ah—the past unfolds," he said.

"Was because—" She paused before it. "I simply can't say it."

"Going modest?" he teased.

"Oh, *no*—nothing like that."

"Oh, too bad. I thought there might have been something like that."

"There *was.* But I mean something—I knew there was something in Len I would never reach. I wouldn't want to have anything I could have all of."

"That's the darndest thing I ever heard anybody say." But after a moment, "Gosh—maybe I know what you mean."

She nodded. "There is something in Len—inviolate. Inviolable. And though it can—maybe make your heart ache a little, you are proud of all you can't violate, and you are—strangely secure."

Judson had sat looking at her—her boy had fine honest eyes. "Think I get you," he had said abruptly.

Just yesterday she had gone down to see Joe Jason, home on leave from the Pacific. He said he hadn't seen anything of Judson; you'd be surprised how big it was out there. Yes, those Japs were devils, all right, but we'd fix 'em—give us time. Swell to get back to the old town, Joe said. Out there he often thought of Provincetown, wondered how the fish was running. Wasn't just the fish he thought of, he'd said with a wink for his girl.

He was of a lusty Portuguese family and though he'd been in hot spots the war didn't seem to have changed him much, pretty much the same Joe who used to bring her a nice fish, with a joke about hoping he wouldn't fall over a petunia. Why was Joe home and Judson in California, not wanting to come home? She was glad Joe was home, jovial and whole, sitting there with his folks and his girl. No problem here, it would seem. Had the Jasons something the Mitchells had missed?

The Mitchells were sure they were more civilized than Ma Jason, but it was their boy who couldn't come home. Maybe it's because *he's* civilized, but not content, Frances thought. You didn't want to think the civilized couldn't stand up with the lusty; most of them could, and could many times excel. I don't know, she thought, I will just have to wait; and waiting was hard for Frances.

THAT evening Madeleine, very attractive in her new red-and-blue gingham check, full skirt down to the floor, while waiting to be escorted to a party picked up *The Jenkses* which Len had left on the little table by the easy chair in the living-room. Coming in just then, "Now don't start that," he said, "I'm reading it." He was very fussy about their taking up a book he was reading, perhaps wandering off with it.

"It's granddaddy's," smiled Madeleine.

"And was sent to me," her father insisted, though smiling at her—hard not to, Madeleine looked charming tonight. Frances murmured, "Don't rub it in."

"He hasn't sent you one?" Len asked quickly, for while Len might hurt Frances' feelings himself, he didn't want anyone else to do this.

"He will when he gets around to it." It did seem odd that the book reached the Mitchells, not from her father to her, but from the publisher to Len. She had an appalling thought. "You aren't going to review it, are you, Len?"

"I might."

"Well, don't."

"Listen!" cried Madeleine. "A woman and her pigs!"—but went on reading to herself until, "Mother! I didn't know Grandfather was as funny as *this.*"

"He's a character," said Len.

Frances, who was rearranging flowers in the blue-green bowl in the casement window said, without turning, "Got him tabbed, have you, Len?"

"Oh, the old boy's fair-minded. He'd say I had a right to have a go at him, even though he is my father-in-law."

"Mother— This book is *precious."*

"It's nothing of the kind," Frances said sharply.

"Be very careful what you say," Len advised. "Only your mother knows the Middle West. The rest of us—hands off."

Frances suddenly took a work-basket from the table and acted as if she were going to sew, often a mark of resentment on her part. "Unless my father has greatly changed, he couldn't possibly be precious; and as he couldn't greatly change—he isn't."

She could see her father, cracking a joke as he got up from the table, or cussing some damn fool, or looking off over the fields, shoulders a little stooped, weathered face perhaps troubled, perhaps dreamy. I haven't seen him for a long time, she thought—and wondered what her father would think about Judson. Could *he* help?

Bud Howe called for Maddie. In the hall the child was chattering, "My grandfather has written the most wonderful book. It's called *The Jenkses.* I want you to read it, Bud."

"I'd love to," he said with gallant insincerity.

"My grandfather is a really stupendous man," was the last Frances heard.

WITH dire purpose Len settled in with the Jenkses. Frances went over to the desk and began writing to her father. "Len gets Jenkses from your publisher and me, I am left out in the cold. I always thought I was your only daughter."

Noisily she crumpled the sheet to throw in the waste-basket. "Len," she asked abruptly, "do you think there is anything in that book might—help Judson?"

He thought about it. "There are things in it would amuse him—if he were in the mood to be amused."

"I mean—reach him? Bring him—back?"

He again sat thinking. "I would say no, I'm afraid. It's really very live writing. It may have a very good sale."

"I don't care anything about that!"

"Your father will, I fancy; most writers do. This is one of those life-work books. One does respect it. But I doubt if he writes truly about the present-day Middle West. He's out to prove that out there is as good as any place in the world—and a darn sight better. If he'd just—taken it easy, seen it as a part of the whole scheme of things—"

He had begun reading again, but Frances said, "If you know about any scheme of things I wish you would tell me, so I could tell Judson."

With a sigh he looked up, and as he saw her face he lowered the book. "Frances—Judson enlisted, went out to fight. His record is good and yet it seems to have been more than he could take—though of course one expects this to be only temporary. Well, he did his part as best he could. Is it going to help matters for us not to do ours?"

"What drives me crazy is that there's nothing *to* do."

"Then do nothing, dear—with good grace. Just wait, and hope. Your idea of being a mother was that your children shouldn't suffer. And now one of them is—it seems; and if mother love can't reach that—then you'll have to be less of an isolationist."

"For heaven's sake, what has *isolationist* to do with it? You're hipped on that subject."

"I'd better be. I'm sorry it's you who's hit—I'm even sorry it's me, but the fact of the matter is it's no worse to do this to you than to—certain others in the world.

There are mothers in China too. Ever think of that?"

"You're *cold,* Len."

"All right, build your nice little mother-love fire, and perhaps the reason Judson can't come into it now is that he isn't so damn exclusive. Want to make a bet on who's the hope of this country, Frances?"

"I do not."

"It's the boys who are coming back—some of them, at any rate. Know why? Because they saw what happened to another person and cared about what happened to someone not themselves. I'll put my money on Judson because I have a hunch what got him down was a thing that happened to the other fellow. Remember that time he and Johnny Sears went way up in the willow and Johnny fell and broke bones? Remember how Judson got sick, though sound as a dollar? 'It ought to have been *me,'* he kept saying. 'I got him to go up, then *he* fell.' He was a pretty grave little boy for a day or two—and a day or two is a long time for a little boy."

"And gave Johnny his baseball and bat—and his roller-skates."

"None of which Johnny could use at the time." They sat there seeing the little boy who gave away his precious possessions.

"But this time I suppose he had nothing to give," Len said. "Perhaps this time the other fellow isn't going to use roller-skates any more. And I suppose," he went on after a moment, "that this fellow who isn't going to have any more fun again ever—I suppose he had a mother too. Though it is possible," he granted, "that she died of pneumonia, shortly before Pearl Harbor."

"What are you driving at? What do you *expect* of me?"

"Just that you be yourself," he said cheerfully. "That's good enough for me—too bad it won't do for you. One's self is elastic; when a bigger self is called for—out you stretch; sounds like inflation, doesn't it?"

"You can talk till you're *blind,* but I *am* a mother, and that gives one certain feelings it seems no one else knows anything about!"

"We pause for station announcement. Mother love speaking. It is very important we hide our heads."

"Some things you don't make fun of!"

"Don't I know it. But you make fun of what stands in the way of the thing you don't make fun of."

"And what may that be, may I ask?"

"Keeping on trying—I don't make fun of that. The idea is refreshed in my mind by your father—he thinks highly of it. Your old man, Frances, is all burned up with righteousness, and that's why I'm sorry he didn't win through to glory. He went wrong a long way back."

SHE stared at him, but it did not matter because he was reading again, and immersed now. This was a Len she greatly respected and—did not disturb. A girl out home had said, after describing her own spouse, "And your husband I suppose looks like a writer." Well, he didn't—or not her friend's idea of a writer. If you met Len in the subway or at the theatre you might take him for a surgeon, or research man. Nor would you be surprised to have him come briskly into a classroom, as indeed he sometimes did, with a manner bespeaking, now there is to be no nonsense about this, and then incisively open up and make things so interesting only a dullard would be thinking of nonsense. Len was competent and looked it; he cleared away a lot of rubbish and got at the thing that should be valued. And sometimes made mistakes—knew he might, was on guard.

Suddenly she felt something alive in this room—almost like a presence, life between Len and her father.

"I shall take Mike for a walk!" she decided.

"Yes," Len said absently.

Mike beat her to the beach and set up a barking; she came along to see a sailor and his girl fitted into the corner made by two bulkheads. "Stop it, Mike," she said, and to the boy and girl, "Good evening," and as they said "Good evening," feeling so warmly toward them, these young people who nowadays had to snatch their moment, she said, "It's nice down here, isn't it?" and the boy said, "It sure is a fine night, ma'am," and she had an idea he might be from Texas.

"Hello, boy," he said to Mike. "What was you making such a fuss about, boy?" Mike was now doing all his stuff, rolling over to be scratched on the belly, and the girl saying, "He's cute." "My mother says my dog misses me," the sailor said. "His name is Freckles."

Frances went on up the beach, calling Mike. Mike was Judson's dog. It was hard for her to believe that if Judson put his hand on Mike there wouldn't come memories to make him smile; and when you smile—aren't you on your way back?

NEXT morning Frances received her own copy of *The Jenkses.* It came, not smoothly wrapped, but in wrinkled paper bulging at the edges, and tied with too much red string which was too thin—her father's own job.

On the flyleaf, "To Frances—who wandered; hoping she hasn't become too sophisticated to renew acquaintance with the Jenkses. Remember these old days, my dear? Something good was in them, along with the cussedness.

"So much has gone I am glad you have not—at least I hope you have not.

"Love—as they always say, and as I happen to mean,
FATHER (who finally wrote
a book—just like any other damn fool.)"

HER day might have been all given over to Jenkses had her friend Marianna not telephoned she had to take the car uptown anyway so they might as well market around in comfort. Frances hurried over.

She opened the gate in the high vine-covered lattice fence (Marianna liked seclusion from the street), walked the flagstones through the garden and around the long low house to the terrace. Here before you was the whole wide harbor: to the left the low Truro sand hills, and looking straight ahead, across the miles of dancing water, on this clear day you could trace the dim curve of the Cape as it made its way on down to the Canal. The tide was in now, the water blue and lively as it lapped Marianna's concrete bulkhead. You turned and there were the wharves and the town.

Marianna came and stood beside her. "It's one of those times when it looks like a little city, a much fairer city. Knowing the town as one does," she laughed, "it doesn't seem possible it can transform itself like this."

"I *know,"* said Frances; "it seems a little city on a hill, rising to something, when really it is quite haphazard and some of it pretty dingy."

They stood watching the gleaming little city on a hill. Then Marianna said, "I do hope we can get beef."

Marianna was a well-organized, a balanced person. A capable person, and capable too in tasting the pleasure in all things around her. Of all the people in their community she most of all had what was called class. Not her old Boston upbringing but an integrated personality made Marianna what she was, good form which came through having a control of her life. Not that the circumstances of her life were as she would have them at the moment: her husband Walter in Washington most of the time, her son Walter (Waltie) bombing Germany. But for all this she savored each day.

Marianna loved Frances and was often concerned about her. "You look tired. Your place is a madhouse," she might say. "Yesterday I stumbled over an Armenian in your yard. What was he doing there?"

"He is Spanish," Frances told her; "he came from South America."

"Why?"

"Well, why shouldn't he? If he is dissatisfied with things there, why wouldn't he come here?"

"Does everyone who is dissatisfied have to lie in your yard?"

"Practically everyone," said Frances.

On the way to town Marianna said, "Waltie should get leave before long, and Judson is already in the country. Perhaps no very bad things are in store for us."

"If Judson comes home different—"

Marianna said competently: "Of course he'll be different. You know that, don't you? I know it about Waltie. But there was room for improvement in both those boys. It would seem giving the boys a break to—assume growth," she laughed.

But Waltie might not come home at all. And Judson—"I do so terribly need help from *somewhere.*"

"You'll get it, Frances," Marianna assured her.

"Where?"

"From yourself," her friend said simply. "When you are interested—and are called upon—"

"Don't talk like Len!"

"I might do worse," Marianna observed.

Frances laughed and decided she wasn't behaving very well. "My father has written a book," she said. "It's about the Jenkses. You don't know them. I grew up with them."

"Now, wouldn't it be nice," Marianna said comfortably, "if this help you are looking for came through your father's book?"

"Well—" Frances said doubtfully. "My father is an isolationist," she said flatly.

"I can't say I blame him," murmured Marianna.

"But you aren't," Frances said quickly.

"I think it would be nice. Personally I always liked staying home. It hasn't seemed possible lately, but if your father could work something out— What made him an isolationist?"

"Land. And he's like you—he likes staying home."

"Many people do, I think." Marianna said it a little grimly; Frances was vaguely disturbed, though what was wrong in what Marianna had said? To want to stay home—that is surely a very natural and decent thing. "I hope the day is not far distant," Marianna went on, "when everyone who wants to stay home may do so."

This would certainly seem perfectly all right; what is bothering me? Frances wondered. It was Marianna's manner, her voice more than the words.

She knew that she and her friend differed in many of their ideas; but when you have much in common differences are somehow in abeyance; then every once in a while, like a cold wind that is unexpected, comes sense of a gulf. "And who are these Jenkses?" Marianna was pleasantly asking now. "Neighbors?"

"They're everything," Frances laughed. "It started as a joke, but they're his way of seeing things. What they really are is the people."

"Oh, poor Frances," murmured Marianna, "from your father too—you must have the people?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Frances asked. "What do you think I am myself? And for that matter—what are you?"

"One of the people," Marianna conceded, lightly and with no great enthusiasm; "I just don't like making them too collective and abstract."

"There is nothing abstract about my father," Frances said shortly—and then had to laugh.

They turned to go home, went down a little hill and started up a long one—the State Road through the dunes.

"I think I shall sell the little house in Lovett's Walk," Marianna said. Did Frances know anyone it might be nice for? She wouldn't sell that darling of a house to just anyone. It must be the right person.

It was after Frances got out at the Mitchells' that she cried, "Marianna! I think perhaps I know just the person for your house. I'm going to find out. Let you know!"

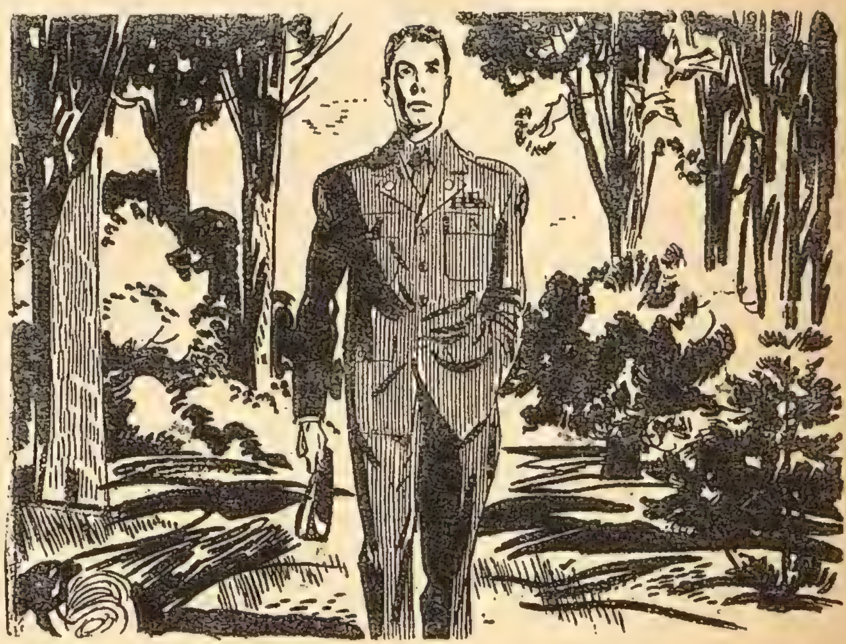
AND now it is possible a woman may have an hour for her own father's book, Frances thought, settling herself in a long chair in the screened terrace here at the back of the house.

Her father had begun his book with The Oak; there were many oaks in that region, but this venerable and majestic tree was called Rankins' oak, because it marked the turn to the Rankins'. Now it was Jenkses' oak. Her father wrote of that land when the oak was a sapling, of the deep quiet in which the tree grew while Europe fought and Columbus sailed.

Then he was talking about the truth bobbing up in most unexpected places. "You may think you are going to get it from the parson or the teacher; ten to one they leave you flat. It's very hard to make a business of truth and have anything fresh on hand. But sometimes, where you'd never have dreamed of looking, a man will say a thing and you know, like lightning, 'By God, that's true.' He may be one of the Jenkses hauling wood. Or it might even be a woman. Life is so funny it could even be a rich woman, who seemed to be leading a very frivolous life. In this world are people the truth got into by hook or crook."

Frances put down the book and went upstairs. Coming out from her shower she decided she might as well dress for going out to Steve Halsey's for dinner. Slacks? Maybe not. Long skirt? Probably yes—the Littles there. Steve had suddenly become great pals with Fred Little, editor of a chain of newspapers Len said might as well be edited in Berlin, or at least Madrid. Not that these newspapers subscribed to Hitler—my goodness' sakes, quote, no. They used all the bad words you could print about him, and went busily ahead with a lot of the things which had built Hitler up. This was under the guise of developing America, restoring old-fashioned American democracy. It would make old-fashioned American democracy spit, Len said.

"Oh, *no,* Mother," Madeleine said, coming in just as Frances was taking a flowered dress from the closet. "Do wear that plain blue and be smart. And brush your hair *back,*" she admonished. "Be severe, Mother."



"Isn't it too hard on me?"

"It gives you *character.*"

"Character of an old witch?"

"You're really very good-looking," her daughter assured her. "Do you know the trouble with you, Mother? You don't *try* enough; and really, you owe it to Father."

"Dear me, I hadn't thought of it that way."

When she got her head out from her dress, she sat down on the bench before her dressing-table. Just then, somewhere near a boy gave a shrill whistle, summoning another boy. Familiar kind of whistle. . . . It hurt. "Mad," she said, in the tone of one speaking to a very close friend, "I'm in an awful jam."

"Darling! *What?*"

"About Judson—his not wanting to come home; come home and—whistle for a pal." She choked on it and Madeleine slid in by her on the bench. *"Darling—"*

"He could come if he wanted to. But that's the very thing he—can't bear to think of. So I am wondering what is wrong with us," Frances said.

"Nothing is wrong with us! If you want my *candid* opinion—he's just putting on an act."

"No, dear— I'm sure you're wrong." She sat frowning at herself in the mirror. "These psychiatrists would surely know an act from—whatever it is. And even if it were *—why the act?"*

"He was bothered about killing people," Madeleine explained it. "He thinks that's not right. And yet here is the war, and he's needed—and now *that* seems right. So he wondered if you could do right by doing wrong."

STEPHEN HALSEY lived near Highland Light in North Truro, and this seemed suitable, he being something of a beacon himself, and not unmindful of himself as a beacon, but a wonderful fellow, just the same. The Mitchells went to the Halseys' as much as they had gas for going, and Halseys to Mitchells'.

Steve, who wrote novels, was said to speak for the great body of the American people. In his early days any man or group getting a raw deal could draw fire from Steve Halsey: Negro or miner, any alien or citizen who needed someone to step in there and put up a roar. A large man, leonine head, terrific shock of unruly hair. Now Steve gibed at the things which had once fired him. The last time they had gone there Len had come away bothered. "You don't suppose Steve is going to settle in and be a fascist, do you?"

They had roast beef for dinner at the Halseys', an old-time sirloin roast, and Frances did not scruple to ask where they got it, and they made jokes about a friend who owned a stockyard.

Back in the library after dinner Steve pulled a chair over by her and told her he believed she should always wear blue. "And yet when you wear red I think red for Frances, and the same goes for white."

Smiling, she told him it was always pleasant to hear what couldn't be true, and that Madeleine had dressed her tonight. He said Madeleine and Bud had stopped in to see him the other day—this Bud seemed a right sort of guy.

Steve had always been sweet about the children—no child of his own now, infantile paralysis took his boy; Frances felt so tender toward Steve as she thought of that sorrow. And then he was asking about Judson—naturally, not too sympathetically. A lot of the old Steve is there, she thought—and maybe all of him will come back.

THE conversation between Len and Fred Little stalled just then, Len was not exerting himself; and Fred, after listening a moment to Steve and Frances, asked: "This is your son you're speaking of?"

Frances said briefly it was, she didn't care to discuss Judson with Fred Little. But Steve went on with it, saying Judson was one of the boys having a little difficulty—reaction; just a little shot at the moment; understandable, certainly, and he'd soon be all right. Mr. Little kept nodding in his manner of the sage businessman, and looking, Frances thought, a little like an eagle who couldn't quite make the grade.

"It's very important this be handled right—for all the boys," he said. "Our own papers are making quite a point of it." He turned to Len. "Had you noticed?"

Len said pleasantly that he didn't often see those papers.

"You surprise me," Fred said. "As a very intelligent man I should think you would have to know what you're disagreeing with."

"Oh, I soon made that out," Len assured him.

The eagle was peering at him. "I'm afraid you would have to keep looking to know; we're changing all the time. That's because we're growing."

Steve laughed as if this were all very good fun. "Len's hopeless," he said. "Len is a studious sort of a fellow who went all world-minded. I think he'd be happier if he shot the works and went Communist, but he can't because he can't stop being a liberal—nothing is sadder than when you can't stop being liberal."

"You should be very happy, Steve," Frances said.

"Because you're here, darling?"

"Because you stopped. And how. Ever miss what you left behind you? I should think a man who once knew—" she broke off. "Now what *is* that poem?"

"But I was going to say—" the ailing eagle had resumed. "We detoured and had a bit of a spat, didn't we? Good—I like a bit of a spat. But some things we're together in surely, and about the boys—" He was saying that this was a time when the boys would be very open to suggestion; it was important to get them with the right suggestion.

"Get them while they're down," she heard Len murmur, heard Steve laugh (what *was* it had gone out of that big laugh?) and chime in with Fred. Handled right, this could be a break for the boys—starting out fresh, not lugging along a lot of junk they'd been brought up on. He hoped they'd turn against all that sappy stuff—see the future, be hard.

"Yes, Herr Nietzsche," Len nodded with deference.

"Nonsense," Steve said, a little nettled, but being the good host, giving them all brandy. "Now here, old man," he said, coming to Len, "drink your brandy and mellow up. Want your boy to go on repeating your mistakes? Yours and mine," he magnanimously added.

Here his wife sprang into it. "But your mistakes, as you call them, Steve, have made you—"

She paused before it and Frances finished for her, "What you are today," in a tone nasty with awe.

She heard them all laugh a little. "Well, it was all very good fun, I'll say that for it," Steve said. "Better than a football game, wouldn't you say, Len?"

Swinging into really high spirits, he went on about things he and Len had done together. "Busy little missionaries. We were always falling all over ourselves to save somebody's civil rights—anybody's civil rights, no matter what they were going to do with them."

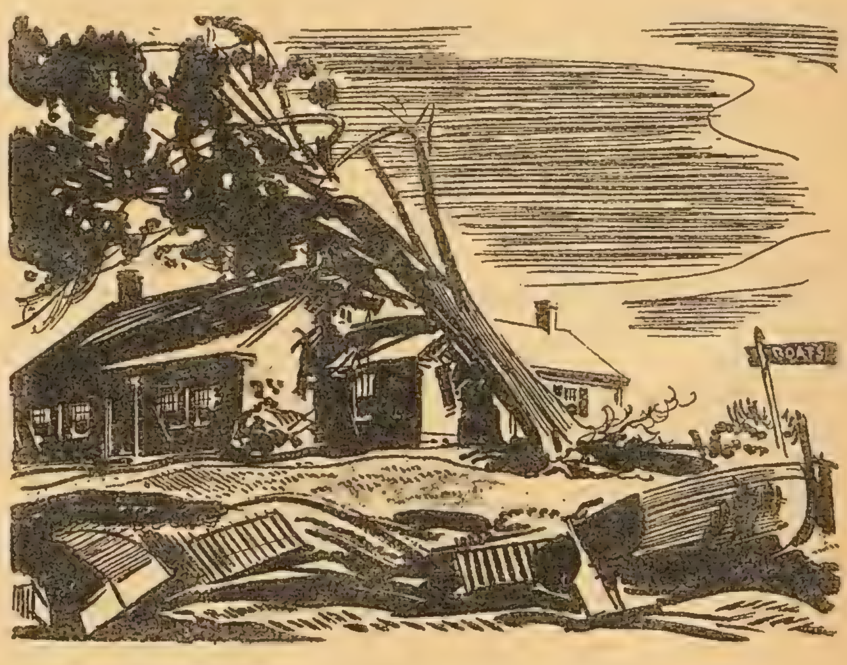
"I've got it!" cried Frances.

"The poem you were trying to think of?" Fred Little smiled. "How nice."

And Steve said, "Shoot."

For a minute she looked somewhat uncertainly at Len. It seemed—rather an awful thing to do. But the boys—*all* those boys—coming home—and to what? She leaned forward, hands on her knees, not looking at anyone in the room, but just concentrating on remembering:

"You whose uncaptured youth gave you the dream—
I need not name it—destined when men deem
Rightly thereof to renew the decadent world,
You whose bright hope strong circumstance hath furled
And set you on the hostile walls, you see
Better than those who never have been free



Flaws in the mail you shall not wear again;
And well you see the staggering of men
Lame in the fight you watch from shielded towers;
Your own souls teach you well the flaws of ours,
And let you magnify them in the gaze
Of scornful enemies who give you praise!
But tell us: for your own old ardor dead,
For your old joy in great purpose fled,
For the old thrill of oneness in the fight
With all the brave old bringers of the light,
For the lost vision of the goal immense—
Tell us, O friends, have you found recompense?"

It was very quiet when Frances had finished. She looked up and, merely as one wanting to know, asked Steve, "Tell us, O friends, have you found recompense?"

Steve was standing over by the mantel. He made no move and said nothing. It was his wife who spoke first. "Why, I think it's rather nice. Some of the lines are very good, and then others seem—a bit awkward."

Fred Little laughed softly. "Yes—a bit awkward."

"All right—all right, I get you," cried Steve. "We'll score one for Frances. At the same time I'll answer your question, darling. Yes, I have found recompense. I'm thinking straight, and that's recompense."

"I think perhaps I had better take my wife home," said Len. "Such an awkward wife."

"Frances is swell," acclaimed Steve. "I always loved Frances—especially in blue."

FRANCES brought Julia over for tea with Marianna after showing her the house in Lovett's Walk. Julia would have signed a check before she had so much as opened the gate. As they turned into the little dead-end lane and Frances pointed out the house at the head of it, Julia stopped dead in her tracks, just looking. At last she took Frances' arm and drew it close to her. "Oh, my dear," she murmured. "Oh, Frances—I can never thank you enough. I'm seeing my very own house."

She ran all around it. "A honeysuckle!"—going right into it, burying her face in its fragrance.

"Come on in," urged Frances, but Julia went up to a window. "*Little* panes," she said, as if she were patting them. "Little panes of glass."

"This is no way to buy a house," scolded Frances. "You must begin to find things the matter with it."

"How can I?" Julia asked simply. "It is perfect."

Frances thought there was no one in the world she would rather see happy than Julia: Julia, who had spent herself that others might get along better. She had done this, not solemnly, nor bowed down with sense of worth, but as if it were the happiest possible way to spend her days. Each one of the children for whom Julia worked to give more air, more sunshine, more food and love, might have been Julia's child.

Frances had meant to see Marianna herself first, tell her more about Julia than there had been opportunity to tell. Anyway it was all right. Marianna had said she would be glad to sell the house to this friend of Frances and Len.

Julia was so beaming she looked almost foolish. "Take that grin off your face," Frances admonished. "It isn't that I think Marianna will try to do you, but she'll have more respect for you if you're businesslike."

But it was no use, Julia's hard-headedness had been left in New York; she was not going to cry down her house.

The maid had let them in, and after a moment Marianna came into the living-room—looking, as usual, cool, self-possessed, very good form, always seeming entrenched in a position from which she could not possibly be dislodged. "Frances—" she greeted with a smile, and turned for her introduction to Julia—and then just stood there; and after an instant she gave Frances a strange, startled, reproachful look; in just that one instant, before her good manners took command, there was something—*accusing*. Even as she courteously spoke to Julia, taking her eagerly outstretched hand, Marianna seemed to draw within herself—to freeze.

Words tumbled from Julia. "What I want first is to thank you for making it so perfect."

Generous, unwise Julia, bobbing her head at Marianna, too excited and happy to be instantly aware what was happening. Julia, still in her businesslike city clothes, big useful handbag about to slip from her arm, and if she were not actually perspiring, giving that impression, somehow, in her eagerness.

Julia had never looked more Hebraic.

So *that's* it, thought Frances; and realized she had not told Marianna Julia was a Jew. But *surely*— Now *really*—Marianna wasn't going to be one of *them*, was she?

Yes—she was. Voice cool, though smiling a little, "But I fear you are just a little—hasty," she said. "I really haven't decided about selling the house."

Julia looked dumbfounded. "But I thought—"

"So did I," said Frances.

"Frances is so impetuous," laughed Marianna. "A thought goes through one's mind and then Frances assumes—"

"I assumed nothing," she cut in. "You told me—"

"Suppose we have tea," said Marianna, and to Julia, "You know what they say about women—changing our minds? I've no doubt you do that too," she said cordially, and left to see about tea.

"Care to stay for refreshments?" Frances asked bitterly.

Hastily, in a crumpled sort of way, Julia sat down. She looked up at Frances. "It's—that?"

"I suppose so," said Frances.

"You—hadn't told her?"

"I never thought of it! Julia," she whispered, all compassion for that look on Julia's face, "oh—please forgive me. I didn't know my friend was—as bad as this."

Julia tried to smile at Frances, her wide mouth broadening, though not really a smile.

"Let's go," Frances said abruptly. "Out this door—right now."

"Oh, but we have good manners." Was there very faint stress on the we? Anyway pride had returned—a fortifying pride.

Marianna came back and talked of Martha's Vineyard; unusual though it was in Marianna, she almost chattered. She got no help from Frances, but Julia played the little game of three women pleasantly having tea.

Frances got up and moved to a seat in the window, sat there turned from them. She kept looking around the beautiful room—so right it had always seemed. Here she had rested, laughed, talked of her children, made plans. It had seemed another home.

Well, it wasn't. She'd like to shoot this all to pieces: lovely little tea party, exquisite dishes, silver, good manners. To hell with it, she thought, and then—Ah-*ha, that's* it—*that's* what I'll do. Let her take it!

"Oh, Marianna," she began, in distressed voice, "I'm *so* sorry."

Both Marianna and Julia looked over.

"Do you know—I never thought. Somehow I never seem to think of such things."

"I fear I don't know what you are talking about, Frances," Marianna said, trying to speak lightly.

"About Len's grandfather. I don't know that you have any idea—*did* we ever mention it? Len and I are so careless. And all these years we've been coming here—How awful for you, Marianna. You see, Julia, Len's grandfather was a Jew. And here we've kept coming right into Marianna's house, just as if—"

"You have gone quite far enough," Marianna interrupted sharply.

"Oh, much *too* far," said Frances. "I see that now. It was his mother's father. It was a little fish business he had. Technically, this makes us a Jewish family—not the fish, the grandfather, I mean. Hitler—or Himmler if Hitler's out—would certainly tell you that, Marianna."

"It is not necessary for Hitler or Himmler to tell me anything," Marianna said, very angry now.

"Oh, but haven't they?" Frances asked softly. And while this still hung in the room, "You really should try and get Waltie to come home. It must be terrible for you to know he is bombing the people who feel just as you do."

There was a stark silence; and then, *"Please,"* murmured Julia. She held out her hand to Marianna and this did something far harder for Marianna to take than anything Frances had done. "I hope whoever buys your dear little house will love it." The genuineness of her voice could not be questioned. She smiled—and how tender that heavy face could be. "It must be—unbelievable when the apple blossoms are there, hanging over it. Like a halo!" she cried, and stood there enjoying a tree she was not to have.

"It is—very lovely," Marianna faltered.

FRANCES took her friend's arm. "Julia, don't you care," she said when they left Marianna's. "Not more than you can possibly help. She just isn't worth it."

"Don't say that," said Julia. "It would pain me to feel I came between you and your friend. There is something to be said on her side too. Oh, yes there is," she answered Frances' impatient protest. "She—has this feeling. Many people do. You had no business to thrust me right at her like that."

"I tell you I never thought anything about it!"

"But how silly of you, Frances. Where have you been living, my dear?"

"I suppose I thought I was living among decent people," Frances said bitterly.

"Now I have an idea that this evening your friend will be coming over to see you. And remember friendship is a very *necessary* thing. We don't throw it over because of a disagreement. You and Marianna have so much in common. Now *stop*," as Frances was about to interrupt. "You have your sons—your lives here, and I can see that she must be a very charming woman."

"Now look, Julia, do you have to be such a *Christian* about being a Jew?"

Julia laughed quite gayly. "Well, if the Christians aren't Christian perhaps some one else should take over." Then she was serious again. "This whole thing I understand, Frances. And while I do not like it I certainly am not going to use up my energies constantly getting into a scrap."

"This afternoon you did nothing at all!"

"You are mistaken," Julia said firmly. "I am always doing something. I am a Jew, and I am being as decent and useful a person as I know how to be."

"Well," Frances said stubbornly, "I am not a Jew, so I suppose I can fight if I want to. *Now*, of all times," she said passionately. "To be like that *now*."

"I know; it does seem strange. But we are a very old race, and almost as old as the race is the prejudice against it."

"My *dear*, we'll get you a house—our other friends aren't like Marianna. And do you think there are none of your race on the Cape?" Frances laughed. "And they're very happy here—in spite of a few like Marianna—and you'd find them anywhere."

"I would be a little afraid now," was all Julia said to that, but went on more brightly, "Fortunately I have little time for being afraid; in the press of the war there is danger of the things I do being slighted, and that must not be, we have the future to think of."

Turning to look into the resolute face, "Oh, my dear," Frances murmured, "I have done you—such an injustice."

"Not at all," Julia said; "in fact, I think I am stronger. But I do worry about you, Frances. Will you try to be a little more calm?"

"No."

"For your boy?"

"It's because of him I can't stand it!"

"Gather your forces together, do not spend them unwisely. Now I will tell you something," she laughed. "I loved you very much when you were behaving so outrageously this afternoon. When you trotted out grandpa and the fish business I wanted to laugh. But I thought—that fine energy, that passion, it must not spend itself unwisely. There is a difference between creating a scene and making a fight," Julia said gently. "A fight may be a long, slow and very quiet business."

JUDSON had been home a week; it happened so suddenly, almost no time at all to make oneself ready. A good thing his room is ready, Frances would think, fearful about herself, how she could be herself with a Judson who was different; and indeed she had been told *not* to be herself—not too glad or too sorry, not pay much attention.

"It came suddenly," the good Mrs. Innes of the Red Cross had written, "and that is good. Understand he is not well yet."

At first he did not seem too different to Frances, and she would think, I wonder if they aren't making too much of this. He seemed like one who had been ill, was better now, though still somewhat vague and uncertain; but not wholly different, as she had feared.

That was at first, and now that a week had gone by she was desperately wondering what it *was*—this great difference in Judson. She and Len did very little talking it over, as if afraid Judson would know they were doing this.

For Frances it was almost unbearable: something was wrong with her child, he was bearing something alone, and she had been told not to say, "What's the matter, dear?" Maybe they're *wrong*, she'd passionately think.

But it was Judson himself held her back, this Judson she did not know. Why, he acts as if he were a polite guest, she one day thought; a guest a little bored who must not show irritation. He isn't *here*. He is sorry about this—perplexed.

He would ask Len polite questions about his work and seem to make a great effort in listening to the replies. He would ask Frances about certain old friends, and if she talked on would seem relieved, as if nothing further were expected of him. The next day he would forget and ask her again, but would remember he had asked before, seem troubled and walk away.

He would go by himself to the woods. "Want company?" Frances one day ventured. "I like to walk too." He seemed fussed, as if an emergency had arisen he did not know how to deal with. "Another time—I'm pretty busy today," she quickly added.

They had been told that Judson's record was good—until he broke. "He's been in tough spots," one of his friends had written Frances. "We liked Mitch—we didn't call him Judson. By nature he may not be as rugged as some, but believe me he took a good deal of punishment with never a squawk."

SHE was soon forced to see he resented his father. Len, with the idea of going on much as usual, would speak of the books he was reading. One day at lunch Judson put down his knife and fork and sat looking at Len with—could that be *contempt?*

Sometimes he would go over to Marianna's, sit on her terrace.

"What do you talk to Judson about?" Frances asked her friend—for, of course, Julia's advice had prevailed, and Frances and Marianna were friends again.

"I don't talk much."

"And does he talk to you?" Frances asked.

"Oh, yes—inconsequential things. One day he seemed really interested. I had had a letter about one of my investments and from that we got to talking about business. He asked very good questions, it seemed to me. He said—perhaps you won't like this, Frances—that a fellow would be a fool not to try to make money; that was the great thing, he said."

Steve was away when Judson got home, but came over soon after his own return to the Cape, bursting in in his usual jovial way. Catching sight of Judson, "Well—well—well! Our hero!" He pumped Judson's hand, slapping him on the back. "Say! You look like they'd starved you. What are we paying taxes for? Come over to my place—I'll fatten you up. Here they're too busy in the head—the longer I live the less I think of the head."

Judson laughed—and looked rather surprised.

Turning to Len, Steve went on, "O'Malley sent me *The Jenkses*, but I hadn't got to it and might not have except that your piece made me know I'd be bound to like anything you were knifing like that. Now, there's an American book. Frances, congratulations on your old man and your background. Fred Little's all out for it—says it's just what we need. Not a bad idea to remind us we're Americans. We'll get this war over—isn't that right, Judson?—and then we'll go back to our *stuff*. Look, Frances—next month I have to go out to Chicago to speak and I think I'll go out to Iowa and see your pa. Have an idea he and I would have things to say to each other."

"You do that, Steve," she said warmly, thinking her father would like Steve, they'd have fun, it would do him good.

"Now, Jud, don't let anybody tell you you're shot because I can see you're not," Steve was saying. "What you'd better begin to think about is a job. Say! Bet I could get some kind of a hookup with Fred Little. He's in everything."

"I don't know how Judson feels," said Len, "but to my mind any hookup with Fred Little would be a misfortune."

"That's prejudice. Any young fellow that falls in with Fred lands right on his feet."

"Going where?" asked Len.

Steve was about to come back at this but instead laughed in his big friendly way. "Well, now maybe we've done our stuff for the day. Your pop and I scrap," he said to Judson. "And as for you, young man—you did all right to swat at the Japs, but as they sort of got your goat and now you're home with the cargo, what are we going to do with said goat?"

Then Frances heard something she'd not heard in a long time: Judson's laugh—almost as it used to be.

As Frances and Judson went out of the room together, "Gee," he said, "Steve's pretty swell, isn't he?"

"In a personal way—yes, there is something pretty swell about Steve. And as a writer he's pretty swell too—brings it to life. But at present—in his ideas your father and I don't agree with Steve. And certainly not with his friend Mr. Little."

And right away she had a sick feeling of having made a mistake: his eyes, which had been animated, had again that withdrawn look.

"Ideas—" he said. With a perceptible effort he got hold of himself. "Oh—I see." His politeness was like closing a door. It's us, Frances thought; Steve he could connect with—almost, but he's moved away from us.

The following day there was an outburst. Madeleine brought it on just as they were finishing dinner.

"One nice thing about the war is that everybody knows it is awful," she remarked. "Lots of people have gone through things nobody else knew anything about. Just the other day I saw Miss Howard going up the path to her door. The nearer she got the slower she went. I think she hated to open the door and go into a house where no one would speak. It must be ghastly—living all by yourself. I always thought that would be one nice thing about the Army or Navy or Marines—a whole gang together."

Judson sprang up. "You talk like a fool! Do you think a person is never *alone?* You think just because— Ah, what's the use? What does *she* know?"

"I thought she had a point there," Len said mildly.

Judson, who had started to the door, turned back. "A point," he said, his voice cold scorn. "So we are still making points, are we?" he laughed. "I think I'll go over to Steve's tomorrow," he added. "He's asked me." Politely—a guest courteously announcing a change of plan.

FRANCES turned off the radio. "I don't believe it." She went over to the opened window—outside Len was trying to close the shutters. She sat down and leaned her head out. "There's something phony about a hurricane this afternoon."

Len said, "Get your head in," and closed the shutters in her face.

"Judson seems to like being with Steve," Len had said at lunch. "This is the fourth day, isn't it?"

She had felt the hurt in his voice, lightly though he had spoken. Len himself hadn't got very far with Judson, though all his understanding and kindness had gone into it.

"Of course Steve's lots of fun," he had said, "and the fact that he doesn't care as much may make it easier between them. I'd be grateful to him—grateful to anyone who could help now—except that he's swinging all wrong. Do you suppose he's trying to swing Judson his way?"

"*No.* He wants to be Judson's friend, that's all."

"Could happen, though."

Frances turned from the window, now, and went to the telephone and got Judson at Steve's. "Want to come home for the hurricane, dear? If we're going to be blown away, might be nice to be blown together."

"Oh, I guess we'll not be blown very far," he laughed. "Thought it might be sort of fun out here—nearer the Outside. But if there's anything I can do," he added hastily, "if you need me at home—"

"Oh, just as you like. I suppose it will be exciting out there. Have fun."

Between eleven and twelve, when it began swinging into its worst, she wished she had been more insistent about Judson coming home. This was like a bombardment—and what might it not bring back to him?

The lights went off; the phone was dead. Madeleine would scream, "The roof's going!" and Len would say "Nonsense" bravely. Finally something happened unlike anything that had gone before. It was a ponderous *thud*—slow, final; and with it what seemed a rending of rafters, then sound of water pouring in above.

"Our house is gone," Madeleine whispered.

"Oh, not all of it," Len said. He came over to Frances. "Dear, I'm terribly afraid that was the willow." She sat down and covered her face. "Now—now," he sat down by her, "if it is—then we'll just go on without it, won't we? I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll just be one of those families without a willow."

And as she was sobbing, "Frances—darling—I know too," he said softly.

At daybreak they stepped fearfully outside. The willow was uprooted and had crushed a part of the roof. Frances walked out and stood before the beautiful tree leaning helplessly—gone was the growth of a hundred years. "Come in and get some sleep," Len said gently.

About noon Steve and Judson appeared. Steve at once saw the willow. He took Frances' arm and walked with her over to it, stood there a moment—a long moment for Steve to be silent. "Oh, Frances," he finally murmured. "Oh, damn it, Frances," he said, almost crying.

Judson ran all round their end of town, looking at destruction: fishing boats beached, big trees prone, houses rended, people bemoaning their losses. He was more than excited; he seemed—*thrilled.*

Ma Jason came along. "Going to cost you a pretty penny to get it down," she said. "They're asking Ed Henry *five hundred dollars* to take his down."

"We'll do nothing of the kind!" Judson suddenly shouted. "*I* know all that stuff! I've *learned* it, I tell you. Why, I can—" He turned to his father. "Want to give me a hundred?"

"Well—sure," Len said. "Just so you don't break your neck."

"That? Think *that* could—" He was excitedly turning to men gathered in the yard, talking about pulleys and contrivances, immersed in his problem.

Frances stood by her stripped garden. I should be happy, she thought. Here at last is something he wants to do. But never a thought—not one thought to the life of the tree he had loved—beauty gone—the past uprooted—forever gone.

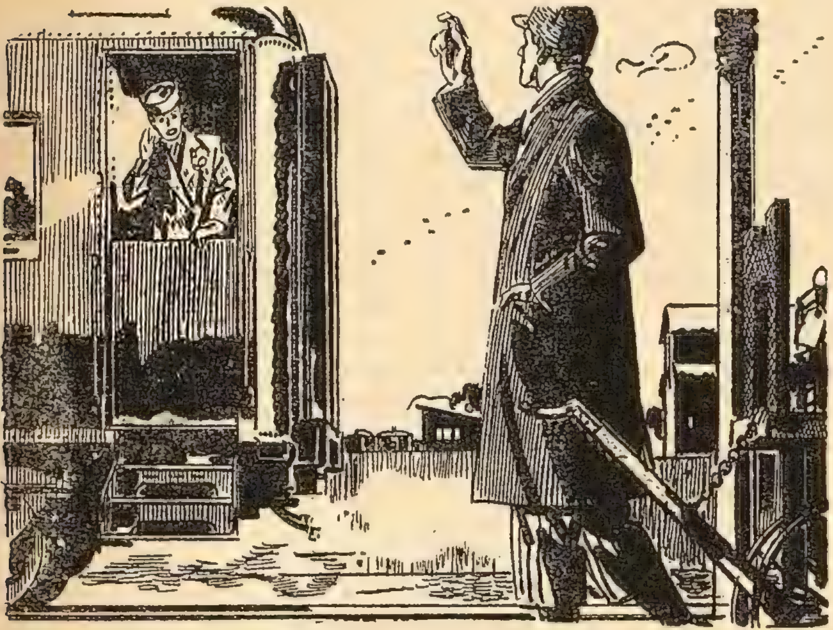
FRANCES was sitting at the table in the big Iowa kitchen. It was December; Len was in New York, Madeleine in college, and Judson—not with them now. She hated leaving Len at just this time, but she was not going to let the year 1944 pass without seeing her father. One could wait too long. . . . And also she had a particular reason for wanting to see him.

She had arrived day before yesterday, and only now was she trying to talk to him about the thing she wanted to say, and finding it so hard that she would pause.

He seemed much the same—older, of course, yet he did not look like an old man; he looked like Judd Rankin—older. Twinkle in his blue eyes, and his same shrewd look; hair gray, thinned, but still enough hair to get all towsled as he ran his hand through it. He's thin, she had thought as soon as he took off his big coat. Movements—a little slowed up, one had to admit.

Seemed natural they should be sitting in the kitchen. "It's warmer," he said, but she knew this was where he wanted to sit with her—old times, natural.

"And so Judson went to work on the tree," she resumed her story. "Johnny Sears worked with him, and sometimes Len." She smiled. "Len wasn't very good at it. But Judson was wonderful—made a plan, seemed to know how to go ahead." She pushed back her hair. "To me it wasn't a very happy time."



He nodded. "Hard to lose a tree. Still, I'd say it was a good sign that Judson wanted to get at it."

"It would seem so. But he *liked* demolishing."

"Oh, well, after all he'd seen I suppose a tree didn't seem much. Did they get it down?"

She shook her head. "The tree people had to finish the job. You see—an awful thing happened."

"That so? Somebody get hurt?"

She nodded. "This Johnny Sears. A second time."

"What do you mean—second time?"

"He and Judson were pals as little boys. Once Judson got him to go up in this same willow—egged him on, and then Johnny fell and was badly hurt. Judson got sick about it—I mean really sick. '*It ought to have been me*,' he kept crying."

The grandfather smiled. "Nice boy—Judson."

"He was—a nice boy." She was silent a moment. "This time—I don't know what was in his mind. It seemed—*gloating*, having Johnny with him up high in the tree. I think Johnny was afraid all the time. I know Judson likes Johnny—he always did. So what was he trying to do?"

"Honestly, Frances, I don't see what you're so bothered about. He knew this boy—he needed help, you don't get a big tree down all by yourself, and probably Johnny wanted to work with him."

She shook her head. "He went after Johnny—was determined to have him. There was something all wrong about it."

"Ah, you're just imagining things."

"He had a reason. A—*terrible* reason." She sat there brooding over it until he asked, "Well, what happened?"

"Oh, Johnny fell—almost from the top. He was in the hospital six weeks."

Judd made a sound of distress. "Too bad. I'm sorry." After a moment, "You have him insured?"

"*Father*—that's not the point."

"Well, it's one point," Judd said drily. "You had to pay the bills, didn't you?"

"Of course we paid— And I don't know how much more we'll— And I'm *sick* about Johnny—but that's not what I'm talking about."

"Well, daughter, what are you talking about?"

"Judson. He went crazy. There's no other word you can use. When I came running out of the house Johnny was lying on the ground and there was Judson, high in the tree, arms out as if he were—*charging*. I thought *he'd* fall, and he was *screaming* lines from Wordsworth's ode on Immortality, at *that* time screaming

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

There was a silence. "Seems funny," Judd said at last.

She covered her face, shaking her head as if to shake something away.

He left his chair, pulled up a smaller one to sit near her. "Now there's some explanation for all this," he said quietly. "Something that makes it not as crazy as it seems. Some—association, they'd say. Those words in themselves aren't horrible. They're a little highfalutin but I always kind of liked them. Maybe Judson liked them too, and they just—came up from somewhere in him, to make up for something else, it might be. And anyhow we do go crazy at times, don't we? It was a terrible moment for him, you must remember."

She raised her head. "No," she said, "no, it wasn't. He was—rejoicing in something. It was—why, it was like the *devil* making fun of us."

"Who's crazy now?" he asked sharply. "The boy had more than he could take and went berserk. All mixed up with the war—the ungodly war is more than anybody can take. But you didn't go to war and so now you can just behave yourself."

This restored Frances a little—her father scolding her. "Go on," he said. "Get it over with."

"Oh, after that Judson had to be taken to the hospital. He was—all out of control."

"No wonder—realizing he had smashed up his friend."

She shook her head. "He didn't care about that. It was his father. He turned on Len."

Judd was silent a moment. "Well, that's too bad," he said. "I'm sorry about that."

"Len tried to talk to him," Frances went on, "tried to quiet him. I thought Len was wonderful. Judson railed at him—told him he better keep his big mouth shut." She shuddered. "Why—*we* don't talk that way. That isn't the way we talk in our house. Judson said— Oh, I can't tell you. I can't say it."

"Well—don't, because you can see the boy wasn't himself. Now I'm not much of a psychologist, but I suppose because he thought so much of his father— I suppose that's why Len's the one he turns on."

She was crying. "Judson wouldn't go to the hospital with Len. He went with Steve."

"Well, then it was nice you had Steve, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so. Yes, Steve seemed able to do a good deal with him. Steve has been—very kind, really. And now the strange thing—so quickly, only three months, and Judson is better again. They're letting him out; they believe in—taking those chances. They even think this helped him, this—explosion. Only he doesn't want to be with us. He doesn't want to go back to college either; wants to work, and they think he should try. But he's going to work for Steve's friend Fred Little—that awful man."

"Little? The newspaper Little?" As she nodded, "But what's so awful about him?"

She started to speak and then realized it might be hard to talk with her father about Fred Little—many things in which her father and Fred Little perhaps felt a good deal alike.

She wiped her eyes. "Well," she said, "about Fred Little—it depends on how you look at it. And isn't it your bedtime? Do you take any kind of care of yourself—or do you just run hog-wild?"

He laughed, "Haven't heard 'hog-wild' in a coon's age. You do remember some of the old things, don't you, Frances?"

SHE had three good days getting acquainted with her father. A long time she'd known him—laughed, fought, liked him and loved him, but this was more of a getting together. "Sort of easy to talk to you, Frances—like rolling off a log," he said. "You ever roll off a log?"

That evening she wrote to Judson. I'll just sort of chat along about things, she thought; and probably I won't send it. "Well, well, your grandfather has sort of stymied your poor mother. I had the idea of prodding him into doing more, but he gives me a pretty good look into his life and leaves me gasping at all he has done. It's just a hunch of mine that your grandfather was meant to sing more—celebrate life, you know, and make us all rejoice, in spite of what's damnable. Everybody would be surprised—and don't you think rather pleased?—if right now a tough old bird broke into the most wonderful song—oh, very full-throated, and making everybody take a surprised and pleased look around.

"So I don't hate to leave him as much as I feared I was going to, and here is a funny thing: you set out to get a person to do something you've thought up, and then what comes of it may be a thing you wouldn't recognize, and probably much better."

Now what do I think I am doing, she thought; but wrote on, though more carefully: "I know you may think there is nothing to sing about at the moment, but if you will take a look at all your days, instead of just a few of them, the song might come of itself, which to be sure is the only way it can come." And then even more carefully she wrote: "As to friends of yours who will sing no more, won't they be really defeated if it got you too? I can hear one of them say, 'If you'd just give me *one* hour—and you don't want *any* of your hours? Like to go up a hill or something, myself—a hill you aren't going to take. Could listen to a brook. Not a stream you have to get across with all your stuff, but just sit by with a girl.'

"I honestly believe that's the way of it, because any time I am no longer around I know I will be grateful if you do a little something to make up for all the thankfulness and appreciation which did not pour full-throated from my busy and somewhat cockeyed life."

Frances sat there quite still before she wrote: "Out here where I was brought up I have naturally been giving some thought to my days. I am glad I was brought up out here and I am glad I left home. What I am most of all glad about is that I met your father. The man has driven me most crazy at times but with every bone in me I respect this man. This may sound disparaging, as often we don't love what we respect, but in my case they are hand-in-glove, and that's where I have been so fortunate (and it's too bad I can't sing).

"Your father is not a very self-seeking man, Judson, and I think perhaps we should hand him what he doesn't stop to hand himself. It must make a boy feel good inside to have a father who is so powerless—powerless to be anything but honest, I mean. He understands so much it can be very aggravating, I know—like now understanding why you are off him. It may be an irritation to have a father go on believing in you no matter what you do—but then, there are always irritations.

"He can be hurt, of course, because that first-rate (and then some) mind of his never got up much of a guard for his heart. Maybe I'm funny but sometimes I could weep about your father—though for heaven's sake don't tell him. And don't ask me why because I don't exactly know. He's so valiant, for my money.

"So are you valiant—and what a fortunate woman I am. Before I get fatuous about it, will sign off

"Love, MOTHER."

BUT by ten o'clock next morning any song in Frances' heart would have choked on fury. Her mail included a clipping, a piece Fred Little had written about Judson—about Len, and Judd Rankin. Little had a way of writing about his staff, one of the touches supposed to make you feel he was right there with you. So in his open and democratic way (as he would have you think) he was telling about the new boy.

"Why—he's *exploiting him!*" Frances cried.

"Suppose we read it," her father said.

Judson the Marine—son of Leonard Mitchell, outstanding critic with the highly polished left wing; you could see that polished wing thousands of miles—clear to Moscow you could see it. Mitchell was so highly intellectual and world-minded that old-fashioned American democracy was sort of cramped for him. But suppose we just let Mitchell go—mightn't we just as well? There was another man in this boy's background—old Judd Rankin, American as corn and hogs and the country schoolhouse. Judd Rankin wouldn't know how to be anything but American; he had written that fine book, *The Jenkses*—American as a haystack or a Baldwin apple. Was the upstanding marine perhaps taking after grandpa? No one was going to try to influence him, because a boy who had fought for his country had the right to work it out for himself. Be interesting to see, though. And meanwhile how about returning servicemen dropping Judson a line, sort of chat along and say what *they* thought? Mr. Little believed they might get somewhere before they knew it, anyhow it would be fun and keep you from getting lonesome among folks who hadn't been to war.

"Trying to destroy a boy who's just getting on his feet—setting him against his father—getting him in a turmoil! I'll write the doctor!" she cried.

"Now hold on a minute, Frances," her father said quietly. "Seems hardly possible they could have done this with the doctor knowing nothing about it. They keep tab, you know—those folks do. Maybe this doctor thought it would be good for him—responsibility, or something."

"Then the man's a fool! *Anybody* would know— Don't *you*? Don't you think it's rotten?"

He sat there in a study. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I do think it's rotten. Any surprise to you that folks will take any measure in a fight? I've seen enough to know—" But he broke in on himself. "He's a stinker—talking that way about Len."

IN spite of all she was feeling Frances wanted to smile. They were in her father's workroom, at his table, trying to make a file of clippings. Now he grabbed some of the papers, crumpled and threw them toward her. "Len's all wrong about a lot of things!" he shouted. "I admire him very much. But folks just aren't *good* enough for what he wants—except a few of them out here. A knife in our back—that's what we'll get. As I was saying, I admire Len very much. I always did—and if things had been different with me—I had to keep so busy at *home*—I'd got off on the other foot earlier— So you think I'm all balled up, do you? Sitting there grinning like a Cheshire cat!"

"Father, I'm not *grinning*."

"Grin if you want to—I know *I* would. But I'll tell you one bag of wind that won't have much of a grin when I'm through with him! If I can't write rings around Fred Little I'll go straight out to the barn and hang myself. Oh, *I'll* have fun with it— You can bet your sweet life—If there's anything gives me a pain in what is politely called the neck it's a man who sits in an office on what I won't mention and talks about being as American as a haystack. *Using* us, is he? Exploiting—you're tootin' right it's exploiting. I ain't been exploited yet and I don't aim to be. I'll write Judson too—tell him he can't have any grandpa in his background—not to make a monkey of."

"Oh—be very careful if you write Judson."

"Never was careful in my life, and don't you worry about Judson. The kid may get a kick out of this for a day, then he'll begin to feel things crawling on him."

After that he scarcely knew she was around. "Leave me be," he'd say. He sat there in his dismal workroom, a couple of fingers prodding his old typewriter.

Frances thought of her letter already mailed to Judson. Very busy in Fred Little's machinations, Judson would be in no mood to hear about lifting up the heart in song. She was ready to conclude she'd been a fool again. She could hardly wait to get to New York and tell Steve that never never never would she speak to him again.

It was all so upsetting that only when she and her father started out for town did she realize she was leaving. She had meant to walk down all by herself and visit their old oak—pay her respects. "It doesn't fret itself much," her father said, seeing her looking back at the great tree.

She kept looking at the country through which they were passing, country she had known in all her young years; I had better look *now*, she thought; I will be remembering and wish I had looked. I am always wishing I had looked more at the time; I am always thinking of something at the wrong time. Things escape me and I am forty-four years old.

It was cloudy and probably there would be more snow. This grouping ahead—the Owens': farmhouse, big barn, silo and windmill, looked a little like a Christmas card. But this was no Christmas-card world. These people in the farmhouses—what would go on in their hearts, as snow piled high under their windows? Some of them would get bad news—before corn went in furrow.

At the very last, the train for Chicago about to pull out, looking at her father in his big coat, cap, muffler—Judd Rankin—such a lot came over Frances all at once: all that she knew of him and a sense of much in him unknown to her. Wanting to leave him something, as he stood there alone—feeling she had done so little for him—she called, "Don't forget to *sing.*"

The unexpected words making him think he'd not heard right, as the train was beginning to move, he ran after her, pushing back his cap, cocking his head her way, cupping a hand to his ear; and cupping her hands to her mouth, the train carrying her farther from him, Frances shouted through the gray day, *"Lift up your heart in song."*

THE Mitchells were undecided whether to go to the Cape for Christmas this year; usually they had Christmas there in their own home, the children always clamored for this. More often than not they would have stayed on until after the first of the year, Judson and Madeleine in school after September.

This year Frances and Len had been glad to leave in October—too much had happened. . . "You need a change," Len one day said firmly, so they went down to New York.

Christmas used to be such fun on the Cape. When there was snow the town took on the look of a very animated frosted Christmas card. Your blood ran happy in the woods on a sparkling Christmas day. The savory excitement of roasting the turkey—neighbors dropping in. That was the way it used to be. . . .

Judson had said no to Christmas with them this year, but Madeleine wanted to come and bring a girl from school. Too bad to disappoint Maddie, Len said.

Len had been away when Frances got back from the West. Judson's new work was not in New York and Len had gone to see him. Steve had come to Len, upset about what Fred Little had written, saying he'd never dreamed Fred was going to stage anything like that. Len had thought he should see Judson.

"It's really a very small job he has there," he told Frances. "Little just used his name to fire a few guns. I don't think anything much will come of it."

It seemed hard for him to tell Frances of his talk with Judson. "He—was polite, most of the time. That rather holds one up, you know," Len smiled. "I talked with him as best I could—what I felt about Little, and why. He said he didn't think my own opinions had made a great success of things. I said I thought I was on the right track, but agreed that right thinking had to get a great deal stronger in the world. It would be too bad, I told him, in making a gesture against your father to get some place where you really didn't want to be. And of course he said he'd find out for himself—and of course he'll have to."

"I just can't imagine Judson not resenting the things Fred Little said against you."

"Oh—I can." After a moment, "We might as well face it, my dear. There was no affection for me, and resistance to everything I said. The hard thing for me," Len said unhappily, "was that I felt so sorry for him and—couldn't seem to do anything about it."

Len looked older; there was a new look, a drawn and rather pinched look.

While they were still undecided about Christmas, but inclined not to go, Frances one morning had a bulky letter from Judson. Len was out. She went to her room and shut the door, sat still a frightened moment, and then opened the letter.

"Yours of whatever date it was rates an answer," Judson had written. "Quite a swell letter, Mother—though maybe a little impractical. It was a letter from a swell person—rates a better answer than it's likely to get.

"I certainly went off my beam for a while—not very proud of it, but now that I'm back I think maybe I grew up a little. Seem to have left behind me certain childish things such as mixing my father up with God. But you were always awfully decent to me (add masterpiece of understatement dept.) and I know I was an awful shock to you there at home. Feel I owe it to you to shed a little light.

"The war out on those islands isn't the way you imagine it from a distance. You read about—well, unpleasant things, let us say, but what sounds worst isn't always what gets you down. The things that blew me weren't in anybody's report.

"I'm not going to talk about the war—not now or *ever.* I'd like to get back in it but they say no and who can blame them? I'm just setting out to tell you why I suddenly began to spout poetry, because this isn't quite as batty as it sounds, and may ease your mind.

"Well—hard to know where to begin.

"I made friends. And out there when you're friends at all you're awfully good ones, because everything else is a long way off and out for the time, and there you are—you and this other guy.

"But it seemed very unlucky for a fellow to make friends with me. Dangerous. No sooner would he be friends with me than he would get his. Doc Mac says I mustn't exaggerate and so will say it was only three times this happened.

"The last time was the worst because Red and I had been friends longer and closer and could talk about such a lot of things. Like his being afraid. (So was I and so was everybody afraid but it was a different kind with Red.) He hadn't told anyone else and as he didn't act like it no one else knew. I told him I understood about it and that it would wear away. Think I was really responsible for his death—acting like Father, who understands things and what good does it do? If anybody who understands as much as Father couldn't do anything about things, then he's not so good after all—would you say? You'd say yes he is, but then you never kept hell from popping either, did you, Mother?

"Excuse—but when you're in a war, see a fellow standing up one minute and dropping the next— I was raised among folks supposed to be intelligent and good, and when somebody I knew died, or even if I didn't know him, I'd think about all the talk I've heard, and it really is something of a laugh, don't you think?

"It wasn't the noise got Red so much— It was bushes and jungly stuff where somebody could be unbeknownst to you. Sometimes when we were more or less by ourselves Red would break out in poetry. His mother was a school teacher and used to say it to him. He told me that a lot of the time he was saying poetry to himself; you can see we were more than passing acquaintance or he'd never have told this. Guess poetry was to him like prayers to some others. But Red was no eight-ball, I can tell you, because if you're afraid and go on anyhow—isn't that something?

"SO times when we were together—making for some place, or lying on the ground, if no one else was too close, and if it was all right to talk, he'd just naturally say things he remembered. Seemed funny to hear Shakespeare or the *Skylark* or *Grecian Urn* in a place like that, and looking the way we did. But I knew some too and could make a small contribution. It seemed to distract him—and what harm did it do?

"This day we were in a place nobody would select for an outing; too wet, and smelled. Red and I were by ourselves, in this one little unimportant spot, and the rest of them were going to— But why go into the strategy, which can be an awful bore to a person not in it—also to a person who is.

"We had a hideout, but there were plenty of places around where somebody who didn't like us could be. I was the one who began it this time, and what popped into my head was that ode of Wordsworth's. Had to memorize a lot of it once for cutting class.

"There I was about the glory and the freshness of a dream and the rainbow how it comes and goes and lovely is the rose—just to distract Red you understand. He said, '*That's* right, Mitch,' and then he was off, and he knew quite a bit of it, said his mother had liked it.

"Just then Red thought he heard a sound and said the leaves over there had moved. Nobody had expected trouble where we were—it was over beyond the hill something was looked for, and we were just an in-case measure. I thought Red was imagining things but we were on-the-draw and quiet for a while. Nothing doing—and as Red looked as if the waiting was getting him down, I said I didn't know how the poem went from there, and was any of the rest of it any good? And he began:

"The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way—'

"And was shot then through the face.

"(Went out and had me a cup of coffee. Will continue.)

"Well—so what? If you are going to be shot maybe you might as well be saying poetry. But something about it made me very mad—mad in a way I'd never known anything about before. Not right at first, because of course I was busy. I shot and got that bastard in the bushes. Got another who had just missed me—and was then alone with Red. He didn't die for a minute or two. I said *'Red—'* as if I could rouse him, get him to do something. He looked at me, the blood tumbling out of his mouth, and what he said was 'Jesus—' quietly and in a tone of surprise, mild surprise and not displeased. And then there was just me. And the Ode.

"That turned into a busy day and the day after we engaged them and also they engaged us. I was on the crawl up a little hill, with some others, and all at once something *bothered* me—bothered me so I couldn't stand it. It came over me Red hadn't finished that line—how he looked when he was saying it—how he'd looked afterwards, and I was just *mad*—I couldn't stand it—*that's* all, and I went *running* up that hill, big as life, and I was screaming

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

"Attended. I got it said—see? I was saying it for Red and there wasn't a Jap in the whole wet Pacific could stop me. I felt *good*—screaming it again and again, and behind me Horne, *'Mitch—Down, you fool. Christ, are you crazy?'*—and I sure was, and he tackled me and we had a fight, and then hell was to pay there for quite some time.

"NOW, Mother, this isn't much of a letter—just a rough sketch, but if you know the reasons maybe it will bother you less, and I'm sorry to have bothered you as much as I have.

"I had an idea in my head and now don't know just what it was. If Johnny was afraid of going up high in a tree, then he'd better do it because he was no better than Red. No, *that's* not it, or not all of it. Something, I suppose, about Johnny getting over it—how all of us could get over anything and might as well. And then when he fell it was a crazy kind of accomplishment—though this makes absolutely no sense at all, and I'm sick about Johnny, and I have some ideas about him, from a doctor I talked to. Soon as I get some money—

"I don't know that I'm much sold on Mr. Little and his outfit, but maybe I'd better stick this job for a while. Steve came to see me and talked about what a swell guy Father really is. Maybe—I guess so. But for me Father still—lights dead faces. I mean he ought to have done something about it and when I see his face or think about it I see— *Nuts.* I'm well now so why do I go on like this? But dead faces look—kind of innocent. Look as if this oughtn't to have happened to them. Such thoughts are not really rugged, but I've re-created—would you say?—the kid stories of fellows I've left lying there—long way from home. What did he like to eat I would wonder. See what I mean? And Father— *Nuts.*

"Steve talked a lot about you too. He thinks you are tops. Well, he's got nothing on me. So do I think so.
—JUDSON.

FRANCES had always been scrupulously honorable with the children. If there was something which was only for her, she did not divulge the confidence. They knew this and trusted her.

But leave Len out? It was impossible, it would be impossible to go on together, she knowing and Len outside the reassurance of Judson's letter.

She went into a great spurt of energy and said of course they must go to Provincetown for Christmas. They had a perfect right to travel, they must see about their house. Len said all right—maybe so.

Meanwhile she wrote Judson, asking if she might show the letter to his father. "It simply isn't fair to him. Take my word for it, you would see it this way another time. And if you won't do it for any other reason, will you, please dear, do it for me? I wouldn't know how to go ahead any other way; I simply can't." She told him they were going immediately to Provincetown—see about the house. Perhaps he would come up, and help them.

The day after they got home she had a wire from Judson. "The letter is such a horrible piece of writing fear it will give Father a cramp but use your own judgment though poor. Can't come for Christmas but be merry why not."

At first she stayed in the room while Len was reading the letter, but as she saw he was divulging more than he might wish, she left him alone.

When she went back almost an hour later, pages of the letter had fallen to the floor. He was bent forward and sat there utterly still. As she saw his face, *"Len—"* she breathed.

Slowly he looked up at her. "I do not want to—light dead faces," he said in a voice she did not know.

She knelt by him. *"Darling—* That's only one thing in the letter. It will pass. *You* know—who better?"

He said—so *simply,* "I can't stand it."

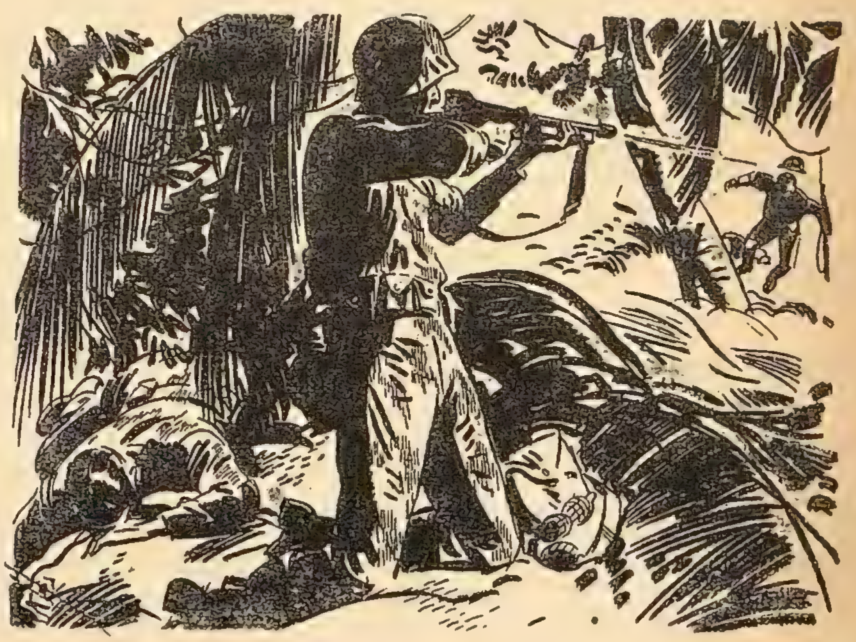
Oh, what have I done? she thought. What can I do? Help me now—*God* help me. *"Please,* dear—*please—"*

He raised his head; slowly he looked around his room, almost as if not knowing it. "I've failed," he said.

"No—"

"As a father—in work—everything."

And she could not move him from this. Her arms around him, though timid, for he did not want her, "Dearest, think of *Judson.* He's—come through."



He turned from her. "Not while he's seeing dead faces —and me."

She cried, "Len! I trusted you to understand. You *always* understand—you *must.* Don't you *see?* He's coming *through."*

"I'm not," he said, a simplicity that left her no words.

IN the town was Christmas excitement. Madeleine came with her friends, the gay hubbub of young people—boys on leave. Like someone making motions Frances went ahead doing the things she used to do. Len would sometimes appear and help her, perhaps not able to be alone, and something about Len putting up greens, hurt to the core, stricken in his heart, but smiling at the young people as best he could . . .

Ma Jason sent for Frances to come and see their tree. "Biggest yet," she said with satisfaction. "Thought I'd write Joe this is the biggest yet—so he can brag to all them boys. But I'll just tell you something, Frances. I'm getting kinda sick of that boy staying way off there!" Frances was standing at the window, dangling a red tissue-paper bell, and she had to smile a little; it was as if Ma was threatening to go right up the street and get that boy home or know the reason why. "Perhaps next Christmas he'll be back," she said, and Ma rejoined, "He better be!"

Frances thought of the unforeseen and forever unseen toll war took. Len . . . a sure steady faith he had had. All through the ages there had been these quiet steady lights—kept burning; and so never yet had there been total darkness.

This she would tell Judson!

With a little smile she thought, Len would probably hate this. He would think it extravagant, exalted. "Naturally a man goes ahead with his work," he would say.

But now? At the moment he was not going ahead with the work he had brought up to the Cape to do. If a man comes to feel he has not been a good father—that hurts right in the center of what has made him go on. *My* fault. I was so glad for Judson—coming through; telling me seemed to mean coming through. I suppose I thought Len could bear anything—he has led me to feel he could. I should have known better—I who know his heart. It was his pride I struck—the *good* pride that makes one go on.

In their room, as they were getting ready for bed that night, "Frances, there is something I want to say to you," Len said.

Frances was pulling down a stocking; afraid to look up, she just remained as she was, bent over.

"I want you to be very close to Judson. Just as close as you can be. Even though it leaves me out."

"It won't leave you out, Len; not for long."

"If it does for all the rest of my life," he went on with a quiet sternness, "I don't want that to make any difference between you and Judson. He needs you, Frances. Be close to him."

"Why—yes, Len; and to you," she added softly.

"I'm just telling you because I know you're very fond of me."

"Oh, you do, do you?" she said tremulously, trying to laugh a little, not let that sob come.

"And if any question of a divided loyalty arises in your mind to trouble you, I'm just telling you—you're for Judson."

"Any time I leave you out, Len, I think I'll be about through, don't you?"

"Please pay attention, Frances. We owe Judson everything. Even you. I even owe him—you."

She sprang up. "Are you crazy? And you're not willing me away—not by a long shot. As long as I live I shall continue to bother the life out of you. And as for Judson, he's my son and naturally I shall do everything in the world I can for him. There's no question of a divided loyalty. You must be nuts."

He caught her to him, held her close—sobbing, just barely. "Be good to him, Frances. You're so wonderful."

"If I'm wonderful—you made me so."

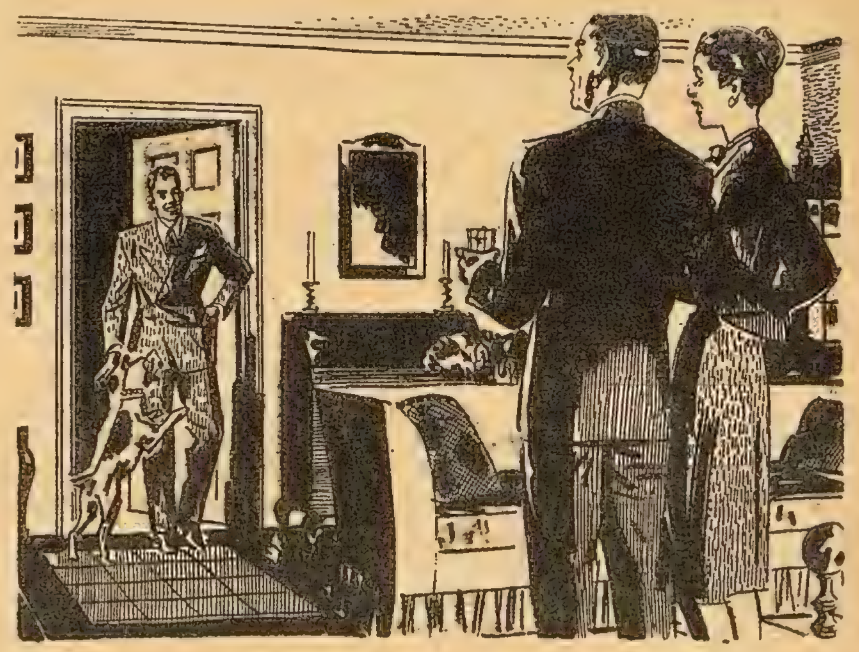
"No, no—that's not true. You'll remember, Frances?"

"I'll remember you—you this moment, as long as I live. I have *sense*, Len—and I know that anyone who can do"—she stepped back a little, her hands on his shoulders, looking right into his face—"can do what you're doing this moment, is *there*, Len—right there—and ever will be."

They looked into each other's eyes. His sadness lifted a little as he smiled, though wearily. "You're so difficult," he said tenderly.

OF course we are not alone in this, Frances would think; all over the land is this determination to have it Christmas. One should not have to be determined about Christmas, but we are holding something. And then Madeleine—mustn't spoil Christmas for Madeleine.

Frances' father had written her: "Think I lammed hell out of them. Going to send my piece along for the edification of the family. Then I want to get it printed where it will be read by a lot of people who will suffer—and by some who'll be glad, I hope. Maybe Len can help me—have a hunch he'll want to. Only reason maybe I failed was your parting injunction about singing. Afraid I felt like that myself—old fool that I am. Nobody ever asked me to sing before. You're a busybody—bless you."



Laughing with the young people who came, going ahead with the many things she had to do—food on hand for Madeleine's friends, drinks for her friends and Len's who dropped in—up to the last she kept hoping Judson would suddenly appear. But now it was New Year's Eve, and he had not been heard from.

Len and she were to go to a party, but after dinner Len asked, "Feel like screaming Happy New Year to all that gang?"

She said there wouldn't be so many—not this year, but as he made no response, and she looked at him, "All right," she said, "I'll say it to you and you say it to me."

"Unless both of us are asleep," he laughed.

He crossed the big kitchen and went into the living-room.

When she returned to the living-room, still having to be doing something, she started to replenish the fire. "Here—let me," Len said. Then stood there by the mantel. "Well—?" he said at last, turning to her with a smile.

"What say a drink?" she asked briskly.

"I'll get it," he said, but just then they heard the sharp click of the gate.

Mike made a dash for the door and set up a furious barking. Then the front door banged and there was a "Hi-y, Mike. Howde, old boy. Now, now—all *right*—take it easy."

In the room they both stood absolutely still. Something—a bag, was dropped in the hall. "Hey there! Anybody home?"—and Judson walked into the room.

"*Judson*—where did you come from?"

"Off the bus," he laughed; "where'd you think?"

Circled by Mike, who was bounding and barking, Judson gave his mother a hug and a good smack. Then, her arm in his, they turned to Len, who had stepped forward but just stood there.

There was an instant of Judson not moving, nor Len, as if each feared he should not be the one. Then, with a little diffidence, and yet very much himself, "Hello, Father. How are you?"

Oh, let it go right. Don't show too much, Len. Just take it as if—

"Hello, Judson. I'm—mighty glad to see you."

They were shaking hands, holding the handshake, Mike all the while making an awful fuss, Judson laughing, "Down now."

"Couldn't make it for Christmas." Judson snatched Mike up to quiet him. "So thought I'd make a break for it now. What do you think? I blew my job—blew it higher'n a kite. I—" He stood hesitant a moment. "Wanted to talk it over with you, Father."

Frances could only turn a little away. She was proud of Len. All he said was, "Good."

"Well—" Judson put Mike down and threw a log on the fire, which didn't need another log. "Got to thinking it over. It's not the kind of a job I want. What I want is to work in a war plant."

"Sounds good," Len said. "I—don't see why not."

"I don't see why not either," Judson said, straddling a chair (when he was home in the summer he had not straddled chairs). "Here am I—all toughened up—let the sissies sit in an office. What I'd like is to get back out there, but if I can't then the next best thing is to keep the stuff moving—wouldn't you say so?"

"I see what you mean," Len said.

"You bet. Look, Mother, suddenly I got—cleared up. I'm all set now. Want to know who did it? Bet you'll never guess."

"A girl with blue eyes," smiled Frances.

"You're way off! It's not eyes, it's *Grandfather*. Darndest thing happened—most cockeyed thing I ever knew in my life—But here—let me show you!" He went back to the hall, out there talking to Mike.

Frances looked at Len; slowly he turned his head to her, and they smiled at one another in a tentative timid way, as if afraid to be happy too soon. And then suddenly Frances cried, "What do you mean *Grandfather?*"

"Just you wait," he laughed. "Coming right up." He was back with a large envelope. "Can you imagine sending it to *me?* Not Mother—not Father—*me.* Says it's for me. Now what do you know?"

"I don't know *what* to know," Frances laughed excitedly. "What's it about?"

"Listen," Judson said. "I think it's the best thing ever written. Now what do you think, Father?"

"Well, I don't know yet," Len laughed.

"You know something, Mother? The old boy just let himself *go*. It sings—like you said."

"I'm glad," murmured Frances, blinking a little and thinking—but can I take so much all at once? "I'm glad if it—sings."

"Sings?" Len asked, a little dubiously.

"You just wait!" cried Judson. "Sit right there and read it!"

She knew that of course Len didn't want to read it now. But what could he do?—his son's first demand on him in a long time.

HE attempted to read it. What a man—he *was* reading it, after the first moment of effort really reading it, even frowning a little at the chatter, as Judson went on telling her how Grandfather had a wrath could strike you dead—wrath like the old prophets, maybe, and out of this *wrath* came the song of the earth—clear to heaven!

Frances backed away. Over in a far corner of the room she sank down in a chair. Now this couldn't be happening. *Judson*—Judson couldn't know all this, couldn't know about a song of the earth clear to heaven.

Her son followed her and sat in the window-seat.

"Judson, what did he *say* that—did so much for you?"

He sat silent a moment. "It wasn't any one thing he said. I just—went along with him. I had been feeling—sort of alone. I thought nobody else knew—certain things. I thought they didn't really care. Well, that's not true. *He* knows. And this makes a difference. You remember I told you about Red—in my letter."

"Yes."

"That—got me. I couldn't stand it, I suppose, so I went crazy, though certainly I hadn't meant to," he laughed. "I like fellows who—keep going. I suppose I was sort of ashamed; and Grandfather—took me out of that. He is all burned up too, but he *does* something about it. And that was—oh, I don't know exactly—that was doing something for me too. And now I know how by myself."

"Of course you do," she said.

"He talks about there being more in us than we know is there. I felt that myself—out in the crazy Pacific, and I felt it in other fellows. After they were dead. It sort of—comes through them. But it came through Grandfather in time. Maybe it's a miracle," Judson said simply. "Why do you look so funny? I thought you believed in miracles, Mother."

She could say nothing. Judson just sat there smiling, there was a pause, until Len said, in a half-absent way, "You're right. It sings."

"But—is it real?" she asked timorously.

"I don't know what you mean, Frances, is it real?" he said in an irritated tone he had for her stupidities. "Is turning the earth real? Is anger real? Is it real to—lift up the heart in song?"

Right this moment, she thought; remember it always as it is this moment—so lovely here in our house tonight: the fire, candles, Mike, Len and my father, Judson *back*, and more than he ever was before. Don't forget this moment when everything came right for us. She looked around the room. And she could see her father, sitting alone this New Year's Eve, or perhaps he was in bed. But he'd done it! You turned the trick, old-timer, her heart said to him.

"God—" Len said softly. "I've waited a long time for somebody to say that." And then, in his more businesslike tone, "Never dreamed he could do it."

"Oh, yes," Frances said, "he can do *anything.*"

"Listen to the woman," Len laughed to Judson; "she hasn't read it."

"I'm starving!" Judson shouted.

AFTER the bustle of getting food, Len and Judson now back in the living-room, Judson with a huge piece of duck and an indelicate slab of mince-pie, as Frances was putting things back in the icebox there came a tap on the kitchen window.

She opened the door to find the youngest Jason boy standing there. "Could you come over to our house?" he asked. "Ma— She got one of those telegrams."

"No. You don't mean—? Not—?"

He nodded, standing out there in the light from the kitchen. "That's right—Joe. They—got Joe." His voice was shaking, but a little important too—boy of ten.

"Oh, Tony— Oh, my *dear.*"

He kept nodding. "Ma—she's kind of upset. We thought if you was to come over—"

"Why—yes." She was a little hesitant. "You mean—now?"

"That's right. Soon's you can." She promised him and he was gone.

Tonight? Of all times for something to happen—just as it's come right for us. Leave this house *now?* Why, I want to be happy. That's what I want—be happy. Haven't I a right—after all I've been through? Oh, I am so sorry about Joe—and for Ma. I'll certainly go down there first thing in the morning—even before breakfast I could go—but *tonight?* Others will be coming to the Jasons', she told herself; Ma won't even know whether I am there. I don't *want* to see that Christmas tree—bigger than they ever had before—all of them there, right in the room—and those *bells*—all those poor paper bells. I *can't*—and what good does it do to do such things to ourselves?

As one scarcely aware what she is doing she went, very quietly, from the kitchen to the little hall that led to the living-room. Here she could hear Judson talking to Len, and stood still for a moment. "I'll tell you how it is out there, Father. They'd give you their shirt. I don't mean just a way of saying it—I mean *shirt*—cloth—what you put on. I've seen five fellows take off five shirts and put them on the fellow had to be kept warm."

"No," Len said, "you've seen four fellows take off four shirts—while you were taking off yours."

"Anyhow," laughed Judson, "it sort of gives you the picture—what life could be like."

She was getting her old coat from the back closet. She wouldn't let them know she was going (she of course had known all the time she was going). If they missed her they would think she had run over to Marianna's. Len would think, now *that's* a hell of a thing to do—tonight of all times.

Frances went out of her house, closing the door softly behind her.

THE END

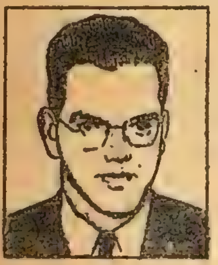
Puzzle 363 4/6/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

SINBAD OF THE COAST GUARD is a highly entertaining book by **George F. Foley, Jr.**, Chief Specialist, U.S.C.G.R., about the most famous dog in the world since Rin-Tin-Tin.

Smuggled aboard the Coast Guard cutter Campbell in 1937, Sinbad, Dog First Class, has been at sea for eight years. One time, after showing great courage during an encounter with an enemy submarine, Sinbad was given a chief's rating. He didn't hold the rating long, however. When the Campbell reached port, press photographers and newsreel men swarmed aboard to take pictures of the new chief. Bored by hours of posing, Sinbad made a break for shore. When he returned he was broken for having left his ship without authorization.



George F. Foley, Jr.

Once in Iceland, Sinbad almost missed the ship—the completely unforgivable offense. "The men pleaded with the skipper to wait for a few minutes—but orders were orders and the ship pulled out of the Iceland harbor.

"When the cutter was a couple of hundred yards offshore, Sinbad appeared breathlessly on the edge of the dock. He hesitated only an instant. Between him and the ship was nothing but freezing water. Yet he dived right in and started to swim after the vessel.

"The skipper was informed that Sinbad was on the shore as soon as the mascot broke into sight on the pier. The men wanted him to turn back.

" 'How can I turn back?' he asked. 'I can't very well say to Headquarters that I turned back just to pick up a dog!'

"But when he saw Sinbad dive into the freezing water and start swimming bravely after his ship he changed his mind.

" 'All right,' he said. 'If that dog wants to come aboard that much, turn the ship around.' "

Children will adore this book and grown-ups will enjoy reading it to them.

Dodd, Mead and Company, N. Y. Price $2.50.

KATHLEEN CARLISLE has proven in **The Rampant Refugee** that almost anything can be funny, even a Japanese prison camp, if you are wacky enough. And she was.

Married in the office of the British Consul General in Shanghai, she and her staid British husband started to drive home—"I got out to stop at the chemist's and pick up some cosmetics.

Kathleen Carlisle

" 'Oh, I have no money,' I said, looking blankly into my empty purse. Sidney pulled out his billfold.

" 'Here you are, pet,' he said, thrusting out a handful of notes. I thrust them back at him.

" 'Don't be silly. I can't take money from you, it wouldn't be nice,' I said primly.

" 'But you're my *wife!*'

"I looked at him and began giggling. 'Hah, hah!' I exclaimed merrily. 'Haha, hah!' And I waved goodbye and walked off down the street, shaking my fool head and laughing raucously."

After a series of adventures in Japanese-held China, Mrs. Carlisle and her baby daughter were evacuated back to the United States. Home again, Kitty Carlisle's attempts to earn a living make ludicrous reading.

E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

■	S	C	A	B	■	■	B	I	N	G	L	E
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P	I	S	T	O	L	■	L	O	O	T	E	R
S	N	E	E	Z	E	■	■	S	E	E	D	■

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Large man with socks appeal
11 What horses don't do on men
14 It'll be free any century now
15 Waldorf on water
16 Mineral roe (anag.)
17 Nose Nuzzlers (abbr.)
18 Working-class atoms
20 Horse with a radiator cap
22 Where youth enters with reluctance
24 De-itcher
26 What Lady Macbeth wanted dry-cleaned
27 Nature's nylon
29 The bellyache food
31 What a lot of nasty things're done for
33 Plus zeros
35 Hun handle
37 They never seem to get settled, have ups and downs
38 Try and get a room in one!
40 Sunned the bedding and opinions
42 What gals don't like to be called after forty
43 Exclamation used a lot in dentistry
44 Indoor B-29s
47 Lovesick Elephants (abbr.)
48 World's most peaceful fighting organization (abbr.)
50 Union member
51 What this department always does (ahem!)
53 Super twills
55 Ember dust
56 Place where they play Rugby
57 Gamboling place
59 Red A.P.
61 Excess express
64 Back seat
66 Large-sized female dog
68 Mons. Levy of sartorial fame
69 What Rockefeller does to $1 bills, and the average man does to bills
72 Musical dictator (not Petrillo)
74 It wasn't filled with Huey Long (abbr.)
75 Meet old Booze Whoozis!
76 This has an electric sound to it
78 What the cooking at the Greasy Spoon lacks
80 A real good woman (abbr.)
81 Booze Who for 1946 (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Little things thrown out by people who want to go to bed
2 This makes me tired
3 It asks you to come buy sometime (abbr.)
4 Keep up with the Joneses
5 Darn this!
6 She's just a big fat cow who's made a name for herself
7 A couple of words from a dictator
8 "What's —— ?" asked the elk
9 Egg plants
10 Nose dives
11 Devices for warming baby dogs (as Shane spells it)
12 Blunder
13 State of the Union (and a Hull of a good one, too!)
19 Yuttutuh-yuttutuhs
21 They're good in a pinch
23 This left a black mark on his record
25 Prewar whaleboat
28 Gals give it the double-cross
30 Toscanini's strong point
32 Tuxedo with a seat cover
34 'Ot spots
36 Never Exhale Onions (abbr.)
38 Old Timer
39 This is possessive
40 Stop doing that, sailor!
41 Catty cussword
45 That Greek gal from Decatur
46 In the spring Pittsburgh's just covered with this
49 Tinker with the human plumbing
52 E pluribus word
54 What John Lewis does through his eyebrows
56 Seen a slave? (anag.)
58 Kinda nosy
60 Bone-crushing material
62 One of the wise men
63 Received vibrations auricularly
65 Defrosting center for frozen seas of matrimony
67 Highland seer tongue
70 High-brow gag
71 Last thing heard from the Jap Navy
73 Hardhearted old thing
77 What I got from seeing The Lost Weekend (abbr.)
79 A Day that Shall Live in Famy (abbr.)

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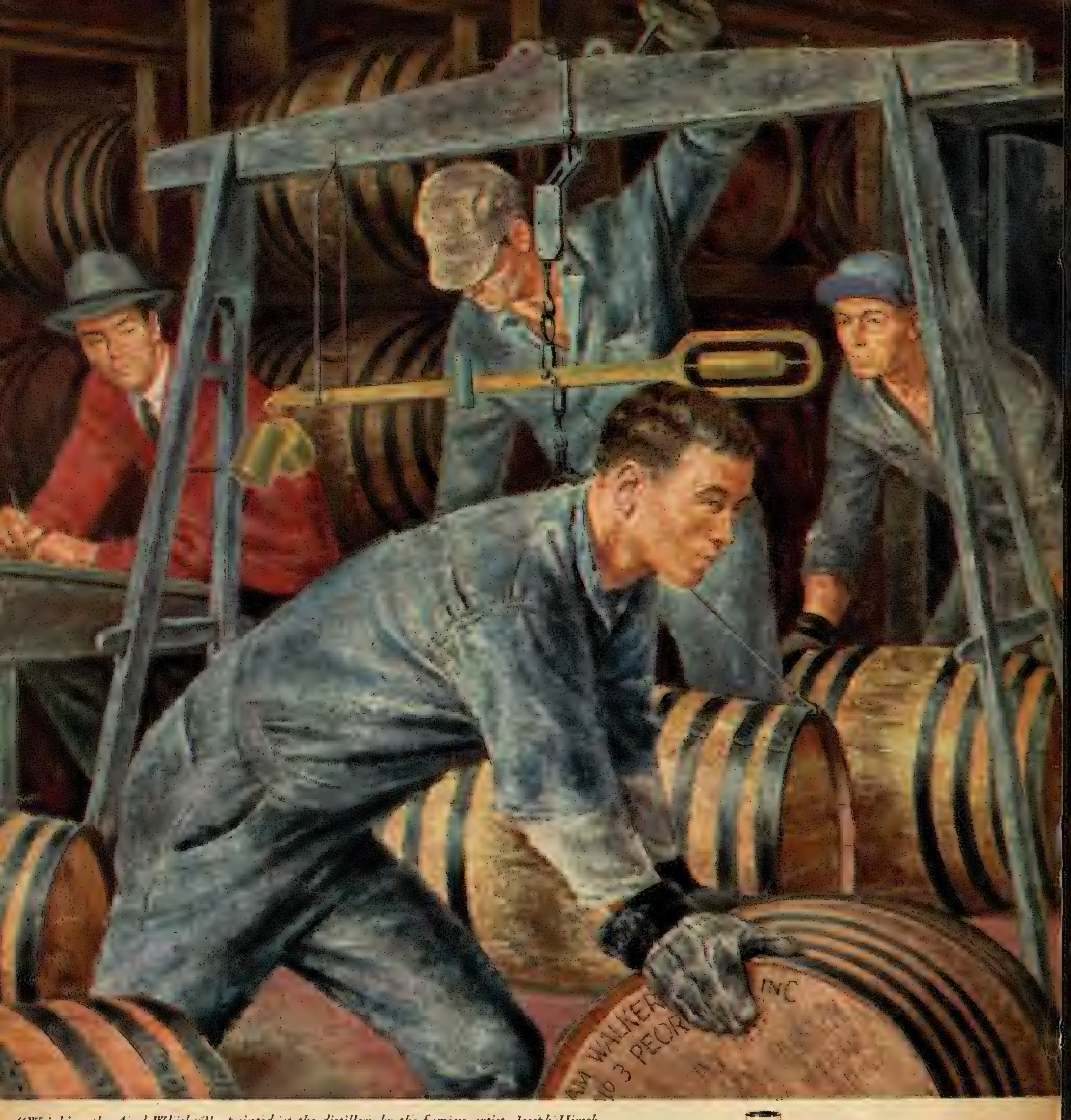
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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"Weighing the Aged Whiskey"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Joseph Hirsch

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86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

ART FOR HITLER'S SAKE

Continued from Page 19

had picked out and where it was sent.

After the liberation of Paris, Mlle. Valland gave lists of shipments to the American Monuments officers. She also gave them the names of Germans she had seen around the museum, so they could be rounded up and questioned. She even made a trip to Neuschwanstein to help start the loot back.

THE Nazis made a point of "correctness." That is, when they acquired paintings from Aryans they paid for them—in French francs levied on the country for occupation expenses. And they respected public collections, such as the Louvre's, with a few exceptions. The Winged Victory of Samothrace and the Mona Lisa were stored at a chateau in central France by the regular Louvre staff, and came back after the war, undamaged. The nickname "Venus Fixers" applied to the Monuments officers by the G.I.s is really a misnomer: they didn't have to fix the Venus de Milo.

When the Nazis made exceptions from their policy, they made big ones. They tried to get their hands on a Bayeux tapestry, for one thing. This is a long strip of linen which Queen Matilda and her maidens are said to have embroidered with scenes of the Norman invasion while Matilda's lord, William the Conqueror, was away in England in 1066. The Nazis had it shipped to the Louvre, whence it was to be reshipped to Germany. But the Louvre officials stalled them until Paris was liberated.

Hitler, however, made off with another national treasure—the fifteenth-century van Eyck altarpiece, The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb. A large centerpiece with a number of smaller panels, it stands in peacetimes behind the altar of the Ghent Cathedral. The painting portrays the Apocalyptic Vision of St. John, with the Lamb of God as the central figure, and a vast number of Biblical characters.

In 1940 the Belgian government started this and other treasures on the way to the Vatican for safekeeping. The Italian declaration of war caught it in France, and it was stored in the museum at Pau. The French and Belgian authorities signed an agreement with Franz Wolff, Count Metternich, head of the German Army's art-protection unit, that it was not to be released without the prior written consent of all three.

But Metternich reckoned without Hitler and Göring, both of whom coveted the treasure. In 1941 Göring demanded it from the Pau museum without success, but the next year Hitler sent four emissaries, an empty truck, and an order from Abel Bonnard, the Vichy Minister of Fine Arts. This time the conservator surrendered it. Discovery of the theft caused a great furor in French art circles. Metternich, himself a German of some taste, kicked up such a row that he was fired.

The altarpiece was found last spring in a salt mine at Alt Aussee, in northern Austria, as part of the great cache of art intended for Hitler's memorial museum. German Nazis, Austrian Nazis, members of the Austrian resistance movement, and plain salt miners were still playing cops and robbers when Captain Robert K. Posey, Monuments officer with the Third Army, arrived. The Nazis had planted explosives in the mine, intending to blast and flood it to keep the treasure from the Americans. The resistance members removed the explosives and blocked the six entrance galleries by setting off smaller charges. This kept out the Nazis until the Americans arrived.

The hoard was astounding. There were a marble Madonna and Child by Michelangelo stolen from a church in Bruges, and another Belgian treasure, the fifteenth-century panels from a Louvain altar by Dierick Bouts. Among objects Hitler is reported to have paid cash for were Jan Vermeer's portrait of himself in his studio at Delft, and Portrait of a Man by Hans Hemling. Then there were rack after rack of looted oils, water colors, etchings, engravings, statuary, armor, furniture, tapestries, coins, and books. Missing objects from Monte Cassino turned up in the swag. Packed by Lieutenant James L. Stout, a naval officer formerly with the Fogg Museum at Harvard, it was all shipped to Munich.

The cache consisted of 10,500 separate objects or cases. Perhaps when they are all counted the items will total 100,000.

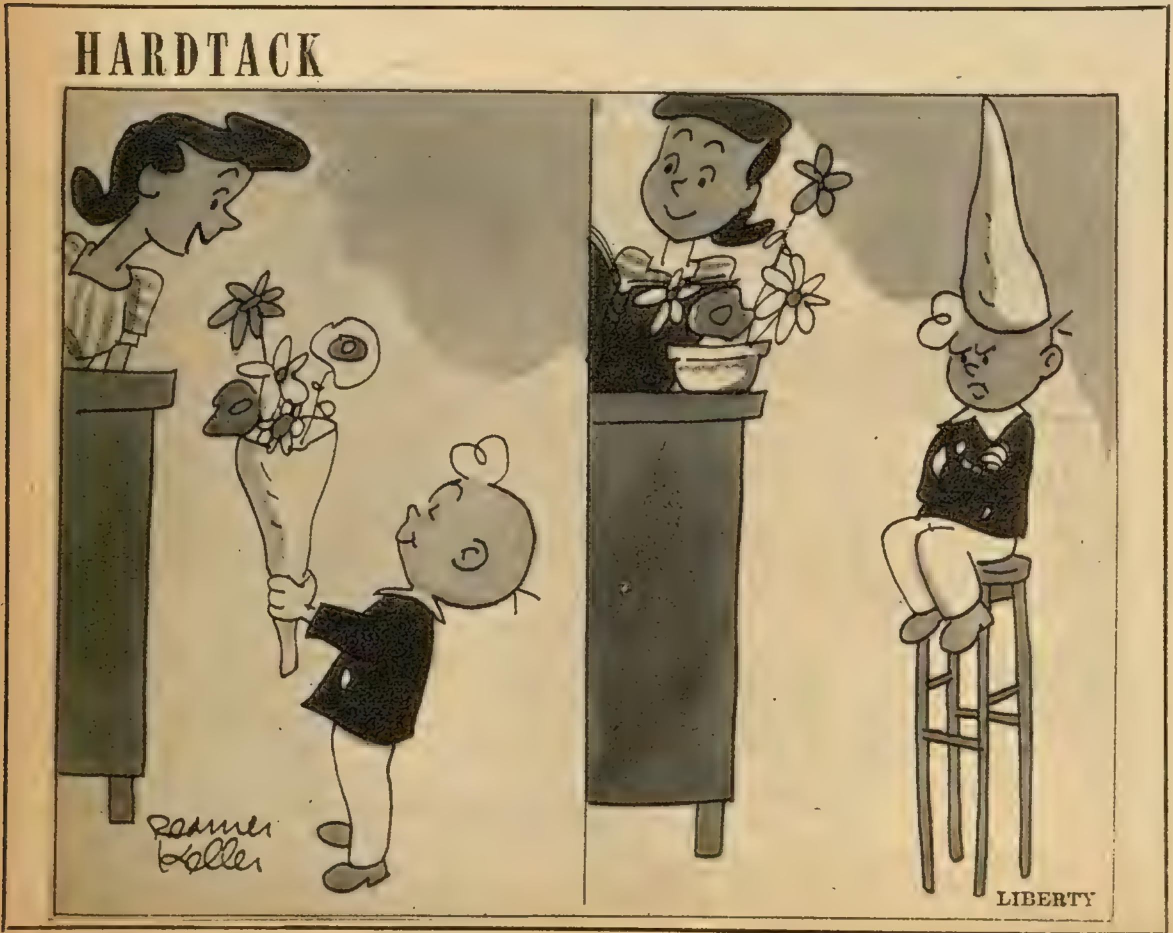
IF a Nazi was uncertain as to quality, he went in for quantity, and a masterpiece in the mine might be leaning against an atrocity. Hitler's own taste ran to local scenes of his boyhood in that area. A nominal memorial to Klara Poelzl Schicklgruber Hitler, it would certainly have stood, if the Germans had won, as a memorial to the great neurotic himself.

In his will, discovered last December, Hitler disclaimed any selfish intent. "The paintings in the collections bought by me during the years were never assembled for private purposes," he wrote, "but solely for the establishment of a picture gallery in my home town of Linz on the Danube." "Bought" is hardly the word. Hitler's plan was to rebuild all of Linz, the third city in Austria. He always resented its being overshadowed by Vienna. Grounds for the Führer Museum were to have been made by clearing four square kilometers in the present railroad yards. The collection would have been the largest in the world.

As every piece of loot was theoretically at the disposal of the Führer, Göring often had to take second choice. His collection, consisting of more than 2,000 pieces, included many secondary works of such painters as Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Frans Hals. One group caused snickers when the collection fell into American hands. They were erotic paintings by Boucher, showing lighter moments in the lives of the shepherds. He executed them for the private apartments of Mme. de Pompadour, who wished to amuse the bored King Louis XV.

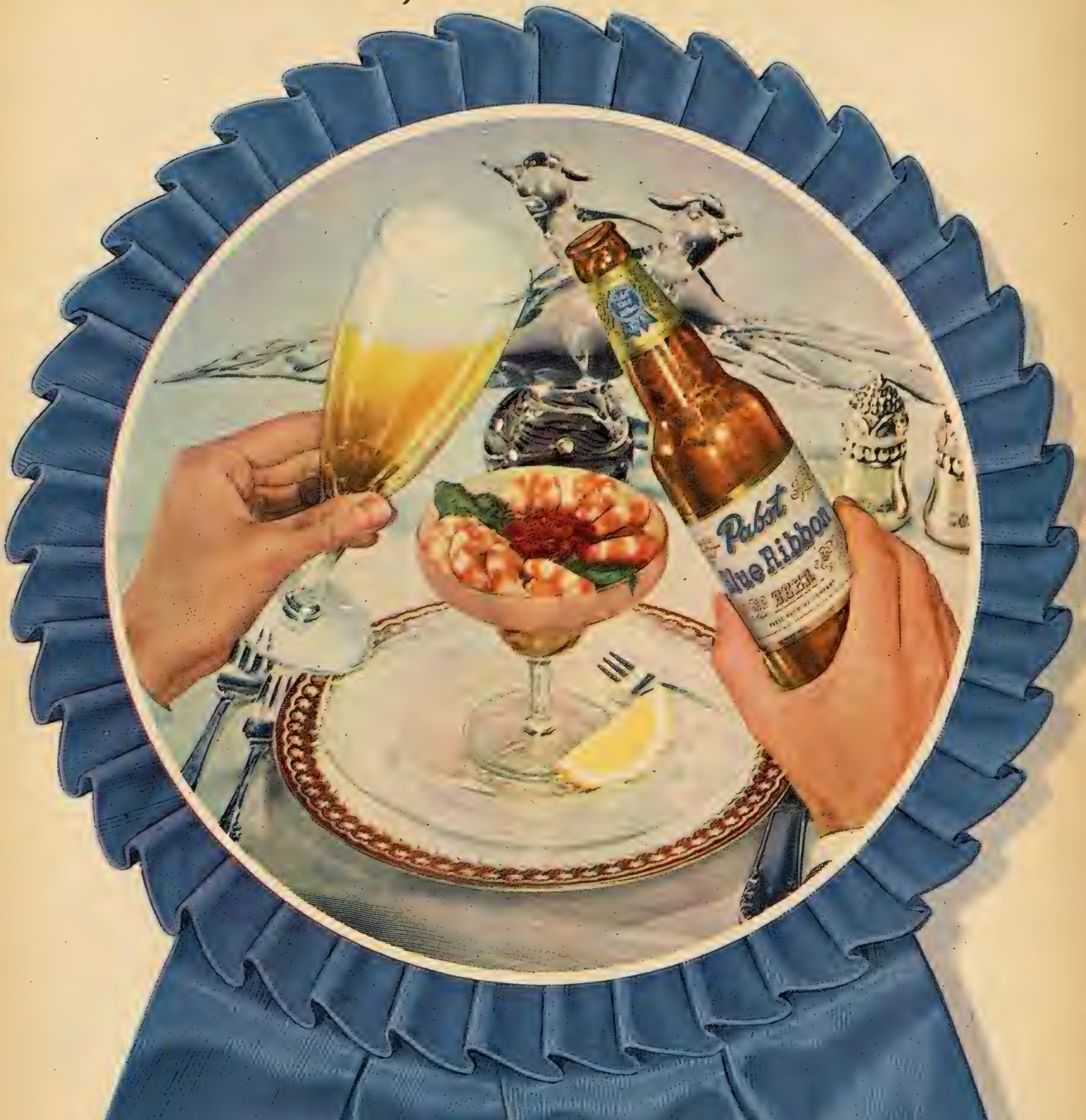
Göring first evacuated his art from Karinhall, near Berlin, to his castle of Veldenstein on the Pegnitz River in northern Bavaria. Thence it was sent, when conditions got more desperate, in an air-conditioned train to

(Continued on page 50)



33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Order it with Confidence . . . Serve it with Pride


Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:00 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST

(*Continued from page 48*)

Berchtesgaden, where the 101st Airborne Division found it.

Both the Hitler and Göring collections are in the big American collecting point in Munich, operated in two grandiose Nazi buildings, the Führerbau (where the Munich pact of 1938 was signed) and the party headquarters. Aided by a staff of more than 300 Germans and representatives of the principal looted countries, Monuments officers are sorting the swag. The Munich material may run to 200,000 or 300,000 items, and there are three other principal collecting points.

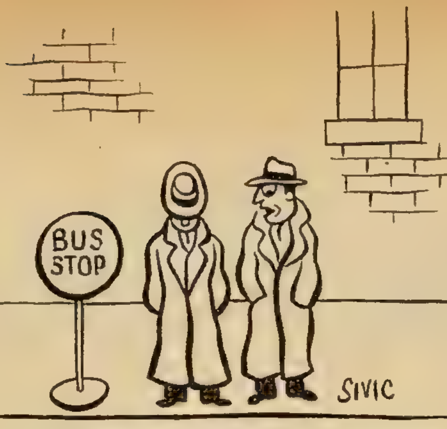
The job of returning the loot is pleasant, and brings America a lot of kudos. The van Eyck altarpiece was formally accepted from the American Ambassador, Charles Sawyer, by the Prince Regent of Belgium last September 3, the first anniversary of the liberation of Brussels. Captain Posey and other Monuments officers were awarded the Order of Leopold.

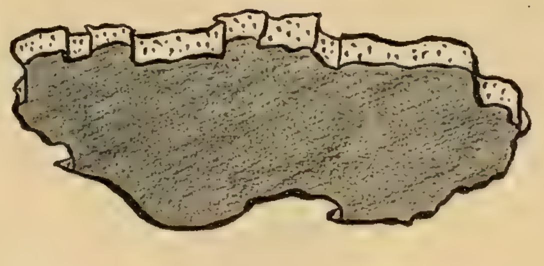
Other restitutions followed. The French got back the Strasbourg Cathedral glass and the Metz Cathedral treasure. Both had been removed by the Germans—for safety, not as loot, for they regarded Alsace-Lorraine as German. Twenty-five Dutch paintings were flown back to The Hague for the Rijks Museum. Paintings and army museum objects went back to Prague. And at this writing another altarpiece of great national importance, the work of Veit Stoss, is awaiting return to Cracow in Poland.

OF high political importance also are crown jewels. The Hungarian royal regalia, including the Crown of St. Stephen, fell into American hands in an unusual way. They were turned over by a Hungarian colonel and a dozen soldiers who had fled with them before the Russians. The Nazis were of no mind to surrender theirs. At Nuremberg they had the crown jewels of the Holy Roman Empire, taken from Vienna after the union with Austria. The central object was the crown of Charlemagne, which according to tradition Pope Leo III placed on that monarch's brow at Rome on Christmas Day in the year 800.

When the Americans got to Nuremberg last spring they found only the robes and minor regalia — the crown, scepter, and other chief treasures had vanished. Lieutenant Walter Horn, Monuments officer, was fed various stories. One was that they had been sunk in a German lake. He remained skeptical and finally Nuremberg officials admitted the crown jewels were walled up in a cellar across the street. And that's where they were found.

The Prussian crown jewels had been placed in a sort of shrine with the bones of Frederick the Great and Frederick William the Great Elector, and those of Marshal Hindenburg and his wife, deep in a salt mine in central Germany. Paintings and flags were arranged around them by the German Army officers in the plot, and the passage was sealed off with a heavy concrete wall. But an American soldier stumbled on the Wehrmacht's secret.





"Crowded, wasn't it?"
LIBERTY

The Holy Roman Empire jewels were ordered returned to Vienna. Decision on the others was reserved. At any rate, the Prussian crown jewels can't be permitted to fall into the hands of Nazis or survivors of the German general staff, as seed for a future war.

We are trustees for certain German-owned art without political significance which has been brought to this country under a pledge by President Truman to restore it to its owners when conditions permit. He announced that certain perishable objects not readily identifiable as loot would be stored in the United States as long as necessary to ensure their physical safety or until they could be returned to their rightful owners. Last December the first shipment arrived, consisting of the 200 masterpieces of painting found in the Merkers mine. There were fifteen Rembrandts, and works of Botticelli, Dürer, Frans Hals, Hans Holbein, Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Tintoretto, Jan van Eyck, Velasquez, Vermeer, and Watteau.

The paintings are being stored in the air-conditioned vaults of the National Gallery of Art. Inasmuch as they were being housed safely enough in a repaired museum at Wiesbaden, transfer of this particular lot to this country caused some curiosity. And more recently some distinguished figures in American art circles criticized the removal as unethical. The shipment was a matter of White House and State Department policy, and not of decision by Monuments officers. American officials denied that there was any significance in the fact that the Kaiser Friedrich Gallery, from which they came, is in the Russian zone.

Other art has come to this country, but quite unofficially. Every American is by nature a souvenir collector. So it's not surprising that a New England museum was recently offered a collection of coins by a former G.I. They were obviously from a German museum. In the Middle West a serviceman's mother offered a university library an old book which he had sent her. It turned out to be from Monte Cassino, and the F.B.I. was notified.

When Monuments officers got to Berchtesgaden, after French and American soldiers had been through it, all the silver had disappeared. One of Hitler's silver services later turned up in the possession of an officer's mother in Connecticut. A second set was reported in Delaware. They probably aren't art, but G.I.s are supposed to turn them in.

Apparently brass hats aren't exempt. A party of 150 officers from the Control Council in Germany was shown through the collecting point at Frankfort, and after they had gone three objects were missing.

MONUMENTS officers sometimes rejoice that pieces of art under their care are too big to go into even Paul Bunyan's duffel bag. An example is Cosimo I, first Grand Duke of Tuscany.

One day last February, Italian villagers who live along Highway 66 leading toward Florence looked out of their second-story windows to see opposite them an American G. I. astride the neck of an enormous bronze horse. The villagers cheered, for they recognized the mount of their beloved Cosimo, on its way back to the Piazza della Signoria, where it had stood for 350 years.

The soldier's duty was to raise telegraph wires with a stick if they threatened to catch on the horse's ears. When the six-ton animal wouldn't go under a bridge, the Americans lowered the road. Behind the tank trailer carrying the horse came a truck in which lay Cosimo himself. For part of the way the procession had to go along the crown of the road, stopping traffic in both directions. At the city limits of Florence it was met by M.P.'s, who escorted the vehicles in triumph to the Piazza.

The Italians are touching up Cosimo to repair minor damage. But their chief artistic losses in this war of bombs, and the losses of Europe as a whole, were in things that couldn't be moved: religious and other buildings of great beauty and antiquity.

The movables fared better. Paintings, for instance, despite carelessness and some wanton destruction, suffered remarkably little. Much credit is due the American civilian and military units and their Allied counterparts for their efforts, unique in warfare, to preserve Europe's art for the world—even for the enemy.

THE END

"No more refrigerator worries! We're getting a Servel!"

says Claire Trevor *co-star of* **"CRACK-UP,"** *an RKO Radio Picture*

Claire Trevor says: "Lots of our friends have had Servel Gas Refrigerators for years. And they *all* tell us Servel never makes a sound. Never gives any trouble. They say that's because it has the *simplest* of all freezing systems! So, now that we can replace our noisy old refrigerator, we're getting a Servel!" Like this lovely star and mother, *you* can kiss good-bye to refrigerator worries with a Servel. As 2,000,000 happy owners know, "It stays silent, lasts longer."

No noise (and no wear!). The reason? There's *not a single moving part* in the freezing system of Servel. No machinery that *can* wear or get noisy. Silently and efficiently, a tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that makes cold and ice. This simpler operation means longer life, continued low operating costs.

Look how roomy! You'll market less often, be able to store more food, with your new Servel. Every inch of storage space works for you. And there are suitable temperatures for keeping meats, vegetables and frozen foods. Come see the beautiful new models! They're at your Gas Company today.

Stays silent . . . lasts longer

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GAS REFRIGERATOR

SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
SERVEL AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER
SERVEL [illegible] GAS KITCHENS

Servel also runs on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Write Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King St. W., Toronto 1, Ont.

THE HOME FRONT

LAUNDRY
Lariar

"Little early today, aren't you?"

LIBERTY

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SAM BUNDY

Continued from Page 25

the chores," Sam Bundy called, "just sing out. Any time."

Ma spoke up quick and cheerful. "Why, thanks, we will!" She gave a tug at pa's sleeve. Pa looked at her. He was still frowning but he quit talking to the old man. Instead, he helped ma carry bundles into the kitchen. After I'd had another good look at Sam Bundy—he was the first live buffalo hunter I'd ever seen—I took in a few bundles, too.

"No need to fret," ma was saying to pa bright and easy. "He don't seem like there's any harm to him."

"I just don't like it," pa said.

Ma tucked back hair that was as light colored as mine. "Well, it won't do any good to stew," she said. "You better get on with the milking."

WHILE pa was in the barn she didn't talk much. She seemed kind of thoughtful. Once, while she tied on her apron, she went to the front door to look across the road. I told her how the old man used to be a buffalo hunter, and she nodded, but she didn't pay much mind to that. When pa came back with the milk pails, she said in a slow way, "You know, Dan, it must feel terrible lonely to be by yourself when you're so old."

Pa just grunted.

"I wonder," ma said, "if he's got any folks."

"Now, Millie," pa said, "if you're fixing to ask him and get yourself mixed up in his troubles—"

"I'm kind of sorry for him," ma said. "He looks so—gentle like and sad."

"Sad!" pa said. "Why, the man sits there wagging his toes like he owns the world! What's sad about him?"

"I don't know—it's just a feeling I get." By that time ma had a potato and a paring knife in her hands, but she looked at the window. "You know what, Dan? Maybe I'll send him some supper."

"I was afraid we'd get to that," pa said. He was frowning again. "I just hope he don't hang around that shack too long!"

I GUESS Pa didn't hope hard enough, because a few months later, when Thanksgiving came around, Sam Bundy was still across the road.

Ma fixed a big turkey dinner with chestnut stuffing and asked Uncle Pete and Aunt Sally to come eat with us. My Uncle Pete runs the Hokeville Press. He always had a funny ink smell around him and he was about as fat as a man can get to be, I reckon. You should've seen him pack away that turkey. The napkin tucked in his collar was full of gravy. There was gravy on his chin, too.

"What's happened to the other wing?" he asked, looking around the platter.

Pa kind of sighed. "Millie's got it put aside for Mr. Bundy."

That was how they got to talking about Sam.

Aunt Sally said she didn't see how any decent Christian could live in that shack, and how come nobody ever made him get out anyway?

"It's just that nobody's bothered," pa said. "The lawyer who's supposed to run Mrs. Berry's property never comes down from New York. After he sold her house in the village, he most likely forgot about the shack. Nobody's thought to write him—and I don't know as he'd do anything about it anyhow."

Ma said in a quiet way, "Reason nobody's complained about Sam Bundy is he minds his own business."

"But, Millie," Aunt Sally said, big-eyed, "the man's always getting *drunk!* He was drunk over to the firehouse with Toby Rackam only last week. I saw him myself!"

"Lots of people get drunk," ma said. She looked straight and hard at Uncle Pete. "Lots of people."

Uncle Pete kind of choked on what he was chewing, and while he reached for the water his face got to be the same color as the cranberry sauce. After that thev didn't talk any more about how Sam Bundy got drunk. I wanted to tell how I liked it when he was drunk, because that was when he told the best stories about buffalo and Indians and such. Only I didn't say anything about it, because Aunt Sally always claimed children should be seen and not heard.

"Anyhow," Aunt Sally said, "I don't see how the man stands it in that shack. It must be terrible cold and leaky."

"Why, no," pa said. "Not any more. He's put new tar paper on the roof, and he's got a pot-bellied stove in there now, and a cot, too. I reckon he's pretty snug. He even fixed up a broken chair he found."

"Stoves and cots don't grow on trees," Uncle Pete said. "Where'd he get the money for all that?"

"Oh, chores."

"I never saw him do any honest work," Aunt Sally said. "Every time I see him he's hanging around the firehouse with Toby Rackam."

"Well, he's helped out some at the Fosters' and the Millers' down the road," pa said. "And he's got a sort of job around the hospital now and then—cellar work mostly, tending the furnace. He puts in maybe one or two days a week, but I reckon that gives him all the money he needs. Rest of the time he sits around the shack or the firehouse and smokes his pipe." Then pa grinned and shook his head. "He sure has Millie worried."

Pa sounded like he felt good after that fine dinner.

"You know how Millie is," he said to Uncle Pete. "She's just *got to know* about people. She's tried every way you can think of to find out about Sam Bundy—where he came from, who his folks are, and all that. But he won't tell a thing. It's giving Millie gray hair."

Ma said to me, "Johnny, why don't you switch on the radio? There must be some good Thanksgiving programs on."

So I did, and ma gave pa a look, and they didn't talk any more about Sam Bundy.

ABOUT seven o'clock, while I watched pa and Uncle Pete play checkers, I saw the lantern light go on in the shack across the road. It always gave me a cozy feeling, kind of neighborly, to see the yellow light under the oak tree. Soon as I ran into the kitchen to tell ma about it, she handed me the big tray of Thanksgiving dinner.

I carried it to the shack, walking slow and careful, and there was Sam Bundy, bent over, getting a fire started in his stove. He kept blinking, like he was seeing double. The whisky smell was on him.

"Ma sent this," I said.

Sam looked at the tray I set down on the cot. He looked at the turkey wing and the white meat, at the chestnut stuffing, at the cranberry sauce. He looked at the pot of coffee and the big slab of mince pie. For quite a spell he didn't say anything. I got to thinking again how skinny he was and how gray the whiskers made his face. He must've been pretty drunk, all right, because all of a sudden he had to hang on tight to the chair.

"Johnny," he said, "your ma's a good woman. Your ma's the best woman I ever met."

"I'll tell her that," I said.

He sounded hoarse, like the time he told me about the ten-foot ghost he saw one night in the Black Hills. "Times like this, Johnny," he said, "I get to wishing there was something I could do for your ma."

I thought that over. "Well, there is," I said. "You could quit making ma get gray hair."

Sam puzzled over that. He said, "Huh?"

"Pa says she's getting gray hair on account of you don't tell about your folks."

"Oh," Sam said, real slow. "That."

I remembered something ma had talked about once to pa, and I thought I better pass it along. "Gee," I said, "if anything was to happen to you, like dying, ma wouldn't even know who to write to."

"No reason to write, Johnny," Sam said. "I got nothing to leave anybody when I die. Not one single damn thing anybody can be proud of, Johnny. It won't make any difference to anybody if I'm dead."

Then he patted my shoulder.

"You go home, Johnny," he said, "and let me eat my Thanksgiving dinner without any ghosts."

MY uncle Pete always tells folks about what the war did to Sam Bundy, but pa says it wasn't only the war, it was ma too. It surprised everybody when Sam got to be the air-raid warden on our road.

Pa felt real sore about it. "What kind of a warden is that?" he said. "He's over seventy if he's a day! What's more, he—"

"Sam'll make out all right," ma said. She was in the kitchen, mixing dough for pies. "Matter of fact, I spoke up for him, Dan."

Pa's eyes got big. "*You?*"

"I was helping out in the Civilian Defense office," ma said, "when Sam came in to ask about being a warden. It seemed like Mr. Snyder was going to throw him out. So I got Mr. Snyder aside and talked to him, and Sam's going to have a chance."

Pa spread his legs and shoved his fists into the pockets of his jeans. "Millie," he said, "have you lost your head?"

"I think it'll be fine for Sam," ma said. "It'll make him feel like he's a regular citizen of Hokeville and the town's counting on him to do an important job. He won't feel like a tramp any more."

Pa looked at ma for a long time. He watched her keep on mixing.

"Millie," he said, "I don't know if you're the finest woman ever lived or plain crazy."

Ma just smiled at her dough.

Sam turned out to be a good air-raid warden all right. Every time we had a practice alert, Toby Rackam would set off the firehouse siren and let it go like mad for a whole minute. Mostly it happened at night. Sam would put on his tin helmet and grab his flashlight. First off he'd run across the road to our house. "Lights out!" he'd yell. "Lights out!" He'd go all around our house, front and back, to make sure no lights were showing. Then he'd run down the road to the Fosters' place to do the same, and we could hear his whistle in the dark. And after that he'd go

BILL SCORED A DOUBLE HIT WHEN...
STOP THAT MAN! HE'S A THIEF!
BULL'S EYE!
BOARDING "THE LIMITED" ON THE LAST LEG OF HIS LONG TRIP HOME, SGT. BILL REVEL SEES A MAN LEAP FROM THE NEXT CAR AND...
YOU'RE A FAST THINKER, SERGEANT. I COULD NEVER REPLACE WHAT'S IN THAT WALLET
NEVER THOUGHT I'D USE MY GUNNERY TRAINING LIKE THIS
LUNCHEON WITH YOU, SIR? I'M NOT VERY PRESENTABLE AFTER ALL NIGHT IN A PLANE
NONSENSE! CLEAN UP RIGHT HERE
KNOCK ON MY DOOR WHEN YOU'RE READY, DAD
WHAT A SMOOTH-SHAVING BLADE! MY FACE FEELS GREAT!
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE ALWAYS PEPS A FELLOW UP
THEN IF YOU WENT TO DALTON CENTRAL HIGH, YOU MUST KNOW MY COUSIN KEN AMES!
I SURE DO. WE PLAYED FOOTBALL TOGETHER
HE'S CERTAINLY HANDSOME
WHEN YOU'RE ALL RESTED UP, BILL, DROP IN AT THE BANK. I HAVE SOMETHING THAT MAY INTEREST YOU
THANK YOU, SIR. I SURELY WILL
SHE'S A PEACH
SHOW UP WITH A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE, BILL
THERE ARE NO EASIER-SHAVING, KEENER BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD THAN THIN GILLETTES. THEY LAST FOR ONE SMOOTH, QUICK SHAVE AFTER ANOTHER. AND BECAUSE THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T", YOUR FACE IS PROTECTED AGAINST THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES... ALWAYS
Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

on to the Millers' and the Craigs', and all the way down the road for pretty near a mile to the Naylands'.

He sure worked hard those nights. I guess he hadn't worked so hard since he'd chased buffalo. Even pa said he was doing all right.

Queer thing was he didn't get drunk any more. He must've had enough money for it, because he was still doing chores over at the hospital.

ONE night when I was in the shack with him, sitting on the floor next to the stove, I got to wondering about it. The war had gone on maybe two years then, and I was pretty near twelve, and Sam had started telling me grown-up stories. He'd just told one about how he'd paddled forty miles down the Big Bend with a bullet in his back, and nothing to keep him going except a jug of whisky.

So I asked, "Don't you like whisky any more?"

"Sure," he said. "I like it fine."

"Then why don't you drink it, the way you used to?"

"Well," he said, "a warden's got to watch himself, Johnny. Got to keep his wits about him with so many folks counting on him. Never can tell *when* that old siren'll go off. When she blows, I don't aim to get caught with liquor slowing me down."

I told ma about it later, thinking she'd be pleased. But ma wasn't one way or the other about it. She just nodded.

I knew what was eating ma, because sometimes pa teased her over it. She still hadn't been able to find out a thing about Sam Bundy's folks. No matter how much she asked, Sam wouldn't tell.

Ma wasn't satisfied. She said to pa, "I wish *you'd* have some feelings about it! You've never so much as lifted a finger to help me find out about Sam!"

"Well, Millie," pa said, "I always sort of felt like he's yours. I got other things to worry about."

So ma got nowhere.

Then the war got finished, and we didn't have any more air-raid alerts or any more wardens. The night everybody was celebrating, Sam got drunk again, over at the firehouse, with Toby Rackam. Some folks say he got so drunk that by the time he started home, about ten o'clock, he couldn't think any straighter than he could walk.

Anyhow, that was the time Toby Rackam made up his mind only one thing was missing to make the celebration right. Hokeville needed noise. So Toby set off the fire siren. He let her go like she'd never gone before, for three full minutes, till some of the volunteers got into the firehouse and pulled Toby away and shut her off.

I guess maybe Sam couldn't think straight, at that, when he was so drunk, because when he heard the siren go he must've forgot the war was over. He must've thought it was another alert. That's what everybody claims, anyhow, because all of a sudden Sam started running for home like mad. And folks who saw him told how his eyes got all lit up and how, every house he passed, he yelled, "Lights out! Lights out!" When he got to the post office he fell, and somebody tried to help him up and make him quit running. But Sam kept yelling, "Got to get to my post! Got to get to my post!" He shoved the man away and ran on again, fast as he could go, only it wasn't very fast because Sam was kind of reeling. He got about a quarter of a mile past the post office when his heart gave out and he fell for the last time.

WE heard about it in the morning. Pa came running into tell ma how they'd taken Sam Bundy to the hospital and how it looked like Sam might be dying. And pa said Sam was asking to see ma and me.

We washed up quick and piled into the flivver. Pa drove us to the hospital. All the way ma's face was white. She sat stiff and straight, not saying anything. When we got there, the doctor said to be sure and leave in five minutes. Ma just nodded.

TO THE NEW JET-PROPELLED PLANE

Zipping through the stratosphere,
We'll be there before we're here—
If we leave today on a China flight,
We land in Chungking late last night!
—*Helen G. Sutin.*

It was queer how small Sam looked when you measured him under the covers. His face seemed skinnier than ever, and the way his whiskers lay kind of scared me. They were like straw. It was like they were already dead and dried up.

Sam didn't move his head much. He rolled his eyes from me to ma. He looked awful tired and he sounded croaky when he talked, so low we could hardly hear. Ma had to bend over him to listen.

"Been saving chore money," he said. "Hundred forty dollars. Hid bottom of stove. Under kindling. Like for Johnny to have it. School money."

Ma put a hand on his wrist.

"It's mighty good of you to do this, Sam," she said, "and I'm thankful. But by rights that money ought to go to your kinfolk—"

"Want for Johnny to have it," he said.

Ma looked up at pa. Then she sort of swallowed and talked to Sam again.

"Sam, why don't you at least tell me who your kin are? I want to write them."

"Forget it," Sam said. "You go get that money."

He wouldn't say any more. Pretty soon the doctor came, and we had to get out, and all the way home I had a terrible feeling. Nobody talked. Ma's teeth kind of bit into her lip. Maybe she felt the way I did—like she wanted to cry.

After he'd put the car away, pa went over to the shack. Ma and I trailed along, and we found the hundred forty dollars in a little sack. Pa stood there, tossing the sack up and down in his hand and looking at the floor like he was thinking about something else. Then he put the sack into ma's hand, and we went home.

In the afternoon pa said he thought maybe he'd drive over to the hospital and see how Sam was.

He got into the flivver and drove away, and we didn't see him again till almost sundown. He came back while I was off getting the cows. When I went into the kitchen, he sat there talking to ma, and she stood listening, and the place seemed awful quiet.

I wanted to ask how Sam was, but ma motioned to me to be still and said, "Wait, Johnny. Wait."

Pa didn't even seem to know I'd come in. He was saying, "He'd always made us feel he was ashamed to let his folks know about him because he couldn't leave 'em anything to be proud of. That's what gave me the notion. I got Pete busy in his print shop, and we fixed the paper up to look official. Pete did a fine job. Then we got Mr. Snyder and Toby Rackam, and I guess the four of us looked like a committee when we took the paper over to the hospital. Mr. Snyder made a nice little speech and then he handed the thing to Sam. For a minute I was almost sorry we'd done it, because when we read it to him aloud, Sam began to cry. Not that there were any tears, but I could tell from the way he shut his eyes."

Pa looked tired. He sat hunched forward, with his hands clasped.

THEN I saw something next to his elbow. It was a paper that looked like a school diploma, some of it printed in big letters and some of it in small letters. I figured maybe that was the thing he was talking about, so I went around by his side to read it. It said:

OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE
For distinguished services rendered in behalf of the United States Government
Air Raid Wardens' Program

SAM BUNDY

Is awarded this

CITATION

Done in Hokeville, Vermont,
Aug. 16, 1945.

Pa said, "After a while Sam opened his eyes and thanked us. By that time the doctor was telling us we better get out, but I asked Sam what he wanted us to do with the thing. He thought a minute and then he said, 'Guess a man's family might be proud to get a paper like that—guess it belongs to a man's children and his grandchildren.' And then he asked me to write down something. He gave me the name of his son in a place called Sanders, Minnesota. I said I'd send the citation there. We got out of the room and hung around downstairs for a spell. About a half hour later the doctor came out and told us Sam had passed along."

Ma sat down kind of slow. She looked shaky. I felt queer, too.

After a while pa went into the parlor. When he came back he had paper and pen and ink. "I'll send it now," he said. He sat down and started to write a letter. Ma watched him for a spell.

"Dan," she whispered, "you ain't telling them Sam was a—I mean, how he came here—"

Pa said, "This is what I'm writing." Then he read what he'd put down: " 'Dear Sir, For the past four years your father, the late Sam Bundy, has been a valuable resident of Hokeville, and just before he died he asked me to write to you and to send you the enclosed document. He picked me because we were neighbors and friends. His house was across the road from mine, and we got to know each other very well. He—' "

That was as far as pa got with his reading, because ma went around the table and put a kiss right on his mouth.

THE END

GOLDEN LOCKS

Continued from Page 15

tresses, you might be able to command a special price and run that up to $12 or $16 a year. But that would be an extraordinary accomplishment.

On the discouraging side is the fact that Mr. Jacoby says prices will drop now that the war is over and hair imports can be expected to commence again in four or five months. He thinks imported-hair prices will be higher than they were before the war, but still much lower than the present American market. He looks for hair buying to continue in this country at lower prices and on a much smaller scale.

Meyer doesn't use his expensive American-grown hair in his own business. Dyed and curled wool, mohair, and rayon fibers and even yarn cost little and do nicely for his machine-made doll wigs. His human-hair purchases he sells to other manufacturers who specialize in preparing hair for mortal heads.

The process of manufacturing hair into wigs and decorative pieces is expensive because it is done entirely by hand. No satisfactory machines have ever been devised. Good hair workers are usually extreme specialists, men and women who have spent their lives perfecting their skill. Charlie Valenti, who works for a New York hair goods manufacturer, is a typical "hair man." Charlie has been "working hair" without a break for forty-one years. It seems that "working hair" is like playing the piano: you have to keep at it or you'll lose your touch.

Grading the raw hair into shades is the first step in the preparation process. Manufacturers prefer to use tresses in their natural colors whenever possible, although, since all hair pieces must match the purchaser's own hair exactly, dyeing is often a necessity. After a careful washing in soap and water and ammonia, the hair is "drawn off"; that is, it is separated into standard lengths, measured always in even inches such as 18, 20, 22, and 24. This doesn't mean that hair 21 inches long can't be used. It's just that the 21-inch strands are drawn off into the 20-inch category for manufacturing purposes.

THE short lengths, 8 and 10 inches, are used for men's toupees. The longer lengths go into curls, coronet braids, glamor bobs, switches, female wigs, and transformations. While the greatest part of the cost of hair pieces is labor, the final price is usually closely related to the amount of hair in the piece. A simple braid containing two ounces of hair sells at retail for $25 to $40. A heavy eight-ounce braid may sell for as much as $75 to $100. Glamor bobs, which are nothing more than a set of curls made to hang from the back

"Every drop is a strike!"— says HI to HATT
Guys make a quick decision when they first try Kessler's out
One highball proves that whiskey's major league, beyond a doubt!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC.
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY
True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

of the head, are comparatively easy to make and can be bought for as little as $20. Wigs, because of the days of labor involved in crocheting each strand of hair to the net foundation, cost from $75 to $150 and even up to as much as $300 for a white-haired topper.

Hair nets the cheapest of all human-hair products, were hardest hit by the war. In fact, the entire American hair-net industry in China was completely wiped out almost five months before Pearl Harbor. American hair-net production was concentrated in the north China provinces because both hair and labor were available there in abundance. Traveling hair buyers collected the raw black tresses and brought them into the plants, where they were bleached to a light blonde, then dyed back to the many shades needed to match American women's hair. The work on the nets themselves was done by Chinese women in their own homes, often with the help of the whole family. The production process resembles tatting. It is done painstakingly, knot by knot, with a bobbin and a measuring stick. Five or six nets a day is considered good production. One American manufacturer estimates that there may have been as many as 300,000 Chinese women making nets before the war, although, since thousands of them were only part-time workers, an accurate census is impossible.

ON July 29, 1941, in retaliation for the United States embargo on scrap-iron shipments, the Japs took over all the American hair-net plants in China and confiscated 30,000 gross of nets which were awaiting shipment. These plants haven't made a hair net since. Only recently has it been possible to investigate the ruins of the hair-net business in China. Cable reports indicate that some of the confiscated nets, which the Japs sold to Chinese speculators, have been found and soon will be on sale in American shops. But the Communists who controlled north China didn't allow any of the plants to resume operation, and it looks as though it will be some time before there'll be regular shipments of hair nets to this country. During the war American women fell back on rayon nets.

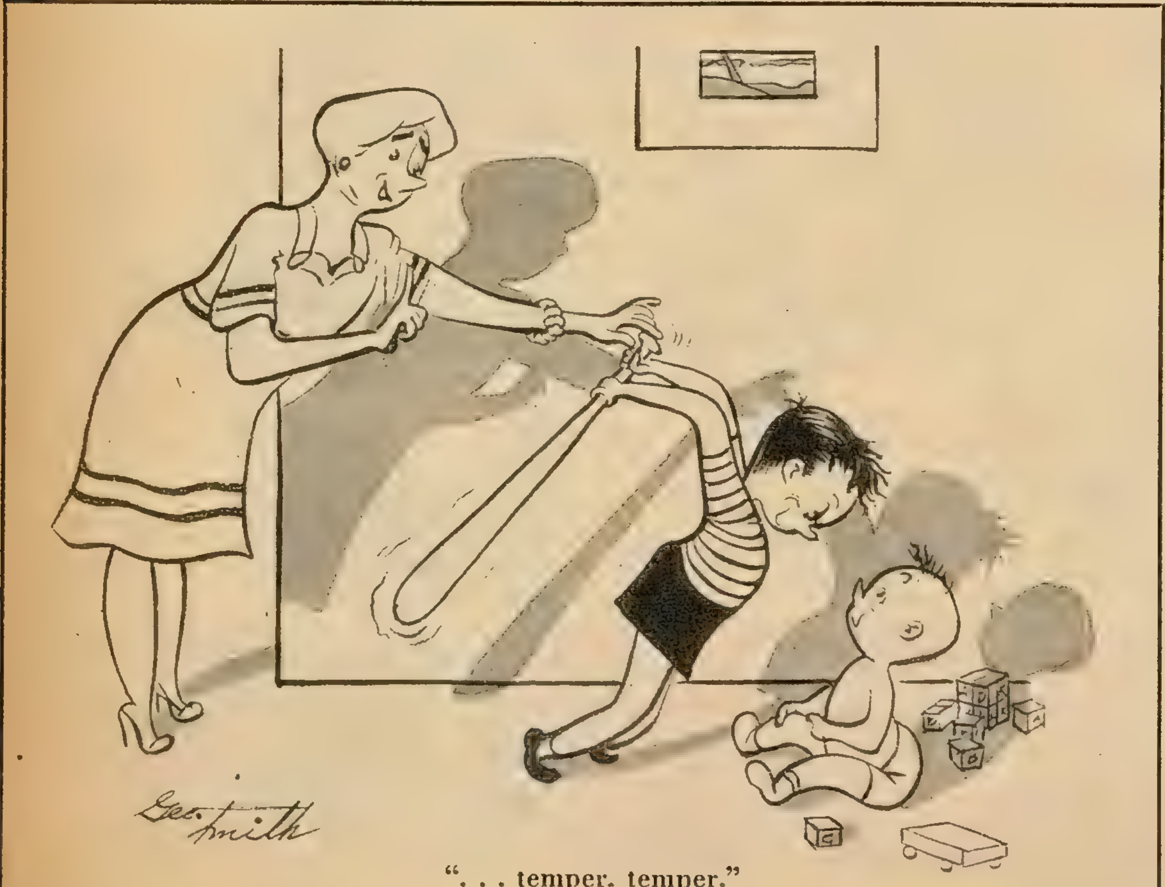
Of course World War II did more than upset the supply of pin-on hair for pin-up girls. Industry, too, found itself practically hairless after December 7, 1941, and it still is. Quantitatively speaking, the producers of vegetable oils made from cottonseed, flaxseed, linseed and copra, were hardest hit. They used Chinese hair, woven into haircloth, to strain their oils from the sticky vegetable pastes which contain them. It seems that heavy Chinese hair, growing as it does on the heads of persons born to manual labor in the open air, has greater strength and elasticity than any other similar fiber.

After the war began, the War Production Board found human hair well up on the list of its problem products needed for the war effort. There was naturally an increased demand for cross hairs for gun sights and other optical products, but these don't consume hair in any great quantity. It was the war production of instruments which measure the amount of humidity in the air which was most seriously threatened. Hair is a "hydroscopic"; that is, it absorbs moisture from the air which surrounds it. As it absorbs moisture, it stretches. When the air dries out, the hair gives up its moisture and shrinks. To harness this faculty, about a hundred strands of hair are stretched between metal clips. The scarcest hair of all, blonde, straight and unbleached, is used because the corn-colored tresses absorb more moisture and hence are more sensitive than other shades. One of the clips holding the hair is so arranged that it moves back and forth with the hair strands as they stretch and contract. A pointer amplifies this movement enough to allow it to be read on a dial in terms of the amount of moisture in the air.

These hair-operated "humidistats," as they are called, play an important part in weather prediction. Every meteorological station needs them and they are a part of the equipment of "Radiosondes." When carried aloft by free weather balloons, "Radiosondes" radio back to earth the temperature and humidity of the upper atmosphere. Hundreds of these humidistats were also needed to control air-conditioning equipment which provided the proper atmosphere for plants turning out delicate products. Of course there weren't enough top-grade blonde tresses to go around. There never had been enough to supply the market even before trade with the Scandinavian countries came to a standstill. The WPB asked the government publicity machinery for help. Newspapers responded with appeals to blondes to cut off their curls for the war effort. The blondes came through, either by way of dealers like Meyer Jacoby or by direct contributions to the government, and the war effort had, not too many humidistats, but enough to get by.

YOU might think now that the war is over that industry would be willing to forget about blondes for a while. But that's not the case. Manufacturing requirements are greater than ever. For one thing, blonde tresses are needed now to act as watchdogs aboard the fighting ships the Navy is laying up. The Navy is using a new method of ship preservation which will keep the "put aside" vessels intact for as long as forty to sixty years and at the same time have them always ready for action on short notice. Part of the new technique of preservation has to do with keeping the air inside the ship's hulls so dry that there will be almost no rust, corrosion, or mildew. Humidistats, strategically located all over the ship, will keep a constant check on the amount of moisture in the air. When it becomes dangerously damp, they will send a "get going" signal to ingenious machines which pump the air out, dry it, and pump it back in again. Since there are hundreds of ships, there'll have to be thousands of humidistats and miles of blonde tresses. One hair dealer, Mr. Hyman of Hyman & Hyman, says he recently received an order from a manufacturer to deliver 100 pounds of blonde hair a month for the next seven months. He says he couldn't fill the order if he himself went to Scandinavia with a million dollars to spend in that land of the blondes. It would be fun though, he says.

THE END



". . . temper, temper."

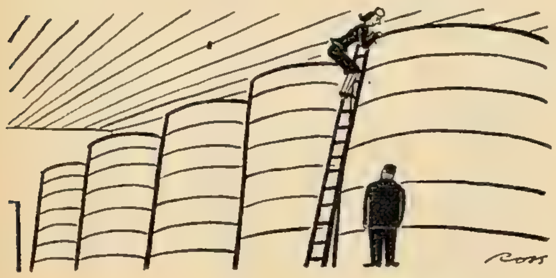
LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

LADIES HATS

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

ALPINE CLIMBER: Having heard and tasted much to convince me that wines are fast growing in popularity in the United States, I took a trip to Jersey City and explored the Gambarelli and Davitto wineries. Most fascinating sight of all was the making of vermouth. I climbed up a ladder to the top of a huge processing tank for a whiff and a look. Inside was a mountain of mixed herbs resting in wine. Some of the thirty-three herbs used in sweet vermouth and the fourteen used in dry are wormwood, camomile from Hungary, sandalwood, rhubarb root, thistle, cretan, dittany, ambretta seeds and sage from Italy, angelica root and seeds from Saxony, celery seeds, tonka beans, coriander from Morocco. The herbs are cut very fine and put in a tank with a base of wine. The mixture is left for thirty or forty days. The wine which settles to the bottom is pumped back to the top at frequent intervals so that the soaking of the herbs will be uniform. At the end of the soak the wine is drained off and the herbs are pressed to remove all the liquid. This strong, bitter infusion is then combined as needed with a blend of wines to make vermouth—1½ per cent is used for the dark-amber sweet variety; 2 per cent for the paler dry kind. The wine is then left to age (the process is appropriately called "marriage" in wine circles). To eliminate cream of tartar, which might cloud the vermouth, it must be chilled before being filtered and bottled. A contented staff of some thirty-five men and women, many of them of Italian ancestry, takes such pride in working at a fine winery that there has never been a labor problem. Incidentally, all hands may drink all the wine they like, free!

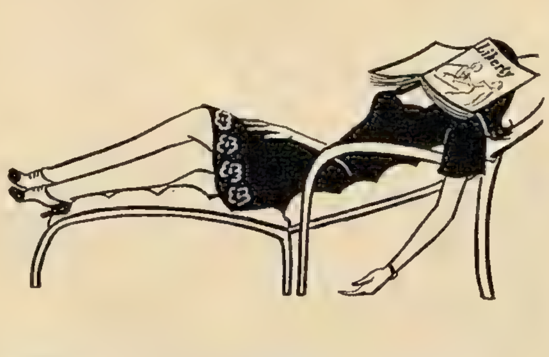


IT AIN'T FAIR!—Group photographs of women in the newspapers are uniformly unflattering, unless they're of Hollywood's own special product. Recently one appeared showing nine women "among those honored with Women's National Press Club Achievement awards." The newspaper public would think nothing of it if men of achievement were funny-looking, but readers are critical of women. They study their faces and figures, shamelessly snickering if the ladies have lost their looks while achieving.

REST IN PEACE: Luscious white furs were recently shown to the press in an I. J. Fox preview of spring fashions. Among those present were white American broadtail, white ermine, white fox, white otter, white squirrel, white Russian broadtail, white Australian opossum, white mink, and, most startling of all, white muskrat. The furs were not bleached, but were just naturally white and pure as the driven snow. The muskrat jacket is the only one of its kind in the world, and is likely to retain that unique distinction, as every white muskrat extant (as far as the Fox people can determine) gave up its pelt and breathed its last in the interest of this collector's item. Most dramatic fashion was the severely military "trench coat" of white Russian broadtail, so supple and beautifully marked it suggested moiré taffeta. White otters would be surprised if they could see themselves as others saw them—made into a polo coat.

THE VANISHING POINT

Tell me, somebody, tell me, pray,
Where are the stockings of yesterday?
This is the shortage to top all others—
Daily I hunt while all hope smothers.
Though I've mended to beat the guns,
Now I've nothing to mend but runs!



SHADY MAGAZINE: A relative in Chevy Chase, Maryland, writes me, "Eve and I are just back from Luray, a charming town in Virginia, where I would gladly spend the rest of my life. We were both in need of solid rest and did nothing but eat, sleep, and sit in the sun. I took the Saturday Evening Post and Liberty, but instead of reading them, I sat on the Post and put Liberty over my eyes to keep the sun out." So there we have still another good sound use for our favorite weekly mag.

I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!
*So Inconspicuous

I'M WEARING my new Zenith Hearing Aid *and I can hear again!*

Yes—I admit it took me a long time to come to my senses. For years I thought it was strictly *my* affair if I didn't wear an aid.

But when I realized I was penalizing my friends, too—forcing them to shout to make me hear—I decided my not wearing an aid was actually selfish.

So I tried a Zenith. And I've worn it as casually as eyeglasses ever since, because its Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord are so inconspicuous!

My friends enjoy my company more now that they don't have to shout and repeat what they've said. And I feel perfectly at ease when I'm with them. Smartest thing I ever did for myself *and* my friends was putting on a Zenith!

* * *

Hard of hearing? You owe it to yourself, to your family and friends to have a free, personal demonstration of The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid that has helped thousands! No one presses you to buy. You let your own ears decide—adjust the aid to your personal hearing needs with the flick of a finger. It's as easy as focusing binoculars. See your dispenser soon. For free descriptive booklet, write: The Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. Li-4B, Chicago 39, Illinois.

Super-powered Model A-3-A $50

Model B-3-A (Bone-Conduction) $50

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Choice of Amplifier Colors at No Extra Cost

THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

BY THE MAKERS OF ZENITH RADIOS

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SPURS OF SILVER

Continued from Page 29

who had made them a labor of love.

The rowels carried tiny silver bells that made elfin music as Delia lifted the spurs. They had come by express before Christmas, with only Clay Whipple's name on a card.

Her mother had been scandalized, but "I always wanted bells on my spurs," Delia's father had said enviously.

From the window Delia saw that Clay Whipple was shaking hands with her father and Vince. Then all three of them headed for the house.

To make matters worse, Martin Giles' buggy tipped into view also on the trail from town more than a mile away. Delia replaced the spurs in the leather case.

She heard Clay Whipple dismount at the door. "Howdy, Mrs. Sheldon. You remember me, I'm hopin'?"

Her father spoke: "Sure she remembers you. . . . Clay's goin' through with a stock herd, Sarah. He's bound for the Musselshell River." Luke Sheldon repeated it, rolling the sound of it grandly on his tongue. "The Musselshell River. That's up in Montana. He's come a long ways, an' he's got a long ways to go. He'll see plenty of country."

"I can imagine," Sarah said frigidly.

Delia walked out on the stoop. She kept the gift case in her hand, out of sight back of her skirt.

Clay's eyes, sun-bleached so that they looked pale against his tanned skin, looked at her worshipfully. Her presence lighted a deep fire within him. It had been that way last summer, too.

He said, "It's been a long time, an' you're just the same, only prettier, Delia."

His thick dark hair curled over the collar of his flannel shirt. He was saddle-lean and flat-shouldered.

"How do you do, Mr. Whipple," Delia said primly.

Her mother spoke hurriedly, for Martin's buggy was approaching. "It's too bad you're goin' on through, Mr. Whipple. Otherwise you could dance at my daughter's weddin'."

"Weddin'?"

"Delia," Sarah Sheldon said bluntly, "is marryin' Mr. Martin Giles in a fortnight. And a fine match it is, if I do say it myself."

Delia saw that inner fire fade and die out of Clay. He said slowly, "So you're promised. I'm hopin' you'll be happy, Delia. I—I—" his voice drifted off.

You could have written to me, she thought. You courted me for a week, danced with me. You told me of places you had been, and your dreams of places you wanted to go, and of campfires burning like a star on the high plains at night. But you never asked me to wait. You never said you'd come back. You rode away, and all I ever heard from you was the gypsy song of the bells on that gift you sent.

All she could say out loud was, "Thank you."

When he saw she had nothing more for him, he turned to his horse. "I better be gettin' back to the drive," he said heavily. "We're three riders short. If you folks know of anybody that wants to hire out, I'd appreciate it."

"There's nobody around here," Delia's mother spoke swiftly.

Clay Whipple mounted and said gently, "I guess this is good-by. I won't be passing this way again."

He didn't look back as he rode away. Delia discovered now that she had forgotten to return his gift. But it was too late to call him back, for Martin was turning in from the county road.

Delia's father said, "Custard pie again. Can't we ever have pie a man can get his teeth in?" He went into the house.

Vince was watching Clay ride away, and Delia saw the uncertainty pulling Vince this way and that.

Martin pulled up his lathered bays. Climbing out, he shed his linen duster. He was square-built and prosperous. The florid tinge in his face almost matched his clipped mustache.

He adjusted his pearl stickpin, and ran a finger around his collar. "Take the team, Vince," he said. "No water till they cool. And a rubdown wouldn't do any harm."

He was testy. "First I'd like a drink of something cold," he said. "I'm dusty and tired. Delia, that dress is a little pert. It makes a man dizzy to see them yellow posies draped all over you. Change to something more mature after supper. I'm drivin' you over to inspect the Allbright place before dark."

"The Allbright place? Why?"

"You're going to live there," he said. "I bought it today at tax sale. Got it for only nine hundred and fifty-two dollars and a few odd cents."

Delia's heart sank. The Allbright place was a gloomy monstrosity of gables and gingerbread woodwork on the outskirts of Carroltown. It had stood vacant four or five years.

"Fred Purcell had his eye on that place," Martin explained. "But Fred didn't know it was bein' sold today. You ought to have seen his face when he heard I'd beat him to it."

He added, "I'll have a coat of paint slapped on the house, an' you can brighten it up with some flowers and give the inside a goin' over. Somebody'll come along and I'll unload it within a year an' triple my money."

MARTIN turned and peered at Whipple's receding figure. "I know my way around," Martin said. "And it looks like I was a little too smart for another fellow, too. Ain't that the Texas drover that tried to make time with you last year, Delia?"

"Yes," Delia said "He called to pay his respects."

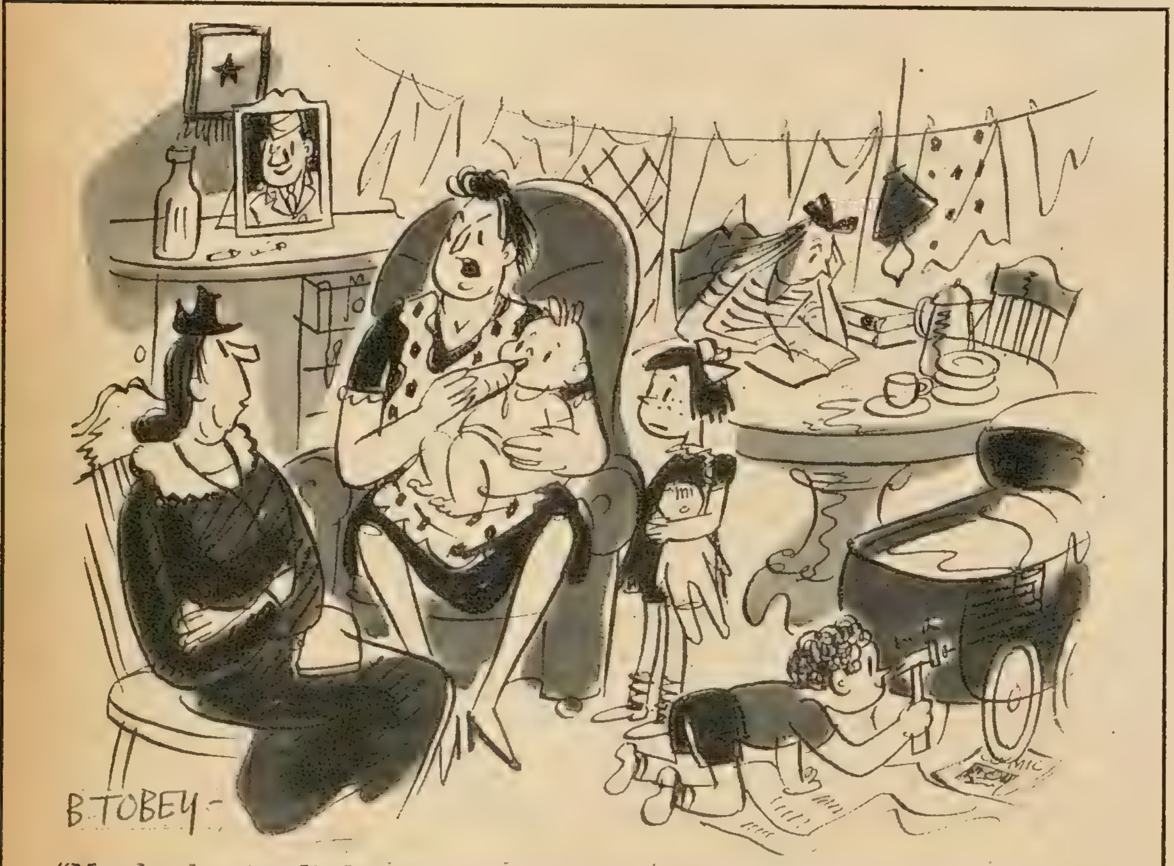
Martin laughed. "I bet his face fell a foot, too, when he found he was wasting his time. I heard this morning that he was boss of the herd, and I knew why he had come up the old trail." He patted Delia's shoulder. He took her arm to go into the house, and discovered the gift case she was holding.

"What's that?"

"It was a present Mr. Whipple sent me last Christmas," Delia said. "I meant to return it, but forgot."

Martin took the box and drew out the spurs. The bells tinkled and Delia waited, expecting a scene.

"Spurs!" Martin guffawed. "Silver spurs. With bells. What'd the fool ever think a girl would do with things like that?"



"Monday he was discharged, and Tuesday he goes right back and re-enlists."
LIBERTY

"Delia never meant to keep 'em, of course," her mother apologized. "She'll send them back."

"Coin silver," Martin pronounced, examining them. "Mexican-made. Fine workmanship, too. Must be worth more'n a hundred dollars. Why send 'em back? The fellow gave 'em to you, didn't he, Delia?"

"Yes," Delia admitted.

"I could get rid of them at the racket store for a good price," Martin said. "Some cowboy will come along sooner or later, lookin' for a present for a girl. Or I might work them off in a horse trade."

He dropped the case in his pocket.

"You always was a practical man, Mart," Delia's father said.

"That's why I'm a little better off than most," Martin snapped.

"Supper's ready," Delia's mother burst out. "Take off your coat, Martin, and be comfortable. I declare I never saw it so hot and close."

"Storm coming," Martin said. "Look at that sunset through the clouds. It's green. I guess we better not make that trip to the Allbright place unless this blows over."

VINCE came in. He sat silent, wrestling with his own problems as his father mumbled the blessing.

Martin smacked his lips. "Pickled beets and watermelon preserves and sand-cherry jelly."

"Delia put them up herself," her mother smiled.

"That fellow will never know what he missed," Martin declared. "I'm marryin' the best cook on the prairie."

"Whipple is goin' to Montana," Delia's father said wistfully. "I never did get to Montana."

"I don't imagine you missed much," Martin scoffed.

"I wish you'd convince my boy of that, Martin," Sarah said. "That Whipple has got Vincent all upset about hiring out to go up the trail."

"I never said I was thinking of any such thing," Vince exploded.

"Men like Whipple never amount to anything," Martin warned him.

Delia's father spoke argumentatively, "Clay Whipple's only twenty-five, an' owns four hundred head of cattle in that drive in his own right. He'll get a percentage when he delivers the rest of the herd to buyers in Montana."

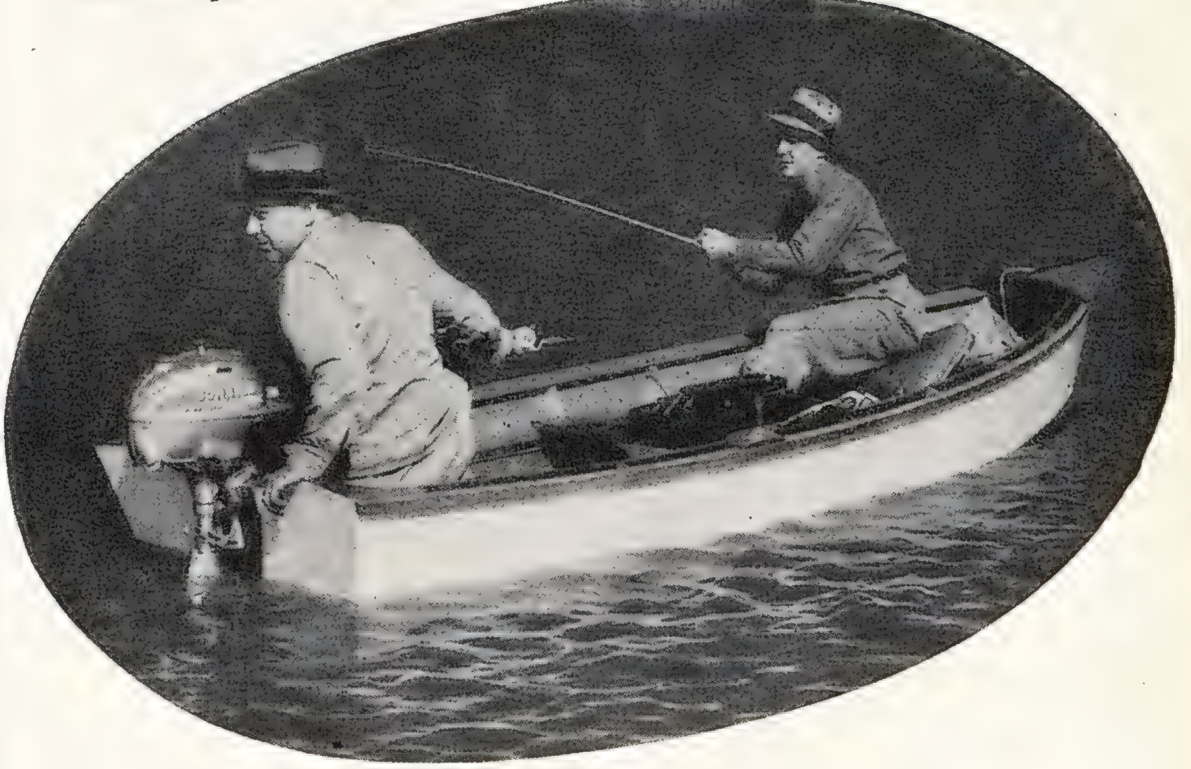
"Well, he wasn't so sharp when he decided to bring his herd into an organized county," Martin scoffed. "He'll be poorer but wiser tomorrow."

They all looked at him. Martin laughed. "Every head of stock that enters this county now has got to be inspected for fever ticks, blackleg, and such. The ordinance was passed by the commissioners last month. The fee is two bits a head; half of it goes to the stock inspector."

Martin grinned. "I got myself appointed stock inspector," he said. "The minute Whipple's herd crosses the county survey, I stand to make two hundred and fifty dollars."

SMOOTH Alternate Firing

A sweet running motor is half the fun of boating. That's why you surely want Johnson's Perfected Alternate Firing. It gives you that silken-smooth flow of power that makes Sea-Horse outboard motoring something special!



REVERSE with 360° steering

Of *course* you need reverse. Reverse is one of the "big three" of outboard motoring. Sea-Horses have it, with 360° steering. Steer sidewise, forward, turn around or back up. That's what gives you real maneuverability!

DUAL CARBURETION

You've heard of the motor that packs real power—*smooth* power—at high speed, yet gives you velvet smoothness at a *crawl?* That's Johnson. Johnson Dual Carburetion (one of the "big three" of outboard motoring) accounts for this beautiful performance.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

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Sea-Horses are strictly quality motors—built with dozens of refinements. In addition to the "big three" described above, there is Patented Co-Pilot which "takes hold of the motor when you let go," Synchro-Control for one lever operation, Ready Pull Starter, Rubber Rotor Force Pump—and much, much more. » There is something else, too, which is mighty important. That is expert Johnson *service*—available wherever outboard motors are used. » See your Johnson dealer. Look for his name under Outboard Motors in your classified phone book. In the meantime, write for a copy of the new 1946 Sea-Horse Handy Chart which gives complete specifications on the entire line.

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PROBOSKISS: A buss on the beezer.

ADOLT: Stupid fellow, grown up.

PUTTERS' FIELD: Cemetery for unknown golfers.

PHEW! TURE: Disgust at what's ahead.

CORNIVORE: Animal who eats maize with his meat.

ROOMERTISM: Arthritis, in the lodger sense.

IGNORANDY: Opposite of IGNORAMOS.

CHINCH: One-inch jaw.

HAMBULANCE: For sick pigs.

RAPIDITTY: Fast limerick.

Nobody said anything. Local stock inspection was just petty graft, for the Cattle Association inspected all herds free of charge before letting them cross the state line.

"I guess Mr. Whipple doesn't know about this new ordinance?" Delia asked.

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," Martin shrugged.

Delia served Martin his third helping of pie. The inspection fee, she reflected, wasn't so much compared to the value of two thousand head of stock. That amount of money wouldn't make or break Clay Whipple.

She glanced at her father. His face was studiously blank, but she knew what he was thinking.

THEN Luke turned to his troubled son. "Do whatever something inside you tells you to do, Vince. Just because everybody figured you'd grow up to be fiddle-footed like me is no sign you have to live up to advance notices. If you really don't want to leave the prairie, don't feel you're being a sissy by staying. Farming is a man's job too."

Vince's eyes came up, startled. He began to grin shakily. He drew a deep thankful breath. "I guess I like it here best of all," he confessed.

Delia's mother stared. "Well!" she gasped. "And all the time I thought Vincent wanted to go."

Her husband patted her hand. "Vince," he said, "is more like you than he is like his paw, Sarah."

The men pushed back their chairs. Martin moved to the sofa and settled down for his after-supper nap.

His coat still hung on the chair at the table, the gift case sagging in a pocket. Delia sat undecided for a time. Then she drew out the case.

Martin would be furious, but it wasn't right to put those spurs on public display in a racket store. And it wasn't right, either, that Clay Whipple should have to pay that stock-inspection fee, just because he had come this way to see her. By veering straight west a few miles, he would be clear of the county survey.

She went out by way of the kitchen. Nobody was in sight and she hurried to the barn. The thunderheads were black and threatening, especially to the south, but this thing she had to do would not wait.

It was gloomy in the barn. She halted. Her father was saddling Dobbs, their ancient gelding. She saw that it was her own sidesaddle he had cinched on the horse. Luke Sheldon just looked at her, and there was a proud twinkle in his eyes.

He lifted a patched slicker from a harness peg. "You might hit a little rain," he said as he drew it upon her. "But you won't melt."

Delia kissed him suddenly. He lifted her into the saddle.

She heard Martin shouting angrily as she rode away, but it was too late to turn back now.

Clay Whipple's herd was certain to be bedded somewhere beyond Plum Creek, which was more than a mile outside the county survey. The sky was turning black overhead now, and she was scared, for she knew it was going to storm. But she kept going, urging Dobbs into a gallop.

It was almost as black as night, and she saw the first flicker of lightning in the distance, as she crossed Plum Creek.

Then she sighted a steady pin point of light ahead. It was a cookfire.

She rode toward it, and off to the right she heard the muted stir of uneasy cattle and the singsong of men's voices soothing them.

The hoops of a chuck wagon took form against the glow of the fire. She made out half a dozen saddled cow horses standing on picket.

The clink of metal dishes sounded, and four men, a hasty meal finished, were silhouetted against the light as they hurried toward the waiting horses. They were all dressed alike, but one of them was Clay Whipple.

He was reaching for a stirrup when she rode into the firelight. He left his horse and came toward her with his long, sure stride.

"Delia!" Then he corrected himself, "Miss Sheldon!"

Lightning darted venomously across the clouds, etching out the scene. The other three cowboys and a bald-headed cook were staring at her in surprise. Far out on the flat the lightning revealed the dark mass of the cattle.

"I came to tell you, Clay," she said, and suddenly all her doubts and fears were gone, "that you'll cross into an organized county a mile north. They'll charge an inspection fee in county territory. But you can swing straight west and miss the county survey. The southwest corner is only ten miles away."

The lightning came again, and a thunderclap. The other men swung into saddles, and rode toward the herd. Clay stood looking up at her.

"I'm sorry, Clay," Delia said, "about today. If you'd only written—"

He said, "I started to write to you—a hundred times. But it didn't seem to be fair. I couldn't ask a girl to wait when she'd only known me for a few days. And a trail man—" He shook his head. "A girl who marries a trail man has a lot of waitin' to do."

Lightning painted the world in stark, blinding silver, and the thunder was the crash of a million chariot wheels.

The cook exclaimed, "Clay, they're goin' to run, sure!"

THEN the heavens opened up, salvo upon salvo, flash upon flash. The rain hit like a cataract, and Delia saw that the herd was moving—a brownish, tossing sea.

Clay lifted her bodily from the horse. "That horse of yours might not be good enough," he shouted. "The herd is coming this way. Stay with me until we get clear."

He tossed her, skirts and all, astride a cow horse carrying a heavy stock saddle.

Then Clay was on his horse at her side, and they were riding. All she could do for a moment was hang on. Then she steadied.

The rain blinded her, and the lightning tried to reach right into her soul. Her drenched hair streamed into her eyes. She saw the stampede rolling nearer. It was a terrifying thing. And it was a wild and beautiful thing, too.

"This," Clay was saying, his voice far away in the tumult, "is what I meant when I said it was wrong to ask a girl to wait for a trail man."

Delia remembered the silver spurs then—of all times to think of a thing like that! She still had the packet in the bosom of her dress.

The horses stretched out, and the rain beat at her, and suddenly she laughed in exaltation. She understood what her father had meant when he had told Vince to do whatever something inside him told him to do.

"A woman can wait, Clay," she called. "It's only when she's content that she can wait in peace."

The horses carried them clear of the stampede, and Clay said, "Pull up and stay here. I'll come back."

He swung to ride with the running cattle, but Delia rode at his side.

The cook was with them, and the two men succeeded in veering the stampede westward so that it missed the wagon camp. Westward was the way she had told Clay to go.

The lightning weakened, and the thunderwagons rolled ahead of them, dying in the distance. She saw a star among breaking clouds ahead.

The rain tapered off. The cattle slowed and stopped. Delia felt the heat coming off their wet hides as the riders began circling them.

Clay lifted her from the saddle, and she kissed him. She kissed him again, and the stars were now peering out everywhere.

"Thank you, dear," she said, "for those silver spurs. Little spurs, with bells on them." She added, still a little puzzled, "I wonder how dad knew that I was so much like him underneath the surface. I'm going with you to Montana, Clay."

THE END

OVER THE HILLS WE GO

Continued from Page 23

gentleman, who sat with feet apart, planted at the base of the stanchions, and who looked as if he should be driving a sulky and a pair of trotting mares. "These cars are small, to distribute the load on the cable, so they run with frequency. They can be boarded from either end and from either side. They are easy to flip on and off of—a convenience when you haven't got the fare. They are a tonic for the health if you have the good sense to ride outside. And they cultivate good humor."

Sun broke out, gilding a cross street of modern apartment houses. Roy recognized it as the street where Desirable had descended before the car had reached the end of its line and started back. He got off. In a corner building he had the dazzling luck to find an actual vacancy, with a fine view of bay and islands over the rooftops of the hillside streets immediately below. The sun continued to paint this view from his bachelor diggings, and he felt better.

It was the Sunday following when he looked down upon the housetops just under his window and again saw Desirable. He was sure it was she. She wasn't in brown this time, at least not in tailored brown. She was in flowered trunks and a halter and a pair of sunglasses. But he knew her. She saw him staring, for she sat up and stared too, and enthusiastically waved, and beckoned to another sun bather who was coming up through the skylight, and she pointed Roy out to him. The second figure was tall and skinny and had knobby knees and ragged trunks and a straw hat. He squinted along Desirable's pointing arm and waved too, and shouted, "Come on down!"

THAT was how cable-car riding put Roy Treat into merry acquaintanceship, that soon turned into solid friendship, with Dot and Arch Durkin.

Dot was consecrated to pure art, of a crude-color school not supposed to be understandable to engineers; and Arch to commercial art because, he said, Dot insisted upon eating. Their house was a study in confusions. To pass from studio to kitchen, or kitchen to bedroom, one had to step through the bathroom. Arch did photography in the bathroom and Dot carved furniture in the bedroom. The sink was usually full of dishes. Eldorado Terrace was a block long, and one end of it hung out airily, reaching the street below by twenty wooden steps. Bohemia had appropriated the Terrace. Everybody knew everybody, and there were spirited suppers of koilibiac vesiada, chow mein, lobscouse, or pizza, with red vino if somebody had sold a painting, and brown grappo if he hadn't.

"Have you seen the other girl again that you hugged when you hugged me—the girl with the violin?" Dot asked, that first Sunday and on succeeding Sundays.

"No," regretted Roy. "Not yet."

He watched for her, though, as he rode the cable cars to and from work.

The gripmen on this line, he observed, were always the varsity tackle type with mighty hands and reach. The conductors were usually cordial souls with white tufts over their ears. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Glass! Ah, good morning, Mr. Clauswitz! Hop aboard, Gracie, and don't drop your transfer." People joked, chatted, slid. Roy, forgetting to brace himself, rode halfway up a wrestler or piano mover, a Swede in a seaman's cap, and a gilded creature with a small dog in her lap. Nobody minded. There was a Mexican woman with chins, earrings, and a market bag who stopped the car and got down in a hurry because, she told everybody, she'd left the gas on under the potatoes. There was a woman in a house dress, standing between the tracks under autumn's first drizzle, who held up a pair of rubbers and asked the conductor, whose name was Mr. Matthews, to please leave them off at the school for her Jimmy. There was an occasion when the gripman stopped his car, set his brakes, and with the conductor scurried for the rear of a great house with cupolas. They came out through the iron gate two minutes later, wiping their lips. "Miss Valeta al-

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ways puts pie and milk out for us, Mondays," explained the conductor.

Roy retailed these incidents to Dot and Arch in the Eldorado Terrace cottage with its cardboard walls, string rugs, and Picasso influence.

"You still haven't seen all that can happen on a cable car," murmured Arch. Arch handed the gin slings around. "Yes, my children, enjoy the jolly cable cars while you can."

"What do you mean, while we can?" demanded Dot.

"They're nearing the end of the run. We three know that they're as much a part of San Francisco as the fog and the sea gulls, but there are others who think they belong with high-wheel bicycles, bustles, mustache cups, and gold-headed canes. And that isn't the main problem. The fact is, they're owned by the city now, and the taxpayers are passing resolutions. Cable cars used to make money when wages were twenty-five cents an hour. Not when they're a dollar five. I give our happy little cars about six months more to live."

"No!" exclaimed Roy. "I've just been really elected to the club! Mr. Matthews asked me my name the other day. Now I belong with Mr. Glass and Mr. Clauswitz."

Dot said, "You'd better find that girl, or it'll be too late."

He thought so too. Though he'd begun to wonder if he really remembered what she looked like. He was pretty sure he did, though prepared for disillusionment. Meanwhile a man could fancy. Keeping an eye out for her, he built up a vision of their reunion. He planned just how he wanted it. A rainy evening, with lights on in the shop windows. He'd be headed home. He'd spring for a car in front of the St. Francis and wedge himself, as usual, on the running board. At the corner where he'd found her that first time—the time that also brought Dot—he'd espy Haunting again. She'd have her precious violin, and the car would look hopelessly loaded, and she'd see at a glance that she couldn't board it—but there he'd be. He'd reach down, scoop her up, find space for her between some longshoreman and some Chinaman, lock her to his stanchion. The fur at the neck of her green coat would be beaded with rain. She'd be rosy. She'd be grateful. She'd stammer, "I'm glad you're here!"

"I knew you'd be coming!" he'd reply. "I've been waiting for you, watching for you, morning and evening."

YES, he'd hold her there safe and dry, taking his reward in delicate whiffage, though with each stop of the car the rain water would wash back along the roof and spill down his neck. But he'd take that joyfully because he'd be protecting her. Especially on the curves.

"I'm Roy Treat," he would inform her.

"I'm Marjorie," she'd gasp. Marjorie, he felt, would suit her fine.

"I know. Marjorie Haunting."

"Why Haunting?"

"That's what I've always called you. Dot will tell you so at her next party."

"Dot? Party?"

"Yes. Dot Durkin. She's Arch Durkin's wife."

"Oh!" (Worlds of relief.) "Then she's not your—"

"Oh, no. Just a friend. But you'll like the Durkins, and you must bring your violin."

"I'd love to know any friends of yours, Roy. But here is where I get off. Don't you think you should come along and meet my family?"

"I want to. Let me put your fiddle under my coat." He'd tuck it there. They'd descend from the car. He'd tuck her arm snugly under his. The car would roll on, a blob of cheery light, and they'd march down the street arm in arm.

That's the way Roy dreamed it. But not the way it worked out.

One morning he went to the usual corner to catch his car. It was an exceptionally fine morning. Windows of old mansions and new apartment piles were sheeted gold. Islands and bridges and far shores of the bay down below were clear etched and radiant. One could forget that the fog ever had billowed in through the Gate, setting the horns howling. It was a morning to put up in bottles and quaff like Napoleon brandy. But something was odd. An unaccustomed stillness. The slap of well-oiled cable in its venerable slot had stopped.

After a wait, the cable car's conqueror came. Ponderous, rubber-tired, functional, it slithered up. Its doors jerked open with a hiss and shut behind Roy with a thump. He grasped chromium piping and dropped his fare into a register.

So the bus had won.

HE found standing space. A bulky Italian woman with sticky children contested for it. A Portuguese lurched through with a sack of fish. A carpenter banged through with a box of tools. On a cable car those incidents would have seemed funny. Here they were somehow annoying.

Roy determined to be fair to the bus. Plainly it had real advantages. On chilly days it would be warm. On rainy days it would be dry. Under its big springs and tires the mountain ranges of the route would sink almost to sea level. In its steel stomach there'd be no danger of being twirled off at the curves. It had limitless speed.

And it was businesslike. No longer would a yoo-hooing housewife and mother hold up public travel in the middle of a block with a pair of rubbers. Never would its operator, a grim fellow with his mind on schedules, halt this conveyance, set his brakes, and make for the rear of some mansion for a private snack.

But neither would there be the zest, the chumminess, the gaiety that had ridden so long with the nonsensical cable cars. People on this bus already looked bored.

Nobody had ever been bored on the cable cars—not ever.

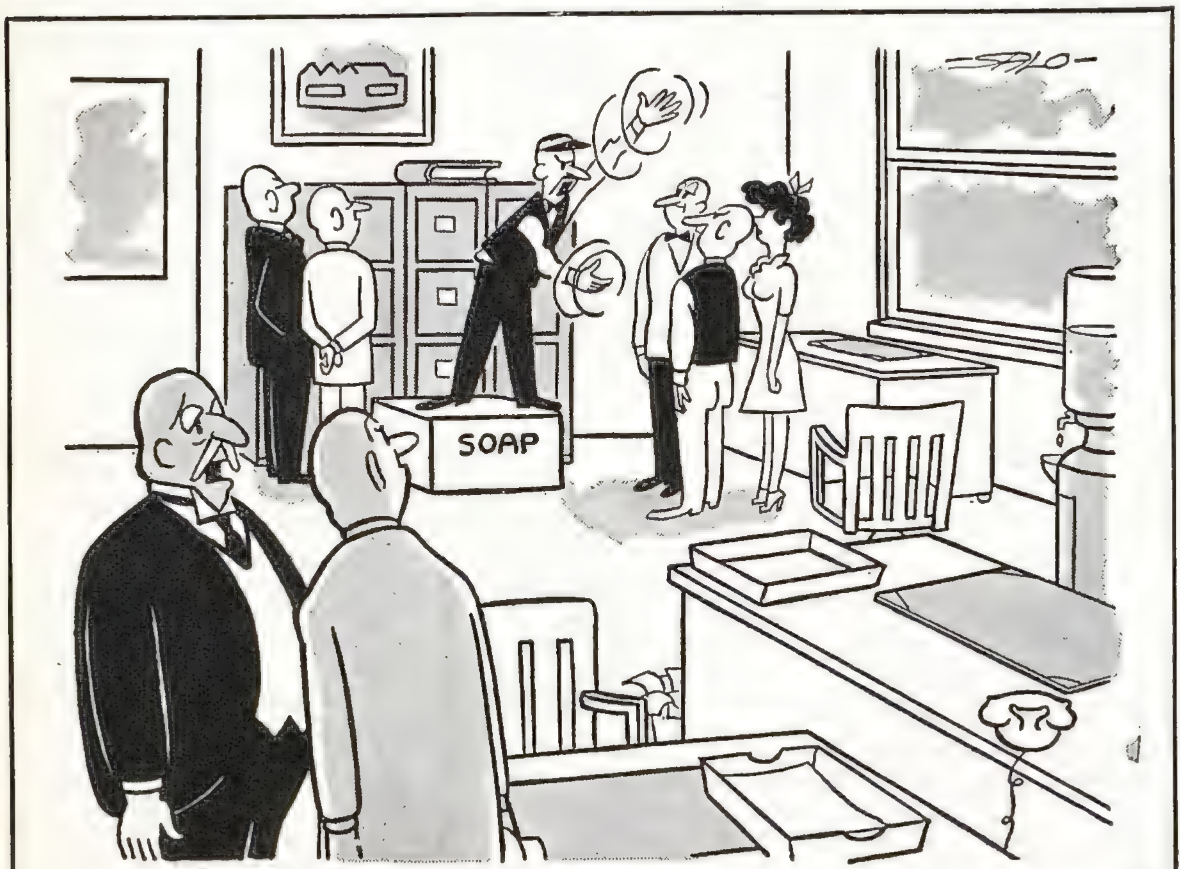
"It's progress," Roy reminded Dot and Arch, when they talked this new condition over.

Dot protested fiercely, "Who would I ever pick up on a bus and haul down here for supper, the way I hauled you? By the way," she added, "have you ever—"

"No. I haven't seen her," lamented Roy.

Shortly after, though, he did catch a glimpse of her. It was from the street. She was inside a bus; she had a window seat. But the bus was full. Roy hammered on the door. The driver ignored him. The light

(Continued on page 64)



"Office politics!"

LIBERTY

VETERANS Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

WELL, you ought to see who's representing the veteran now! True to early predictions, America's eleven million servicemen and dischargees make up the fattest political pie this country has ever known. And there are more fingers in it than you can shake a finger at!

Recently we had a chance to observe the pressure boys in action. The scene was a hearing on veterans' benefits before the New York State Legislature. The prevailing issues were two of the liveliest ones facing *all* legislatures today—housing and a bonus.

Present were the usual smooth veterans' organization representatives, persuasively elaborating their demands. Present, too, were the lunatic-fringe boys asking for a cabin in the sky for every third cousin of every veteran.

It's tough!

But—and here's news!—by far the most conspicuous of the groups speaking for the veteran was the C.I.O. From all appearances, organized labor is seeking to represent the veteran increasingly from now on. And in Albany it outshone the other groups both in numbers and in noise.

Obviously, labor, which now appears to be engaged in a showdown battle for more power, is seeking to enlist the good will of the nation's politically most influential body of citizens.

The proposals of the various groups are not bad. They want, among other things, a State bonus of at least $200 for every resident veteran; a ten-year exemption from local taxes on new buildings owned and operated by veterans; and a State annuity of $500 a year for the paralyzed as well as the blind veterans.

As we said, these are not bad proposals. In fact, the hearing as a whole did, in a roundabout way, accomplish its prime purpose. But we are skeptical about such political wrangling. We do not believe the veterans' interests are best advanced through pressure groups. Indeed, in all the clamor for the veteran in the capitals of state and nation, it is difficult to detect much sincere, unmotivated concern for our ex-fighting men.

* * *

Lt. J. McVeigh, APO 334, San Francisco, Calif. It sure *is* tough to be twenty-two and almost completely bald—especially if, as you say, it is due to the tropical climates in which you have served for so long. I don't know whether the Veterans Administration would consider this a service-connected disability and pay for treatments; although, in deciding these cases, impairment of appearance is taken into account. Don't get too hopeful about it, Mac, but by all means talk it over with a VA representative at the separation center.

* * *

D. L. LaCosta, Altoona, Pa. The reason for your friend's disability rating being higher (and his pension consequently larger) than yours, even though your amputations are identical, probably is that he is a salesman, who must use his legs to get to his prospective customers, while you are a bookkeeper—a sedentary position. Understand?

* * *

James Buttolph, Mobile, Ala. I'm afraid an exclusively veterans' labor union would be a far too complicated affair, when you take into consideration the hundreds of fields of endeavor that will be entered by ten or twelve million ex-servicemen. Why not join an accredited veterans' group, where you can present your ideas for reform and have them brought to the attention of Congress and the people through a nationally established organization?

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page 62*)

changed to green. You don't argue with a closed bus when the light goes green.

He even saw her again. But again speed and efficiency got in the way. He was in the bus, and she was the one who was left at the downtown corner. He caught only that flash of sunny hair, clear cheek, cute straight nose, and mouth open in indignation.

A month or so later the part of the town that lived on the hilltops had a problem to think about. Bus drivers went on strike.

It was midwinter, the height of the shopping season.

Four mornings Roy walked the long trudge downtown. Three evenings he shared a cab homeward with whoever piled in. On the fourth evening he found no cab near his office and started walking for the hotel district with its taxi ranks. Rain was drumming. Hat down, collar up, he forged his way.

At Union Square he heard it, a familiar bell. There, across the park, it lurched along—a valiant green ghost out of limbo. People clung all about it. Drawn out of retirement by the crisis, there it moved, its bell dang-danging a joyful greeting to its seventieth winter.

Roy dashed for it. He flung himself at a stanchion. He found toe space. Sagging with its load, the car crawled up the grade. Rain water washed back along its roof and fell on Roy's hat.

This was what he'd experienced a hundred times in imagination. Everything, he exulted, was exactly as it should be: cable car, rain, a longshoreman behind him—in fact, two of them; a Chinese in front—in fact, three or four. The corner was nearing where Haunting would be. Where she had to be. Where she'd be standing in the crowd, standing rosy in the rain, her fur collar beaded in rain, waiting to be scooped up, waiting to stammer, "I'm so glad you're here!"

But, of course, she wasn't there. Any number of people were there, all eager to be scooped aboard, but Haunting wasn't among them.

THE car took the steep three-block hill and more water tumbled off the roof. It put out the cigarette of the longshoreman immediately behind Roy and made rivulets on the plump face of the mandarin in front. When Roy moved his head, water ran out of the crease of his hat into the lap of some girl who sat facing him. But she wasn't Haunting. Haunting wasn't there. The gripman sang, "Koutferthecurve!" and Haunting wasn't there.

The car surmounted the familiar old mountain ranges and traversed the several nations and one by one people got off. When they were virtually gone, the conductor and gripman held a conference, the gripman set his brakes, and the two carmen pattered briskly for a gate in a Victorian iron fence. Roy envied them. Hot coffee would taste good this wet night.

And he saw her.

So she'd been there all along. Been there this whole ride. But on the other long seat, across the gripman's alleyway. Facing the other way. She was at the extreme forward end of the long seat and was the only passenger left.

Roy drew his breath, because this was a very critical moment. True, he didn't know quite how to begin. Strictly speaking, he hadn't the slightest excuse for accosting her.

It was a nice problem, and Roy, considering it, didn't notice that the car was imperceptibly starting on its slick rails up at the crest of a dip.

He stared at her profile, and it was adorable. If she'd only look this way. . . .

Roy abruptly realized that the scenery was slipping past that straight cute nose. The car was in motion. Was gaining speed. He leaped up the alleyway between the seats.

He grabbed the brake lever as he had often seen the gripmen do, and yanked back frantically and hard through a six-foot arc.

She screeched. That's what she did. Screeched. Most unmusically. And she came with his hands—traveled the full length of the varnished seat. He'd caught her topknot as he seized the lever handle and she'd come along fast—hat, hair, and holler. That or be scalped.

The car grated to a stop.

"Excuse me!" panted Roy, aghast.

"My hat! It's wrecked!" cried Haunting.

"I'll buy you a new one! We'll buy it together!" He beamed.

The two-man crew came running. "You all right, Virginia?" shouted the conductor. Virginia, not Marjorie. But a beautiful name.

"I'm terribly sorry," repeated Roy to the girl named Virginia who was clasping her head above her ears. "I didn't mean to play Indian."

"You had to act fast, I guess." She looked at him, eyes widening. "Oh, you're the man who chased the melon!"

"Busiest guy on the line," said Roy, swinging over beside her.

"HERE'S your corner again, Virginia," reminded Mr. Matthews gently, but she didn't hear. Three round trips the man and girl had made, sitting out there in the rain, and still she didn't hear.

"I guess he ain't going to turn us in for leaving our car," murmured the gripman with relief.

"Not him. Fine feller. Name's Treat," whispered Mr. Matthews. "Engineer with office in the Russ Building—I asked for his card one time. I been thinking ever since last summer that him and Virginia would look right well together. Funny how people find these things out all by themselves."

THE END

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DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID *(United Artists)*

Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Hurd Hatfield, Francis Lederer, Judith Anderson, Reginald Owen

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID (adapted from a French novel for the screen by Burgess Meredith) is the tempestuous story of an attractive servant who is tired of having passes made at her on the back stairs by her employers, and who is determined to elevate her station and eventually get legitimate passes on the front stairs.

It's the sort of character comedy that the French, with much more experience and hence more subtlety, do very well. And Jean Renoir, the director (who is going back to France, by the way), certainly did his best to weave all the characters together under the oppressive weight of Hollywood's star system.

Paulette Goddard, the maid mercenary for whom two murders are committed, dances through her assignment in great form. So does everybody else on the roster. Such intense types! Hurd Hatfield, the tortured tubercular heir of a large French estate; Judith Anderson, his demon mother fighting to keep the family silver out of the hands of the rabble (another Revolution is approaching); Francis Lederer, a sadistic super-valet who wants both Goddard *and* the silver; Reginald Owen, a decayed and vaguely lecherous landowner; and finally Burgess Meredith, who must have gone to all this trouble so that he could have the fun of being the loony ex-captain of the French Army, a capering old goat who loves to eat flowers and keep strange animals.

Goddard gets Hatfield finally, after four of the hands that were grabbing for her have been permanently folded.

Making this chambermaid's diary public was rather a peculiar notion, but also a fancy, fast, funny, and furious one.

Burgess Meredith demonstrates his exotic diet.

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JUNIOR PROM *(Monogram)*

Freddie Stewart, June Preisser

UNDERNEATH its welter of cokes and flying pleated skirts, this slight musical comedy for adolescents is an unconscious parody on our electoral system, lightly reminiscent of Texas and its guitar-playing senator. There are two candidates for the high-school class president; the one (Jackie Moran) a tall young man who makes resounding promises and whose father is waiting with a large donation for football uniforms *if* he is elected; and the other (Freddie Stewart) a sort of Bobby Breen-just-past-puberty type whose platform is a bandstand from which he shouts his campaign slogans in the form of hot licks, surrounded by pert, acrobatic blondes. The latter, of course, wins because *he's* got the beat—what a strange new form of demagoguery!

Most of this jive emits from the Teen Canteen, where the kids get high on soft drinks, perform their spastic dances, do their puppy-loving, and play with politics. Music, as played by Eddie Heywood, is good. Schmaltz, as contributed by Abe Lyman, is bad. June Preisser, the perennial high-school girl, is still mighty cute. Freddie Stewart shows a nice personality.

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FACTS ABOUT FIGURES

Continued from Page 13

cilessly shortening and broadening figures. On the screen any actress looks between fifteen and twenty pounds heavier than she actually is. Consequently an actress, to look "right" (which means rather thin), has to be still thinner in order to fight those twenty non-existent pounds added by the camera. But you and I only need to be as thin as the stars look on the screen, not as thin as they actually are by measurement, even assuming that all released measurements are the truth.

For those who doubt this logic, there exists a government survey which has definitely proved that fashion measurements and actual female measurements are in no way related. And scientific institutions concerned with human measurements are careful to distinguish between the "average girl" and the "high fashion girl." The most pronounced difference between the two is that the "high fashion girl" is a few inches taller and her hips still a few inches narrower.

Therefore, if you have been bothered because your hips measure closer to 39 than to 34, don't give it a second thought unless your hips are actually fat. But in most women the larger measurement is simply the result of the fact that the pelvis is fairly broad because it was designed to bear children. I say most women, because there are some with unusually narrow hips (who may get to be fashion models if the rest of them is up to standard and if they feel like modeling), but they would have difficulty bearing children. Worry about hip measurements is useless on two counts; one that the "standard" set by the "high fashion girl" is not the norm, the other that you cannot do anything about it except to take off superfluous fat.

NOT that actual changes of some measurements are impossible, but samples of the extremes to which women have gone to conform with accepted fads will show you why we don't consider that possibility any more. For example, Chinese "lily feet" were made by bandaging a little girl's feet so they would not grow; the desired result being to have feet no longer than three inches! And in Europe during the Renaissance women were supposed to have very small bosoms or virtually none. To prevent their daughters from developing normally, mothers strapped lead disks over the breasts. Such disks were not removed until the girl reached maturity and they did effectively prevent the breasts from growing.

Within our own memory, we, who think such practices barbaric, wore tight brassières to look flat in front. And during the not-so-gay '90s, custom decreed that women should look like pouter pigeons. As far as the public could tell then (and as it might believe from pictures of the period now), women actually came that way. This effect was achieved by stuffing "corset covers" with starched ruffles in order to obliterate any hint of the fact that underneath it all, women were just as they had always been.

VERY LIKELY

I know a man who went broke at the tracks—
His friends called him nincompoop.
My coffers are empty since I paid my tax—
Does that make me an incomepoop?
—*J. Edgar Grove.*

Right now we are wearing, and I *mean* wearing, our breasts full and uptilted like pagodas. The fact that most women do not have such busts does not make the slightest difference. A good firm bra will produce the desired effect with most.

FOR quite some time now we have allowed waists to grow to their normal size; we were too busy to suppress hips. But now new styles from liberated Paris decree that women once more must have *small* waists. Already new waist-whittling corsets are appearing and there is a lively interest in the reducing of waistlines. Women are asking: "How large should my waist be? I am 5 feet 6 inches tall." That depends not on height, but on the rest of the figure. I personally am 5 feet 4 inches tall and my waist measures 23 inches. A friend of mine is about half an inch taller and her waist measures 26 inches. But she has a perfect figure.

The affliction of small waistlines has been visited on women for centuries with but short interruptions. A hand-span waist has always seemed desirable and women have been quite willing to compress the lower ribs, constrict the lower part of their lungs, their stomachs, and other fairly important innards with steel and whalebone corsets to achieve this effect. We think of the classical Greek figure as the perfect example of the free and unconfined female body without a mangled waistline; but even there, research digs up bandages which were used to try to reduce the size of breasts and hips.

However, the Greek beauty of classical times would be considered too stout and heavy now; our tastes run more in the direction of those of ancient Egypt. The Egyptians wanted slim hips, flat backs, wide shoulders, and slight bosoms.

But most of the apparent changes of the past were brought about by posture and clothing. During the Middle Ages a woman was revered the most in her role of mother, and for that reason women tried to look pregnant all the time. They cultivated a weird posture, with the entire body bent back from the hips to make the abdomen protrude as much as possible and additional drapery was bunched over it to increase the effect. When the reverse situation became fashionable in the late nineteenth century, women pulled in their abdomens and stuck out their derrières, with bustles piled on high to make them look bigger. Also in the nineteenth century it became the style for ladies to have sloping shoulders like beer bottles, whereupon they pulled their shoulders down until they virtually eliminated them. In the early part of our own century the Gibson Girl practiced what was variously called "Presenting the Torso," or, shorter, "Grecian bend." This posture made her extremely swaybacked and extremely stylish. The Debutante Slouch of the '20s, with collapsed bosoms and shoulder blades sticking out was merely a reaction against the Gibson Girl.

But all these apparently extreme changes consisted basically of changes in dress and posture only. Underneath, women remained women through the centuries, as proven by X-rays of mummies and other well-preserved bodies. It is true that a modern girl would have trouble fitting herself into a seventeenth-century dress, but not because she is different in any particular respect. Women nowadays are merely bigger all over and all around, a direct result of better nutrition and better medical care. But aside from the fact that the females of a few centuries ago were generally smaller, they have not changed. Then as now, women have been tall (relatively speaking) or tiny, fat or lean; they have had short legs or long, fat ankles or slim, small busts or large. Styles and postures changed a lot, woman's body but little. And whatever was considered the "ideal" at any given time was as little representative of the majority as the "high fashion girl" is today.

IF you think I am saying this to prove that 99 per cent of women are frustrated, unhappy frumps, you are wrong. They are not, once they have outgrown a juvenile desire to look *precisely* like Betty Grable.

Nor do I advocate laziness and sloppiness for those whose measurements and proportions do not and cannot agree with a publicized "ideal." The basic proportions of our bodies are given by our bones, and we cannot change those. But although the basic shape of a woman's body cannot be changed, she still has no excuse not to look her best—*her* best and not Lana Turner's.

For the woman who is trying to reduce, a tape measure is a useful gadget. But if her dimensions are reasonable, it is nonsense. When her husband puts his arms around her waist, he will not have a tape measure in his hands.

THE END

NEW YORK'S NEW MAYOR

Continued from Page 11

mayor—at a time when postwar problems are multiplying like rabbits. And just six weeks after he took office, in probably the most drastic order in the city's history he closed virtually every commercial enterprise and public institution in New York. The political consequences are yet to be reckoned with.

But after being the unresponsive target for some of the harshest campaign charges ever voiced in the city, he faces heavy political weather anyway and almost certain plagues of identifiable parasites who may blight the program of public works he promised the electorate. He wants to "clean up slums, build houses, create jobs, stimulate business, ease racial tensions, improve the schools and the hospitals—make this a fair city."

The new mayor, no metropolitan hick, intends to have a special public-relations division "tell the country the real story about the kind of town we have here." Having traveled widely through America, he believes New Yorkers "have been sold as smart-alecky. But the fact is we're simple people, struggling like everybody else and just as hard. The fact that concerts, special studies, places of historic interest, schools, theaters, and museums are given such popular support here is an indication of the kind of people we have. That's the test of the culture of a city."

A stocky, genial man, known for his "common sense" and a cultivated ability to "get along" with people, he has the uncomplicated desire to make everybody happy. But he is not naïve. He knows the bare fact of political life: politicians want to make friends to influence people.

ALL his public life he has been an enrolled Democrat in a city where the five county, or borough, Democratic machines are lumped under the generic term of Tammany Hall. Where it might have affected his conduct in past offices he has opposed flagrant patronage, greatest asset in the hand of any political machine, but he is no crusader. For twenty years a paid-up member of the Ninth Assembly District Democratic Club in Brooklyn, he believes that "a neighborhood clubhouse could serve a purpose in helping people understand the processes of their government. If it works for favoritism, it has failed its purpose and is on its way out."

O'Dwyer first ran for mayor in 1941 on a straight Democratic ticket against the fusion forces of LaGuardia. Although he borrowed a number of planks for his platform from the New Deal, in which he believes deeply, his defeat was or-

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dained by President Roosevelt, who told White House correspondents that if he were a New Yorker he would vote to re-elect LaGuardia.

In 1945, for reasons of his own, LaGuardia chose not to run again. His phalanx of Fusion was shattered. The Democratic county bosses nominated O'Dwyer, obviously the strongest candidate they could find, but their choice was made with reluctance. They suspected that the streak of independence they had noted in O'Dwyer had been intensified by his wide war experience. Their suspicion was confirmed when he publicly rejected a pair of running mates hand-picked for the offices of comptroller and City Council president by the nationally known boss of the Bronx, Edward J. Flynn, and the Brooklyn sachem, Frank V. Kelly.

"Their votes might prove decisive in the Board of Estimate," said O'Dwyer challengingly, "and I want men I'm sure are on my side." His own victorious selections now share nine votes with him on the Board, master of the city's incoming and outgoing cash.

With an eye to building up a Democratic leader who could oppose the strong Republican machine maintained in New York State by White House-ambitious Governor Thomas E. Dewey, and mindful of the fact that the late F. D. R. had patted O'Dwyer's back for his fine work as delegate to Italy and on the War Refugee Board, national New Dealers took the stump for the Democratic candidate. Henry Wallace, Henry Morgenthau, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt appealed for the election of O'Dwyer. Left-wing militants of the American Labor Party, led by the C.I.O.'s Sidney Hillman, had rejected O'Dwyer in '41, but found his labor platform admirable in '45 and named him candidate on their own ballot line.

THE best the Republicans could come up with as an opponent was Judge J. Goldstein, a former Democrat. Right-wing rebels who had broken away from the A.L.P. to form the Liberal Party endorsed the Republican nominee. LaGuardia promptly tossed his associate, Newbold Morris, into the race on a "No Deal" ticket, heedless of cries that he was attempting to split Republican ranks. In his speeches for Morris, the rip-snorting mayor belabored both Tammany Hall and Goldstein, but he refrained from tongue-lashing O'Dwyer personally.

The Republicans opened up a line of attack with ammunition drawn from the days in 1939 when Brooklyn District Attorney O'Dwyer had prosecuted the racketeers and killers-for-hire of the notorious Murder, Inc. They charged him with failure to seek indictment of the undercover boss of the ring, one Albert Anastasia. O'Dwyer retorted that his chief stool-pigeon witness, Abe Reles, had died before he could bring him into court against Anastasia, and he reminded the public that he had solved eighty-seven murders while in office.

Goldstein insisted Reles could have been made to talk against Anastasia at any time during a six-month period. O'Dwyer shrugged and was silent. Schools, hospitals, jobs, "the Second Bill of Rights"—that's what he persisted in discussing. Mud was flying fast over his silent head when the city went to the polls.

The tally showed O'Dwyer had garnered 1,119,225 votes. He had won a city record plurality of 685,175 over his nearest opponent, Goldstein, and a majority of 285,738 over Goldstein and Morris combined. President Truman congratulated him.

No sooner was the tabulation complete than the natural fissures reappeared among the Democratic machine men, the New Dealers, and the A.L.P. Their triangular chorus broke ranks and the choristers turned soloists. Each was heard crooning: "Is O'Dwyer going my way?"

O'Dwyer said simply: "I shall be the mayor of all the people. If anyone doesn't know which way I'm going, he didn't listen to me during the campaign." Then, privately, he added an offhand diagnosis: "The trouble with some politicians is that they never take a man's word at face value. Their brains don't work in a straight line. Talk to them about job rights or social security and they scurry around to find out what your angle is."

MANY ripe cases of this cerebral angulation, an occupational disease, are running fevers in New York as His Honor Mayor O'Dwyer gets under way. They burn with questions. Most urgently they want to know to what extent O'Dwyer is susceptible to pressures.

The contagion, carried by campaign orators, has afflicted the people. Even the most casual survey reveals that at the present moment New Yorkers believe O'Dwyer will (*a*) obey orders from Tammany Hall, (*b*) snub Tammany Hall to emulate the New Deal on a local scale, (*c*) wreck the government machinery, (*d*) improve the government machinery, (*e*) give labor an unfair advantage, (*f*) give management an unfair advantage—et cetera, through contradictions, to (*z*). The majority of the citizenry hold that the future is written between the lines of O'Dwyer's record. It's just how you look at it.

To the daily press, Bill O'Dwyer is "the hero of a real-life Alger story." The characterization carries an implication of luck, but O'Dwyer was annoyingly well-educated for such an accidental hero.

On the day seven years ago when he was sworn in as Governor Herbert H. Lehman's appointee to the Kings County Court bench, one of his former law associates, Frank Holmes, tried to straighten out the story. Speaking for the Brooklyn

Bar Association, erstwhile Hamilton College valedictorian Holmes pointed out: "There is no rags-to-riches story here. This man is cultivated and was cultivated before coming to America."

Both of O'Dwyer's parents, Bridget McNicholas and Patrick, were schoolteachers in Bohola, County Mayo. When William, the first of eleven children, was born to them on July 11, 1890, they decided that he would make a fine priest. After graduation from St. Nathy's College, a secondary school, they sent him to study under the Jesuits at the University of Salamanca in Spain. He studied theology, philosophy, French, Latin, and Spanish, but after two years he decided he was not meant for the priesthood.

He landed in New York in 1910 with $25.35 in his pocket. He hired himself out as clerk and delivery boy to a grocer in the Bronx.

Six months later he was fired. He shipped as a deck hand aboard the freighter Dochero, bound out of New York Bay for Buenos Aires and way ports; worked his way home as a coal stoker. Equipped with a card in Local 1 of the Plasterers' Helpers Union, he toted a hod through the skeletons of such structures as the Woolworth Building and the Hotel McAlpin. One day he turned up as a surprisingly shy bartender at the swank Hotel Plaza. In 1917 he entered the police force, serving until 1925, when he was admitted to the practice of law.

Throughout those first fifteen years of daily toil he sweated by night over studies. He plowed his way through Fordham University's law school while pounding a police beat. No graduate of the class of 1923 received more attention from the press than the policeman turned lawyer.

IT was about one third of the way through his self-improvement campaign that O'Dwyer met and married Katherine Lenihan. They have no children. They were joined at the Sacred Heart Roman Catholic church, on Fifty-first Street on September 7, 1916, just thirty-five days after he became a full citizen. American-born Kitty was a telephone operator at the Hotel Vanderbilt. The manner of her meeting with the Plaza barman is still a live subject in the O'Dwyer household. O'Dwyer insists he did not realize that he had been trying to pass a Canadian dime in payment for a call through the Vanderbilt switchboard until the pretty, dark-haired operator blushingly refused it. Mrs. O'Dwyer is inclined to argue that he did know and intended the wrong coin offer as a stratagem to strike up a conversation.

In the lean years of their married life Bill and Kitty lived on the West Side of midtown Manhattan, still a chill region of grim tenements and crowded streets. "Tenements that have to be cleaned out once and for all," says O'Dwyer, remembering.

In 1925 the O'Dwyers went over to Brooklyn to make a modest home where a tree could be seen. Today they own that home at 449 Seventy-ninth Street, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. It is a two-story, $8,000 house on a 20-by-100 plot. Two pictures hang in the living room. One is a charcoal sketch of Kitty drawn fifteen years ago by a forgotten artist. The other, which Kitty demanded, is a photograph of Brigadier General O'Dwyer.

Kitty has been in poor health for several years and she rarely goes out with the mayor, yet by and large they spend an astonishing amount of time together for a busy career man and his wife. Whenever O'Dwyer vanished from public view during his campaigns, it was an odds-on bet that he was at home, submitting an account of developments to Kitty's incisive mind. Kitty keeps the O'Dwyer press book.

ALTHOUGH she owns a mink coat and a wardrobe commensurate with her husband's income, Kitty's urge for adornment thins out at jewelry. Doesn't care for the glitter. Her simple tastes parallel O'Dwyer's. He insists on wearing dark blue or gray suits.

He enjoys food, as the distribution of the 190 pounds over his five-foot-nine frame would indicate. Whenever his affection for eating becomes too noticeable, he will go out and rip up a golf course. He has been known to "almost break 100," but his greatest achievement was the winning of a trophy as the worst player of the year.

The O'Dwyers have a Negro maid-cook-household-manager-card-partner, Edna Davis. Edna can hold her own in casino against Kitty, but has managed to beat O'Dwyer only once at rummy. Her biggest problem is how to address the boss everybody calls Bill. She didn't mind giving up Judge for Mayor and Mayor for Colonel, and Colonel for General, but she'll be switched if she can see Mayor as a better title than General.

The mayor has a strong sense of family ties. As soon as he began earning a hod carrier's pay he sent money to his four brothers and urged them to hurry to the modern city of fast-drying plaster that was rising on the street pattern of old New Amsterdam.

Frank came and moved right through the city to establish a produce ranch in the Imperial Valley of California and become "the O'Dwyer with the Most Bucks." James came, joined the Fire Department, and acquired a wife and daughter, Joan, before he was killed responding to a false alarm. Bill sent his niece through school and college. John O'Dwyer followed the path to New York. He was slain accidentally by gunmen holding up a café. When the youngest of the O'Dwyer boys, Paul, reached America, Bill insisted he become a lawyer. Today Paul is a suc-

(Continued on page 72)

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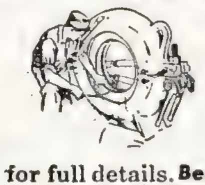

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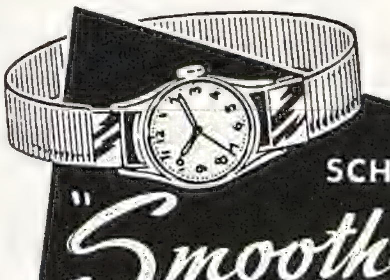

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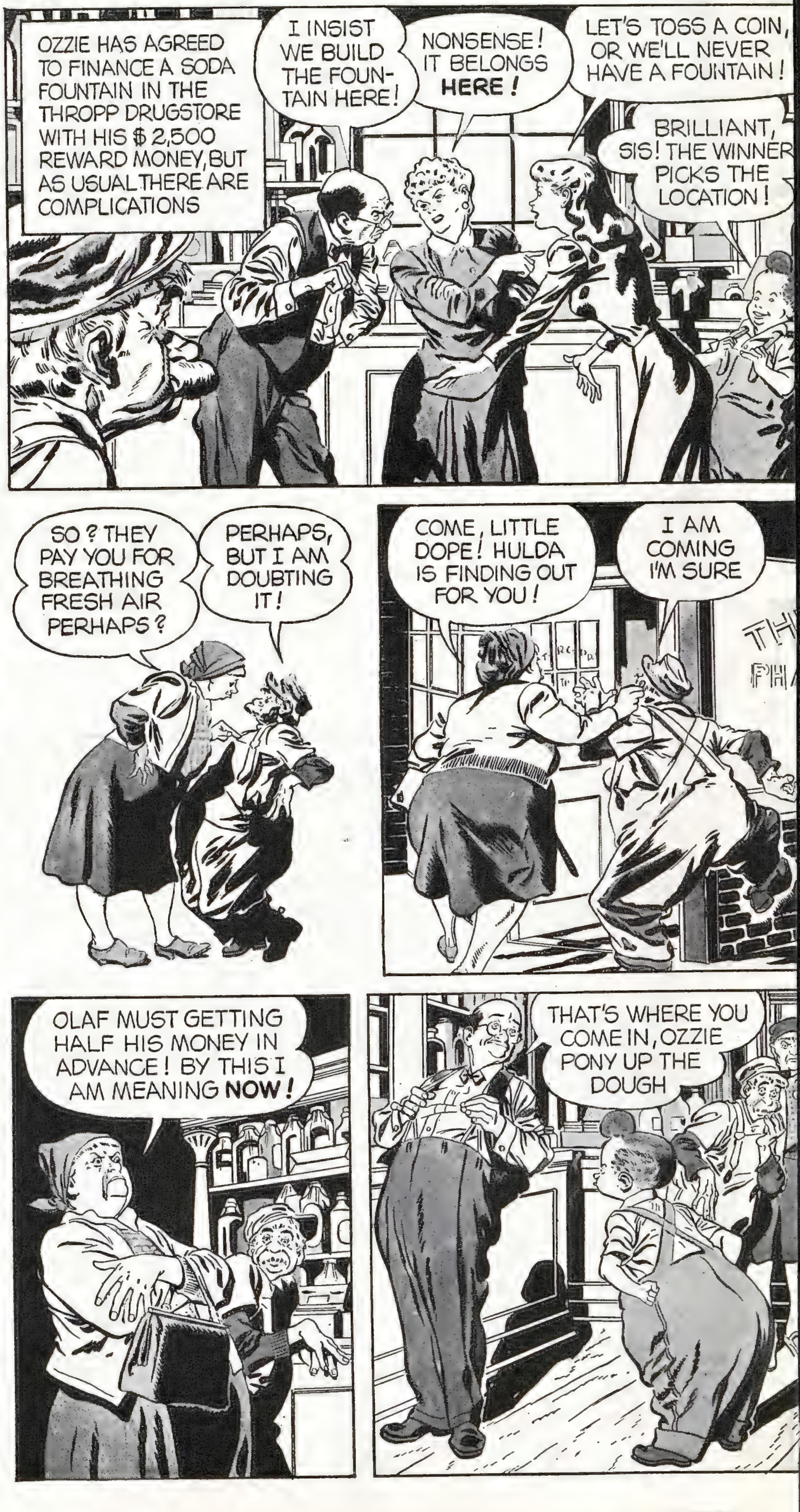
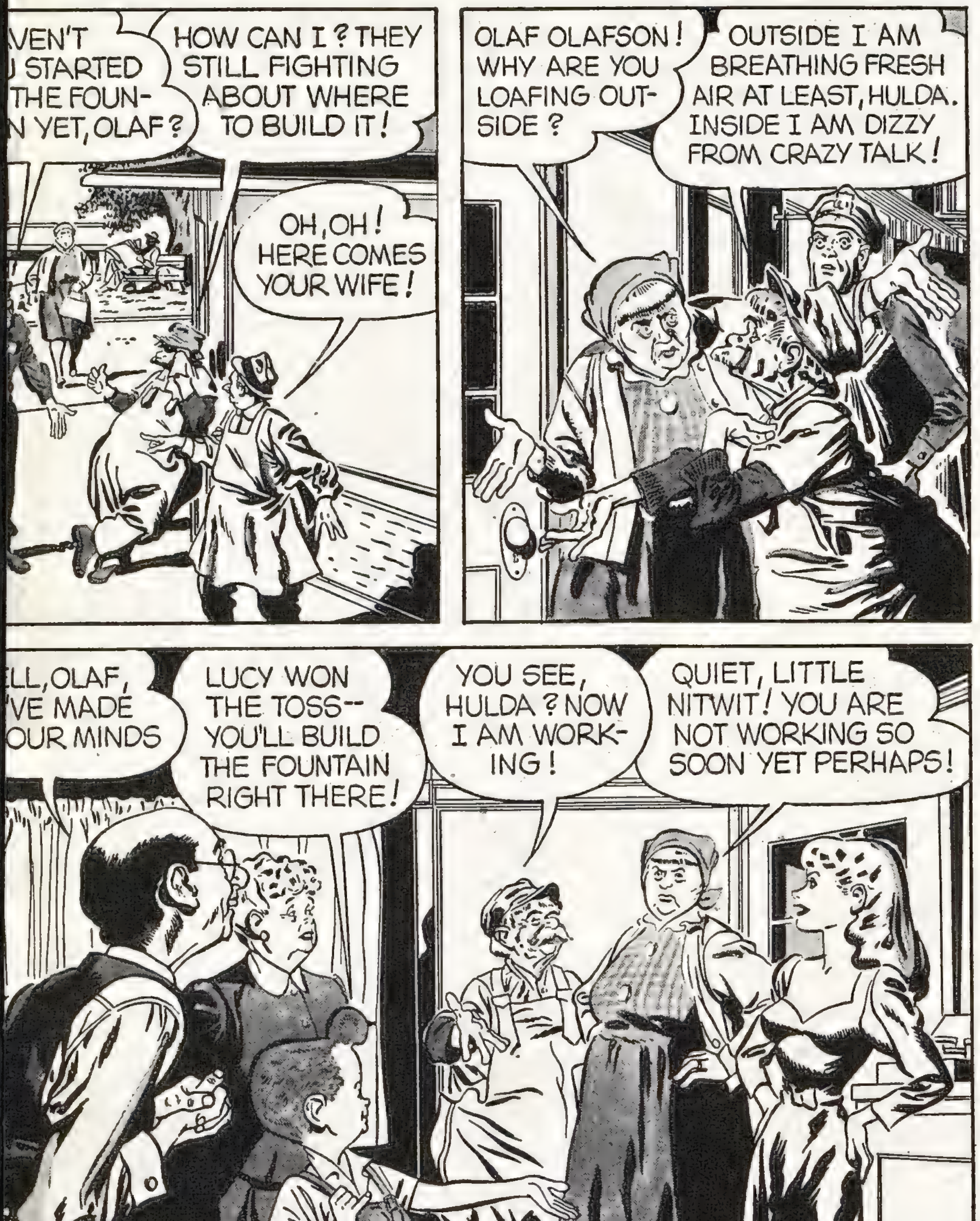
THE THROPP


OZZIE HAS AGREED TO FINANCE A SODA FOUNTAIN IN THE THROPP DRUGSTORE WITH HIS $ 2,500 REWARD MONEY, BUT AS USUAL THERE ARE COMPLICATIONS
I INSIST WE BUILD THE FOUNTAIN HERE!
NONSENSE! IT BELONGS HERE!
LET'S TOSS A COIN, OR WE'LL NEVER HAVE A FOUNTAIN!
BRILLIANT, SIS! THE WINNER PICKS THE LOCATION!
SO? THEY PAY YOU FOR BREATHING FRESH AIR PERHAPS?
PERHAPS, BUT I AM DOUBTING IT!
COME, LITTLE DOPE! HULDA IS FINDING OUT FOR YOU!
I AM COMING I'M SURE
OLAF MUST GETTING HALF HIS MONEY IN ADVANCE! BY THIS I AM MEANING NOW!
THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, OZZIE PONY UP THE DOUGH

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


VEN'T U STARTED THE FOUN- N YET, OLAF?
HOW CAN I? THEY STILL FIGHTING ABOUT WHERE TO BUILD IT!
OH, OH! HERE COMES YOUR WIFE!
OLAF OLAFSON! WHY ARE YOU LOAFING OUT-SIDE?
OUTSIDE I AM BREATHING FRESH AIR AT LEAST, HULDA. INSIDE I AM DIZZY FROM CRAZY TALK!
ELL, OLAF, VE MADE OUR MINDS
LUCY WON THE TOSS-- YOU'LL BUILD THE FOUNTAIN RIGHT THERE!
YOU SEE, HULDA? NOW I AM WORK-ING!
QUIET, LITTLE NITWIT! YOU ARE NOT WORKING SO SOON YET PERHAPS!
T SO FAST, TER. WE'VE T A DOCU- NT TO SIGN FIRST
DOCU-MENT?
ARE YOU CRAZY? I WON'T SIGN THIS! IT'S A PARTNER-SHIP AGREEMENT!
PRECISELY, PATER! AND THE SOONER YOU SIGN, THE SOONER OLAF GETS MY MOOLA!
COME, LITTLE STU-PIDNESS, I TANK WE GO HOME NOW!

Continued next week

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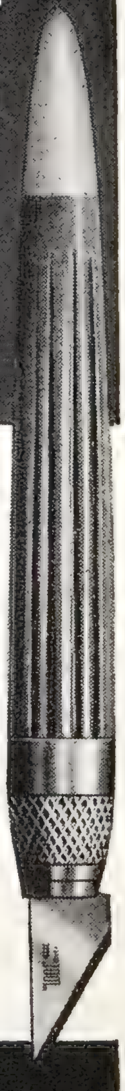

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(Continued from page 69)

cessful attorney for a number of strong labor unions.

The remainder of the nine children of Patrick and Bridget O'Dwyer who survived infancy are girls. They live in Ireland.

The fate met by James and John has left an indelible mark on the mayor. As a judge he refused to sit on false-alarm fire cases, disqualifying himself for prejudice. Criminals arrested with guns in their possession drew the stiffest sentences.

Although O'Dwyer loves his motherland, he never dramatizes his Irish origin. He has been president of the County Mayo Men's Association and Grand Marshal of a St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York.

An important thing to note about his political career is that he was "appointed" into it, and became both judge and prosecutor in tune with local reform waves. As D. A. his greatest success, which brought him national attention, was in smashing the killer ring the newspapers dramatically named Murder, Inc.

HE was commissioned a major in the Army on June 1, 1942, and assigned to the Inspector General's Department, where he was used to crack down on war-contract grafters. He then served the Army Air Force as an investigator and handled a number of its reports to the Truman Committee investigating war production. In 1944, with all parties endorsing him, he was re-elected D. A. of Brooklyn in absentia. He did not resign until he campaigned for his present city job.

The 1946 Green Book directory of the city government will list O'Dwyer as the hundredth mayor. Actually, with a number of mayors on the roll who were in office more than once, he is the ninety-second individual to bear the title. To O'Dwyer, who describes himself as "mayor of all the people," the life of one of the greatest, Seth Low, should make informative reading.

Low, twice elected mayor of the then separate city of Brooklyn, was called upon by his Republican Party leaders in 1884 to electioneer for the G.O.P. Presidential aspirant, James G. Blaine. Instead, Low came out for Grover Cleveland. Reminded by the irate party chiefs that he was a Republican mayor, he retorted: "I am the mayor of all the people." His candidacy for a third term in Brooklyn was skillfully throttled at the polls by the party.

In 1901, after he had helped write the city charter which brought the five boroughs under one central administration, Low returned to the arena. As a successful Fusion candidate he broke Tammany boss Dick Croker's hold on the city. His term in office was efficient, clean. He *was* mayor of all the people. He showed no favoritism to the Republican machine men.

He was not re-elected.

THE END

BASEBALL'S DARK QUESTION

Continued from Page 17

it." To Clark Griffith, who offered the fiercest opposition, I said, "If you can refute the statement that the Negro is a human being, you'll have won your point. If he is, he can play baseball as well as any other human being—and will play wherever good men play."

I was unable to shake the determination of my colleagues. They refused to rent their parks to teams other than those in the so-called Negro National and American leagues. They were acting as an entrenched oligarchy. They refused to give the Negro a chance to advance.

For that reason—and for that reason alone—the United States League plan collapsed.

AT Bear Mountain, one year ago, two Negro players arrived at our spring camp. They demanded tryouts. They came without prior notice and under questionable sponsorship which made no secret of its intention to exploit the incident in the press. Nevertheless, I gave Showboat Thomas and Terence McDuffie every opportunity to display their skill. Indeed, the reports of my scouts and managers were even more elaborate than is our custom. Thomas and McDuffie were rejected—not because they are Negroes, but because they did not impress our staff as qualified.

During the 1945 season I dispatched eight scouts on a systematic tour of the Negro leagues. Wendel Smith, noted Negro journalist of the Pittsburgh Courier, instructed them how to proceed. I asked them to report not only on a player's ability, but also upon his educational background, family life, personality. For I knew the man I eventually signed must break new and treacherous ground. He must, I believed, possess character and integrity. He must be impregnable to assaults from any quarter. He must understand he is a symbol of the finest aspirations of his people.

I do not insist, however, that because a player is Negro he must possess qualities which I do not expect in a white man. My only test is: "Can he play winning baseball?" If he can, he belongs on the Dodgers. Or, if he is not yet ready, on some other team of lower classification.

But the first Negro player in organized baseball must possess understanding, tolerance, courage.

This first Negro player is, of course, Jackie Robinson. He had been a versatile star athlete at the University of California in Los Angeles, a lieutenant in the Army. He had played with the strong Kansas City Monarchs. My scouts were enthusiastic about his hitting and fielding. In education, background, personality he was eminently fitted for a trial.

Robinson told me at our first meeting he had never contracted, orally

QUICK LUNCH

Before
Balefully I watch them eat,
Those lucky folks who have a seat!
After
They also serve to exasperate
Who stand behind *my* seat and wait!
—Thomas Usk.

or in writing, to play on the Monarchs. Later, he signed a statement to that effect. For I shall never sign a player who is under a contractual obligation to another team.

Jackie assured me he knew exactly what he was doing and why. He had hesitated, he said, not because he did not feel worthy of undertaking a pioneer's hard task, but because he wanted to be sure he was not making a mistake. "I feel I am doing a duty as a Negro to break down racial barriers," he said.

We discussed the possibility that he might be taunted to anger by players or fans. "I've played on football teams with Southern boys," he said, "and against them. We learned to respect each other. At the all-star game in Chicago, Southerners came to the dressing room to shake hands with me and talk over the game."

This spring the Royals trained at Daytona Beach, Florida. For Jackie, who, incidentally, had just married Miss Rachel Izum, it involved such problems as segregation in restaurants, hotels, streetcars, and railroad trains. "I can't change that," he said when we discussed it, "but I can help end segregation in baseball."

WHEN the Montreal Club announced Jackie's signing, reaction was overwhelmingly favorable. To the few thoughtless ballplayers who hinted that they would not play on the same team as a Negro, young Branch replied, "They'll play baseball anywhere. Would they rather work in a grocery store or cotton mill?"

I continued to avoid controversy. But one evening, at a private gathering, I assumed no newspapermen were present and frankly pleaded for tolerance. The next morning, newspapers and radio quoted me. I waited uneasily for comment in the New York press, and before a news conference I actually rehearsed possible replies to possible provocative questions. But no baseball writer raised the subject beyond a passing mention.

Yet I knew that opposition, fierce, unreasoning, existed. In Florida I experienced some difficulty in arranging living quarters for my players during the training season—some Floridians didn't like the idea of a Negro playing baseball against whites. I worried too about Jackie Robinson's morale—would he be lonely, ostracized? Would his playing suffer?

To guard against this, I engaged an older Negro, not as a companion or even as a mentor—for I am sure that Jackie can take care of himself—but unobtrusively to guarantee that Jackie would receive the same treatment accorded to every other young man in our camp.

I am preparing to sign other Negroes, possibly five or six by May 15. The second, signed as spring training began, is John Wright, a promising right-hand pitcher from New Orleans. For several years Wright hurled for the Homestead Grays and Newark Eagles, winning thirty games, losing only five in 1943, his last season with the Grays. Twice he has pitched no-hitters. During his two-year term with the Navy, he defeated the Chicago White Sox, lost to the Red Sox and Dodgers. During that Dodger game, Coach Charlie Dressen was impressed with Wright's fast ball. Later, in an all-star game at Ebbets Field, Wright gave three hits, no runs. Could I dare not sign a ballplayer of that quality?

Jackie Robinson and John Wright are just ballplayers. They will succeed or fail on their merits. That they are Negroes is of no more importance than if they were of Irish, German, Portuguese, Polish, or any other extraction. For the right of a Negro to play professional baseball is not open to debate.

WE may differ in our faiths, in our opinions, but we cannot safely deny a man his full rights as an American citizen because of the pigmentation of his skin.

The other day I saw a picture of the cemetery where General Patton lies. Hundreds of crosses—all white—stood row upon row upon that field—not one black cross among them. Yet who lay beneath that sod? Were the brave dead Chinese, Hawaiians, Japanese, Negroes? Of course Negroes lay there, sleeping. We do not segregate the dead. It is time—the hour is late—for us to understand that we must not segregate the living.

In Indonesia, in India, throughout the world colored peoples are asking for equality. And also in our own United States. To give them the right to play baseball in full equality is nothing more than plain old-fashioned Americanism.

THE END

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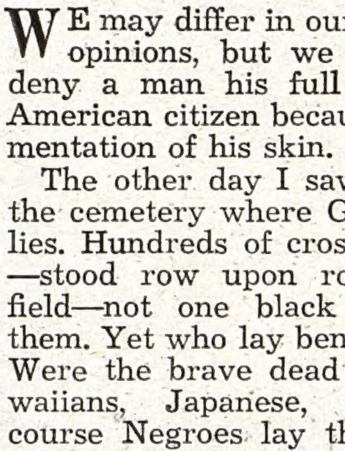

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Miles NERVINE

APRIL 6, 1946

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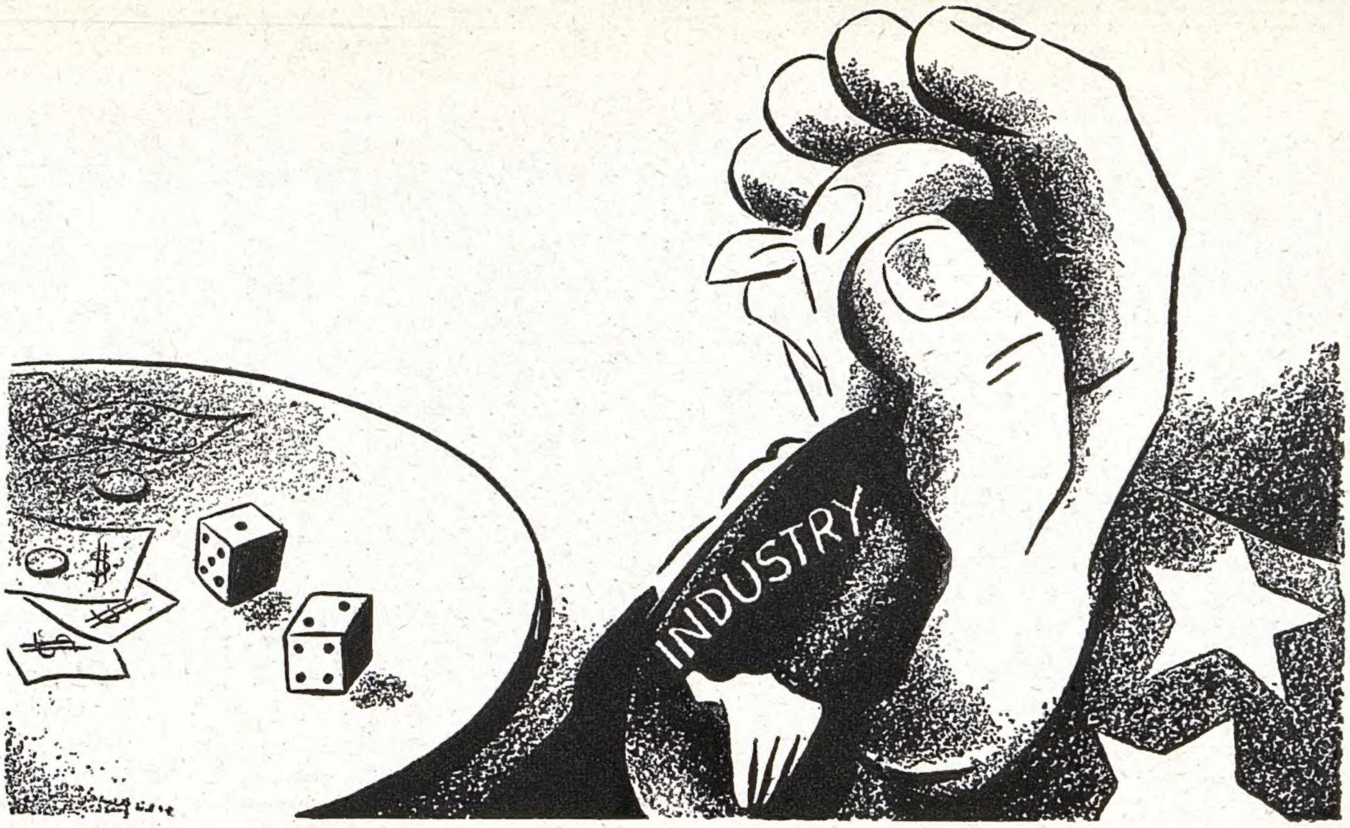


WILL THE NEW WAGE-PRICE POLICY WORK?

REDUCED to a nutshell, the new government wage-price policy seems to add up as follows: While placing no substantial obstacle in the way of more wages for labor, the new policy allows a manufacturer to raise his price to compensate therefor only if he can prove that his profits *after he attains volume production* will be less than he averaged in the years 1936-39, or some other prewar period OPA considers "normal."

Thus, in effect, labor is being handed a prepayment on a future which its own demands keep shoving ever further away. The employer of labor, if he wishes to stay in business, must plan and proceed on a thoroughly unbusinesslike basis against which all his instincts and common sense rebel.

He must operate at a loss for an indefinite period, buoyed up meanwhile by "ifs." *If* he attains a certain volume of production before he goes broke, and *if* he manages to sell all this production in a competitive market, he then will make a little money. Not very much to be sure. Average profits in 1936-39 were not high. The fact that people who own businesses and people who live on investment income also would like more spending power to make up for the increased costs of living is not considered.

Now, let's see how a manufacturer would operate if he didn't have governmental controls to worry about. When peacetime production started in his reconverted plant, he would gauge as accurately as possible how many units he could turn out in a given period and figure what they would cost him. He then might or might not set his selling prices so as to earn him an immediate profit. Competition and long-range considerations would enter into his judgment. But the point is, it would be his judgment and his decision, arrived at according to his foresight and his business skill.

If he risked his money in losses now to better his position later, it would be his own risk, determined upon by himself and with his eyes open.

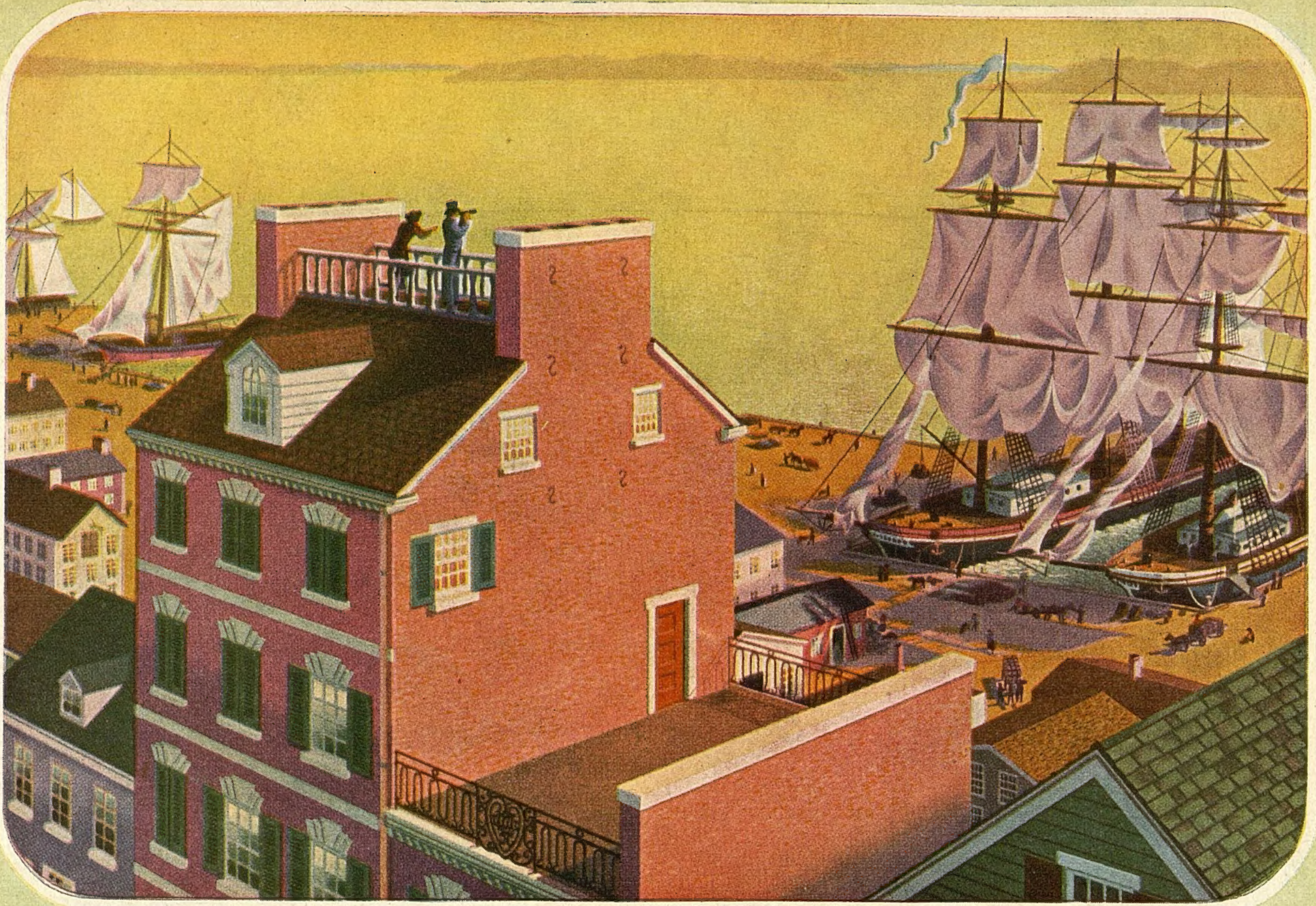
Under the new wage-price policy he is *forced* by government to risk his capital in what he may consider an unbusinesslike manner. If he goes broke he has only the dubious satisfaction of being able to blame it on the government. Making a man take risks with his money which are against his own judgment verges on violation of the Constitution.

Naturally, industry has received the new policy with something less than enthusiasm. It finds itself in a strait-jacket, unable to produce except on terms laid down by government theorists in whom it has little confidence. Business men generally are reluctant to toss their own judgment to the winds and proceed thus in the halfhearted hope everything will turn out all right.

Full production and full employment are still mirages which the American public hopes for with a hope that is rapidly becoming forlorn. The new government policies are unlikely to bring these objectives much nearer.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



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